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THE SHIP OF FOOLS.



VOL. I.







*Braudt - infra p. v/*

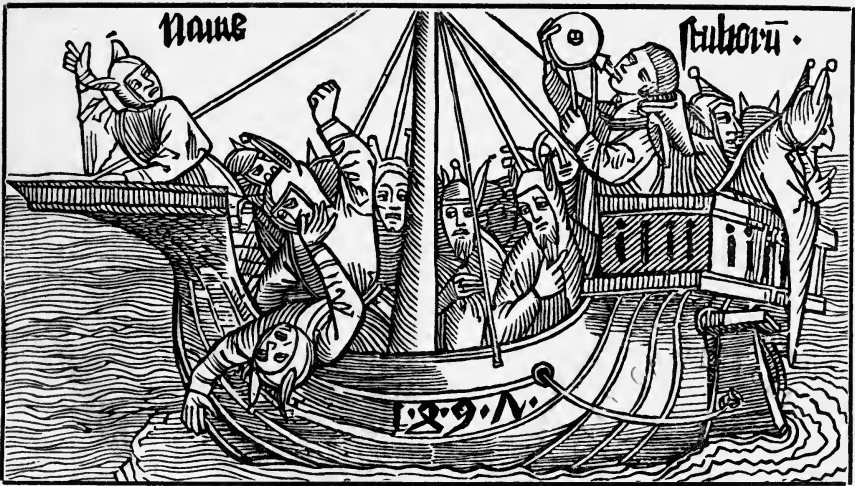


# THE SHIP OF FOOLS

[Brant, Sebastian, 1459-1521]

TRANSLATED BY

ALEXANDER BARCLAY



VOLUME FIRST

EDINBURGH: WILLIAM PATERSON

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## PREFATORY NOTE.

**I**T is necessary to explain that in the present edition of the *Ship of Fools*, with a view to both philological and bibliographical interests, the text, even to the punctuation, has been printed exactly as it stands in the earlier impression (Pynson's), the authenticity of which Barclay himself thus vouches for in a deprecatory apology at the end of his labours (II. 330):—

“ . . . some wordes be in my boke amys  
For though that I my selfe dyd it correct  
Yet with some fautis I knowe it is infect  
Part by my owne ouersyght and neglygence  
And part by the prynters nat perfyte in science

And other some escaped ar and past  
For that the Prynters in theyr besynes  
Do all theyr workes hedelynge, and in hast ”

Yet the differences of reading of the later edition (Ca-wood's), are surprisingly few and mostly unimportant, though great pains were evidently bestowed on the production of the book, all the misprints being carefully corrected, and the orthography duly adjusted to the fashion of the time. These differences have, in this edition, been placed in one alphabetical arrangement with the glossary, by which plan

it is believed reference to them will be made more easy, and much repetition avoided.

The woodcuts, no less valuable for their artistic merit than they are interesting as pictures of contemporary manners, have been facsimiled for the present edition from the *originals* as they appear in the Basle edition of the Latin, “*denuo seduloque reuisa*,” issued under Brandt’s own superintendence in 1497. This work has been done by Mr J. T. Reid, to whom it is due to say that he has executed it with the most painstaking and scrupulous fidelity.

*infra p. xciv*

The portrait of Brandt, which forms the frontispiece to this volume, is taken from Zarncke’s edition of the *Narrenschiff*; that of Barclay presenting one of his books to his patron, prefixed to the Notice of his life, appears with a little more detail in the *Mirror of Good Manners* and the Pynson editions of the *Sallust*; it is, however, of no authority, being used for a similar purpose in various other publications.

For the copy of the extremely rare original edition from which the text of the present has been printed, I am indebted to the private collection and the well known liberality of Mr David Laing of the Signet Library, to whom I beg here to return my best thanks, for this as well as many other valuable favours in connection with the present work.

In prosecuting enquiries regarding the life of an author of whom so little is known as of Barclay, one must be indebted for aid, more or less, to the kindness of friends. In this way I have to acknowledge my obligations to Mr Æneas Mackay, Advocate, and Mr Ralph Thomas,

---

("Olphar Hamst"), for searches made in the British Museum and elsewhere.

For collations of Barclay's Works, other than the Ship of Fools, all of which are of the utmost degree of rarity, and consequent inaccessibility, I am indebted to the kindness of Henry Huth, Esq., 30 Princes' Gate, Kensington; the Rev. W. D. Macray, of the Bodleian Library, Oxford; W. B. Rye, Esq., of the British Museum; Henry Bradshaw, Esq., of the University Library, Cambridge; and Professor Skeat, Cambridge.

For my brief notice of Brandt and his Work, it is also proper to acknowledge my obligations to Zarncke's critical edition of the *Narrenschiff* (Leipzig, 1854) which is a perfect encyclopædia of everything Brandtian.

T. H. JAMIESON.

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## INTRODUCTION.

IF popularity be taken as the measure of success in literary effort, Sebastian Brandt's "Ship of Fools" must be considered one of the most successful books recorded in the whole history of literature. Published in edition after edition (the first dated 1494), at a time, but shortly after the invention of printing, when books were expensive, and their circulation limited; translated into the leading languages of Europe at a time when translations of new works were only the result of the most signal merits, its success was then quite unparalleled. It may be said, in modern phrase, to have been the rage of the reading world at the end of the fifteenth and throughout the sixteenth centuries. It was translated into Latin by one Professor (Locher, 1497), and imitated in the same language and under the same title, by another (Badius Ascensius, 1507); it appeared in Dutch and Low German, and was twice translated into English, and three times into French; imitations competed with the original in French and German, as well as Latin, and greatest and most unprecedented distinction of all, it was preached, but, we should opine, only certain parts of it, from the pulpit by the best preachers of the time as a new gospel. The Germans proudly award it the epithet, "epoch-making," and its long-continued popularity affords good, if not quite sufficient, ground for the extravagant

*dup. in p. 10*

eulogies they lavish upon it. Trithemius calls it "Divina Satira," and doubts whether anything could have been written more suited to the spirit of the age; Locher compares Brandt with Dante, and Hutten styles him the new law-giver of German poetry.

A more recent and impartial critic (Müller, "Chips from a German Workshop," Vol. III.), thus suggestively sets forth the varied grounds of Brandt's wonderful popularity:—"His satires, it is true, are not very powerful, nor pungent, nor original. But his style is free and easy. Brant is not a ponderous poet. He writes in short chapters, and mixes his fools in such a manner that we always meet with a variety of new faces. It is true that all this would hardly be sufficient to secure a decided success for a work like his at the present day. But then we must remember the time in which he wrote. . . There was room at that time for a work like the 'Ship of Fools.' It was the first printed book that treated of contemporaneous events and living persons, instead of old German battles and French knights. People are always fond of reading the history of their own times. If the good qualities of their age are brought out, they think of themselves or their friends; if the dark features of their contemporaries are exhibited, they think of their neighbours and enemies. Now the 'Ship of Fools' is just such a satire which ordinary people would read, and read with pleasure. They might feel a slight twinge now and then, but they would put down the book at the end, and thank God that they were not like other men. There is a chapter on Misers—and who would not gladly give a penny to a beggar? There is a chapter on Gluttony—and who was ever more than a little exhilarated after dinner?



There is a chapter on Church-goers—and who ever went to church for respectability's sake, or to show off a gaudy dress, or a fine dog, or a new hawk? There is a chapter on Dancing—and who ever danced except for the sake of exercise? There is a chapter on Adultery—and who ever did more than flirt with his neighbour's wife? We sometimes wish that Brant's satire had been a little more searching, and that, instead of his many allusions to classical fools (for his book is full of scholarship), he had given us a little more of the *chronique scandaleuse* of his own time. But he was too good a man to do this, and his contemporaries were no doubt grateful to him for his forbearance."

Brandt's satire is a satire for all time. Embodied in the language of the fifteenth century, coloured with the habits and fashions of the times, executed after the manner of working of the period, and motived by the eager questioning spirit and the discontent with "abusions" and "folyes" which resulted in the Reformation, this satire in its morals or lessons is almost as applicable to the year of grace 1873 as to the year of gracelessness 1497. It never can grow old; in the mirror in which the men of his time saw themselves reflected, the men of all times can recognise themselves; a crew of "able-bodied" is never wanting to man this old, weather-beaten, but ever seaworthy vessel. The thoughtful, penetrating, conscious spirit of the Basle professor passing by, for the most part, local, temporary or indifferent points, seized upon the never-dying follies of *human nature* and impaled them on the printed page for the amusement, the edification, and the warning of contemporaries and posterity alike. No petty writer of laborious *vers de societe* to raise a laugh for a week, a month, or a year, and to be

buried in utter oblivion for ever after, was he, but a divine seer who saw the weakness and wickedness of the hearts of men, and warned them to amend their ways and flee from the wrath to come. Though but a retired student, and teacher of the canon law, a humble-minded man of letters, and a diffident imperial Counsellor, yet is he to be numbered among the greatest Evangelists and Reformers of mediæval Europe whose trumpet-toned tongue penetrated into regions where the names of Luther or Erasmus were but an empty sound, if even that. And yet, though helping much the cause of the Reformation by the freedom of his social and clerical criticism, by his unsparing exposure of every form of corruption and injustice, and, not least, by his use of the vernacular for political and religious purposes, he can scarcely be classed in the great army of the Protestant Reformers. He was a reformer from within, a biting, unsparing exposé of every priestly abuse, but a loyal son of the Church, who rebuked the faults of his brethren, but visited with the pains of Hell those of "fals herytikes," and wept over the "ruyne, inclynacion, and decay of the holy fayth Catholyke, and dymnucion of the Empyre."

So while he was yet a reformer in the true sense of the word, he was too much of the scholar to be anything but a true conservative. To his scholarly habit of working, as well as to the manner of the time which hardly trusted in the value of its own ideas but loved to lean them upon classical authority, is no doubt owing the classical mould in which his satire is cast. The description of every folly is strengthened by notice of its classical or biblical prototypes, and in the margin of the Latin edition of Locher, Brandt himself supplied the citations of the

books and passages which formed the basis of his text, which greatly added to the popularity of the work. Brandt, indeed, with the modesty of genius, professes that it is really no more than a collection and translation of quotations from biblical and classical authors, "Gesamlet durch Sebastianū Brant." But even admitting the work to be a Mosaic, to adopt the reply of its latest German editor to the assertion that it is but a compilation testifying to the most painstaking industry and the consumption of midnight oil, "even so one learns that a Mosaic is a work of art when executed with artistic skill." That he caused the classical and biblical passages flitting before his eyes to be cited in the margin proves chiefly only the excellence of his memory. They are also before our eyes and yet we are not always able to answer the question: where, *e.g.*, does this occur? . . . Where, *e.g.*, occur the following appropriate words of Goethe: "Who can think anything foolish, who can think anything wise, that antiquity has not already thought of."

Of the Greek authors, Plutarch only is used, and he evidently by means of a Latin translation. But from the Latin large draughts of inspiration are taken, direct from the fountainhead. Ovid, Juvenal, Persius, Catullus, and Seneca, are largely drawn from, while, strangely enough, Cicero, Boethius, and Virgil are quoted but seldom, the latter, indeed, only twice, though his commentators, especially Servetus, are frequently employed. The Bible, of course, is a never-failing source of illustration, and, as was to be expected, the Old Testament much more frequently than the New, most use being made of the Proverbs of Solomon, while Ecclesiastes, Ecclesiasticus, and the Sapientia follow at no great distance.

The quotations are made apparently direct from the Vulgate, in only a few cases there being a qualification of the idea by the interpretation of the *Corpus Juris Canonici*. But through this medium only, as was to be expected of the professor of canon law, is the light of the fathers of the Church allowed to shine upon us, and according to Zarncke (Introduction to his edition of the *Narrenschiff*, 1854), use of it has certainly been made far oftener than the commentary shows, the sources of information of which are of the most unsatisfactory character. On such solid and tried foundations did Brandt construct his great work, and the judgment of contemporaries and posterity alike has declared the superstructure to be worthy of its supports.

The following admirable notice from Ersch and Grüber (*Encyclopädie*) sums up so skilfully the history, nature, and qualities of the book that we quote at length:—"The *Ship of Fools* was received with almost unexampled applause by high and low, learned and unlearned, in Germany, Switzerland, and France, and was made the common property of the greatest part of literary Europe, through Latin, French, English, and Dutch translations. For upwards of a century it was in Germany a *book of the people* in the noblest and widest sense of the word, alike appreciated by an Erasmus and a Reuchlin, and by the mechanics of Strassburg, Basel, and Augsburg; and it was assumed to be so familiar to all classes, that even during Brandt's lifetime, the German preacher Gailer von Kaiserberg went so far as to deliver public lectures from the pulpit on his friend's poem as if it had been a scriptural text. As to the poetical and humorous character of Brandt's poem, its whole conception does not display any extraordinary power of imagination,

nor does it present in its details any very striking sallies of wit and humour, even when compared with older German works of a similar kind, such as that of Renner. The fundamental idea of the poem consists in the shipping off of several shiploads of fools of all kinds for their native country, which, however, is visible at a distance only; and one would have expected the poet to have given poetical consistency to his work by fully carrying out this idea of a ship's crew, and sailing to the 'Land of Fools.' It is, however, at intervals only that Brandt reminds us of the allegory; the fools who are carefully divided into classes and introduced to us in succession, instead of being ridiculed or derided, are reproved in a liberal spirit, with noble earnestness, true moral feeling, and practical common sense. It was the straightforward, the bold and liberal spirit of the poet which so powerfully addressed his contemporaries from the Ship of the Fools; and to us it is valuable as a product of the piety and morality of the century which paved the way for the Reformation. Brandt's fools are represented as contemptible and loathsome rather than *foolish*, and what he calls follies might be more correctly described as sins and vices.

"The 'Ship of Fools' is written in the dialect of Swabia, and consists of vigorous, resonant, and rhyming iambic quadrameters. It is divided into 113 sections, each of which, with the exception of a short introduction and two concluding pieces, treats independently of a certain class of fools or vicious persons; and we are only occasionally reminded of the fundamental idea by an allusion to the ship. No folly of the century is left uncensured. The poet attacks with noble zeal the failings and extravagances of his age, and applies his lash unsparingly even to the dreaded

Hydra of popery and monasticism, to combat which the Hercules of Wittenberg had not yet kindled his firebrands. But the poet's object was not merely to reprove and to animadvert; he instructs also, and shows the fools the way to the land of wisdom; and so far is he from assuming the arrogant air of the commonplace moralist, that he reckons himself among the number of fools. The style of the poem is lively, bold, and simple, and often remarkably terse, especially in his moral sayings, and renders it apparent that the author was a classical scholar, without however losing anything of his German character."

Brandt's humour, which either his earnestness or his manner banished from the text, took refuge in the illustrations and there disported itself with a wild zest and vigour. Indeed to their popularity several critics have ascribed the success of the book, but for this there is no sufficient authority or probability. Clever as they are, it is more probable that they ran, in popularity, but an equal race with the text. The precise amount of Brandt's workmanship in them has not been ascertained, but it is agreed that "most of them, if not actually drawn, were at least suggested by him." Zarncke remarks regarding their artistic worth, "not all of the cuts are of equal value. One can easily distinguish five different workers, and more practised eyes would probably be able to increase the number. In some one can see how the outlines, heads, hands, and other principal parts are cut with the fine stroke of the master, and the details and shading left to the scholars. The woodcuts of the most superior master, which can be recognized at once, and are about a third of the whole, belong to the finest, if they are not, indeed, the finest, which were executed in the fifteenth

century, a worthy school of Holbein. According to the opinion of Herr Rudolph Weigel, they might possibly be the work of Martin Schön of Colmar. . . The composition in the better ones is genuinely Hogarth-like, and the longer one looks at these little pictures, the more is one astonished at the fulness of the humour, the fineness of the characterisation and the almost dramatic talent of the grouping." Green, in his recent work on emblems, characterizes them as marking an epoch in that kind of literature. And Dibdin, the Macaulay of bibliography, loses his head in admiration of the "entertaining volume," extolling the figures without stint for "merit in conception and execution," "bold and free pencilling," "spirit and point," "delicacy, truth, and force," "spirit of drollery," &c., &c.; summarising thus, "few books are more pleasing to the eye, and more gratifying to the fancy than the early editions of the 'Stultifera Navis.' It presents a combination of entertainment to which the curious can never be indifferent."

Whether it were the racy cleverness of the pictures or the unprecedented boldness of the text, the book stirred Europe of the fifteenth century in a way and with a rapidity it had never been stirred before. In the German actual acquaintance with it could then be but limited, though it ran through seventeen editions within a century; the Latin version brought it to the knowledge of the educated class throughout Europe; but, expressing, as it did mainly, the feelings of the common people, to have it in the learned language was not enough. Translations into various vernaculars were immediately called for, and the Latin edition having lightened the translator's labours, they were speedily supplied. England, however, was all but last in the field

but when she did appear, it was in force, with a version in each hand, the one in prose and the other in verse.

CXVI infra  
 Fifteen years elapsed from the appearance of the first German edition, before the English metrical version "translated out of Laten, French, and Doche. . . in the colege of Saynt Mary Otery, by me, Alexander Barclay," was issued from the press of Pynson in 1509. A translation, however, it is not. Properly speaking, it is an adaptation, an English ship, formed and fashioned after the Ship of Fools of the World. "But concernynge the translacion of this boke; I exhort ye reders to take no displeasour for yt, it is nat translated word by worde acordinge to ye verses of my actour. For I haue but only drawn into our moder tunge, in rude langage the sentences of the verses as nere as the parcyte of my wyt wyl suffer me, some tyme addynge, somtyme detractinge and takinge away suche thinges as semeth me necessary and superflue. Wherefore I desyre of you reders pardon of my presumptuous audacite, trustynge that ye shall holde me excused if ye consyder ye scarsnes of my wyt and my vnexpert youthe. I haue in many places ouerpassed dyuers poetical digressions and obscurenes of fables and haue concluded my worke in rude langage as shal apere in my translacion."

"Wylling to redres the errors and vyces of this oure royalm of England. . . I haue taken upon me. . . the translacion of this present boke. . . onely for the holsome instruccion commodyte and doctryne of wysdome, and to clense the vanyte and madness of folysshe people of whom ouer great nombre is in the Royalm of Englonde."

Actuated by these patriotic motives, Barclay has, while preserving all the valuable characteristics of his original,



painted for posterity perhaps the most graphic and comprehensive picture now preserved of the folly, injustice, and iniquity which demoralized England, city and country alike, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and rendered it ripe for any change political or religious.

“ Knowledge of trowth, prudence, and iust symplicite  
Hath vs clene left ; For we set of them no store.  
Our Fayth is defyled loue, goodnes, and Pyte :  
Honest maners nowe ar reputed of : no more.  
Lawyers ar lordes ; but Justice is rent and tore.  
Or closed lyke a Monster within dores thre.  
For without mede : or money no man can hyr se.  
  
Al is disordered : Vertue hath no rewarde.  
Alas, compassion ; and mercy bothe ar slayne.  
Alas, the stony hartys of pepyl ar so harde  
That nought can constrayne theyr folyes to refrayne.”

His ships are full laden but carry not all who should be on board.

“ We are full lade and yet torsoth I thynke  
A thousand are behynde, whom we may not receyue  
For if we do, our nauy clene shall synke  
He oft all lesys that coueytes all to haue  
From London Rockes Almyghty God vs saue  
For if we there anker, outhr bote or barge  
’There be so many that they vs wyll ouercharge.”

The national tone and aim of the English “Ship” are maintained throughout with the greatest emphasis, exhibiting an independence of spirit which few ecclesiastics of the time would have dared to own. Barclay seems to have been first an Englishman, then an ecclesiastic. Everywhere throughout his great work the voice of the people

is heard to rise and ring through the long exposure of abuse and injustice, and had the authorship been unknown it would most certainly have been ascribed to a Langlande of the period. Everywhere he takes what we would call the popular side, the side of the people as against those in office. Everywhere he stands up boldly in behalf of the oppressed, and spares not the oppressor, even if he be of his own class. He applies the cudgel as vigorously to the priest's pate as to the Lolardes back. But he disliked modern innovation as much as ancient abuse, in this also faithfully reflecting the mind of the people, and he is as emphatic in his censure of the one as in his condemnation of the other.

Barclay's "Ship of Fools," however, is not only important as a picture of the English life and popular feeling of his time, it is, both in style and vocabulary, a most valuable and remarkable monument of the English language. Written midway between Chaucer and Spenser, it is infinitely more easy to read than either. Page after page, even in the antique spelling of Pynson's edition, may be read by the ordinary reader of to-day without reference to a dictionary, and when reference is required it will be found in nine cases out of ten that the archaism is Saxon, not Latin. This is all the more remarkable, that it occurs in the case of a priest translating mainly from the Latin and French, and can only be explained with reference to his standpoint as a social reformer of the broadest type, and to his evident intention that his book should be an appeal to all classes, but especially to the mass of the people, for amendment of their follies. In evidence of this it may be noticed that in the didactic passages, and especially in the *L'envois*, which are additions of his own, wherever, in fact, he appears in his own

character of "preacher," his language is most simple, and his vocabulary of the most Saxon description.

In his prologue "excusynge the rudenes of his translacion," he professes to have purposely used the most "comon speche":—

"My speche is rude my termes comon and rural  
And I for rude peple moche more conuenient  
Than for estates, lerned men, or eloquent."

He afterwards humorously supplements this in "the prologe," by:—

"But if I halt in meter or erre in eloquence  
Or be to large in langage I pray you blame not me  
For my mater is so bad it wyll none other be."

So much the better for all who are interested in studying the development of our language and literature. For thus we have a volume, confessedly written in the commonest language of the common people, from which the philologist may at once see the stage at which they had arrived in the development of a simple English speech, and how far, in this respect, the spoken language had advanced a-head of the written; and from which also he can judge to what extent the popularity of a book depends, when the language is in a state of transition, upon the unusual simplicity of its style both in structure and vocabulary, and how far it may, by reason of its popularity, be influential in modifying and improving the language in both these respects. In the long barren tract between Chaucer and Spenser, the *Ship of Fools* stands all but alone as a popular poem, and the continuance of this popularity for a century and more is no doubt to be attributed as much to the use of the language of the "coming time" as to the popularity of the subject.

In more recent times however, Barclay has, probably in part, from accidental circumstances, come to be relegated to a position among the English classics, those authors whom every one speaks of but few read. That modern editions of at least his principal performance have not appeared, can only be accounted for by the great expense attendant upon the reproduction of so uniquely illustrated a work, an interesting proof of which, given in the evidence before the Select Committee of the House of Commons on the Copyright act in 1818, is worth quoting. Amongst new editions of standard but costly works, of which the tax then imposed by the act upon publishers of giving eleven copies of all their publications free to certain libraries prevented the publication, is mentioned, Barclay's "Ship of Fools;" regarding which Harding, the well known bookseller, is reported to have said, "We have declined republishing the 'Ship of Fools,' a folio volume of great rarity and high price. Our probable demand would not have been more than for a hundred copies, at the price of 12 guineas each. The delivery of eleven copies to the public libraries decided us against entering into the speculation."

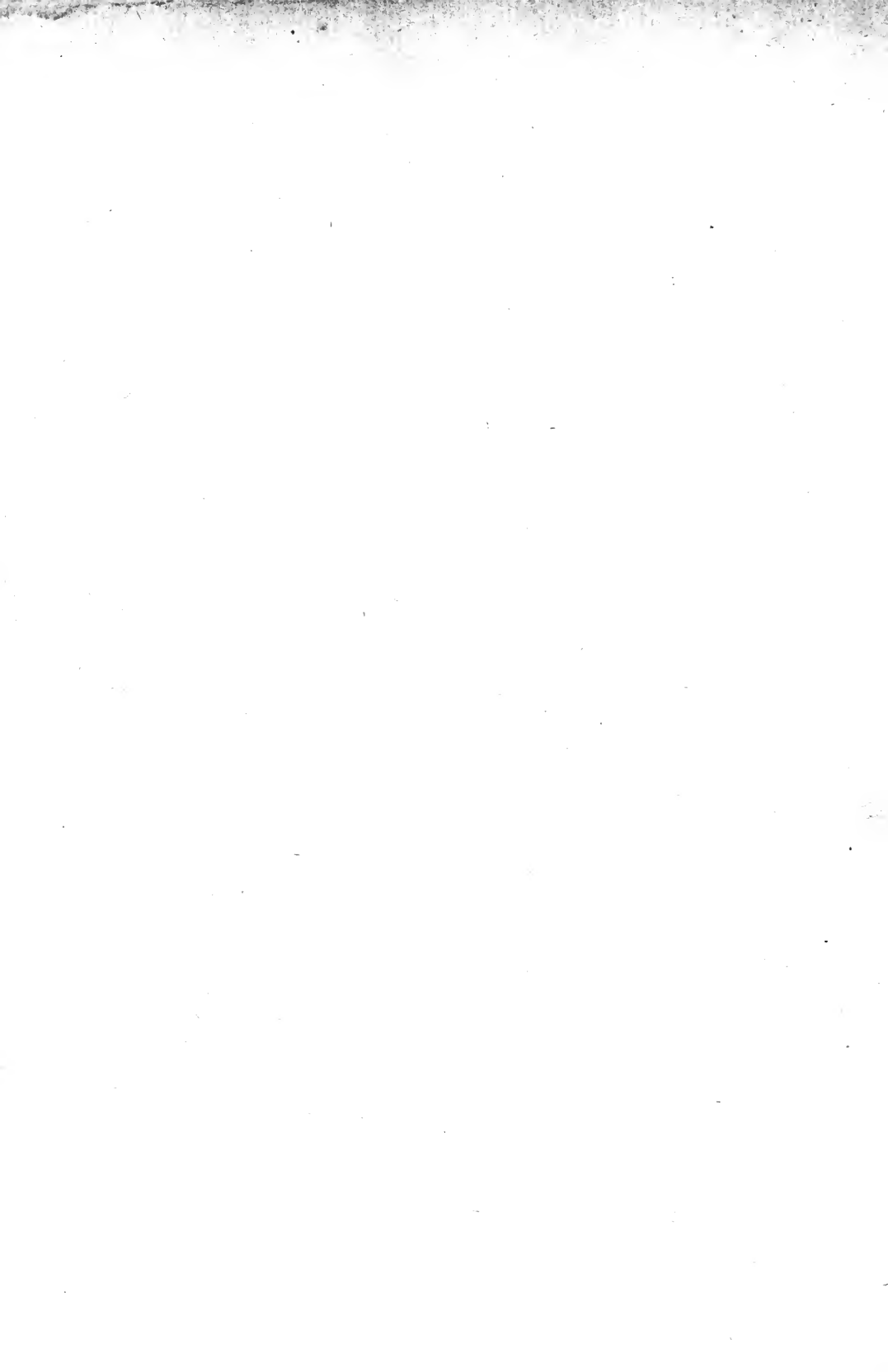
A wider and more eager interest is now being manifested in our early literature, and especially in our early popular poetry, to the satisfaction of which, it is believed, a new edition of this book will be regarded as a most valuable contribution. Indeed, as a graphic and comprehensive picture of the social condition of pre-Reformation England; as an important influence in the formation of our modern English tongue; and as a rich and unique exhibition of early art, to all of which subjects special attention is being at present directed, this mediæval picture-poem is of unrivalled interest.

NOTICE

OF THE

*Life and Writings of Alexander Barclay,*

THE TRANSLATOR OF BRANDT'S SHIP OF FOOLS.



## ALEXANDER BARCLAY.

WHETHER this distinguished poet was an Englishman or a Scotchman has long been a *quæstio vexata* affording the literary antiquary a suitable field for the display of his characteristic amenity. Bale, the oldest authority, simply says that some contend he was a Scot, others an Englishman, (Script. Illust. Majoris Britt. Catalogus, 1559). Pits (De Illust. Angliæ Script.,) asserts that though to some he appears to have been a Scot, he was really an Englishman, and probably a native of Devonshire, (“*nam ibi ad S. Mariam de Otery, Presbyter primum fuit*”). Wood again, (Athen. Oxon.), by the reasoning which finds a likeness between Macedon and Monmouth, because there is a river in each, arrives at “Alexander de Barklay, seems to have been born at or near a town so called in Somersetshire;” upon which Ritson pertinently observes, “there is no such place in Somersetshire, the onely Berkeley known is in Gloucestershire.” Warton, coming to the question double-shotted, observes that “he was most probably of Devonshire or Gloucestershire,” in the one case following Pits, and in the other anticipating Ritson’s observation.

On the other hand Bale, in an earlier work than the

*Catalogus*, the *Summarium Ill. Maj. Britt. Script.*, published in 1548, during Barclay's life time, adorns him with the epithets "Scotus, rhetor ac poeta insignis." Dempster (*Hist. ecclesiastica*), styles him "Scotus, ut retulit ipse Joannes Pitsæus." Holinshed also styles him "Scot"! Sibbald gives him a place in his (MS.) *Catalogues of Scottish poets*, as does also Wodrow in his *Catalogues of Scots writers*. Mackenzie (*Lives of the Scots writers*) begins, "The Barklies, from whom this gentleman is descended, are of a very ancient standing in Scotland." Ritson (*Bib. Poetica*), after a caustic review of the controversy, observes "both his name of baptism and the orthography of his surname seem to prove that he was of Scottish extraction." Bliss (*Additions to Wood*) is of opinion that he "undoubtedly was not a native of England," and Dr Irving (*Hist. of Scot. Poetry*) adheres to the opinion of Ritson.

Such contention, whatever may be the weight of the evidence on either side, is at any rate a sufficient proof of the eminence of the individual who is the subject of it; to be his birthplace being considered an honour of so much value to the country able to prove its claim to the distinction as to occasion a literary warfare of several centuries' duration.

We cannot profess to have brought such reinforcements to either side as to obtain for it a complete and decisive victory, but their number and character are such as will probably induce one of the combatants quietly to retire from the field. In the first place, a more explicit and unimpeachable piece of evidence than any contained in the authors mentioned above has been found, strangely enough, in a medical treatise, published about twenty years after Barclay's death, by a physician and botanist of great eminence in the



middle of the sixteenth century, who was a native of the isle of Ely, at the Monastery of which Barclay was for some time a monk.

It is entitled "A dialogue both pleasaunt and pietifull, wherein is a godlie regiment against the Fever Pestilence, with a consolation and comforte against death.—Newlie corrected by William Bullein, the author thereof.—Imprinted at London by Ihon Kingston. Julij, 1573." [8vo., B. L., 111 leaves.] "There was an earlier impression of this work in 1564, but the edition of 1573 was 'corrected by the author,' the last work on which he probably was engaged, as he died in 1576. It is of no value at this time of day as a medical treatise, though the author was very eminent; but we advert to it because Bullein, for the sake of variety and amusement, introduces notices of Chaucer, Gower, Lidgate, Skelton, and Barclay, which, coming from a man who was contemporary with two of them, may be accepted as generally accurate representations. . . Alexander Barclay, Dr Bullein calls Bartlet, in the irregular spelling of those times; and, asserting that he was 'born beyond the cold river of Tweed,' we see no sufficient reason for disbelieving that he was a native of Scotland. Barclay, after writing his pastorals, &c., did not die until 1552, so that Bullein was his contemporary, and most likely knew him and the fact. He observes:—'Then Bartlet, with an hoopyng russet long coate, with a pretie hoode in his necke, and five knottes upon his girdle, after Francis tricks. He was borne beyonde the cold river of Twede. He lodged upon a swete bed of chamomill, under the sinamum tree; about hym many shepherdes and shepe, with pleasaunte pipes; greatly abhorring the life of Courtiers, Citizens,

Usurers, and Banckruptes, &c., whose olde daies are miserable. And the estate of shepherdes and countrie people he accounted moste happie and sure." (Collier's "Bibliographical Account of Early English Literature," Vol. I., p. 97).

"The certainty with which Bulleyn here speaks of Barclay, as born beyond the Tweed, is not a little strengthened by the accuracy with which even in allegory he delineates his peculiar characteristics. 'He lodged upon a bed of sweet camomile.' What figure could have been more descriptive of that agreeable bitterness, that pleasant irony, which distinguishes the author of the 'Ship of Fools?' 'About him many shepherds and sheep with pleasant pipes, greatly abhorring the life of courtiers.' What could have been a plainer paraphrase of the title of Barclay's 'Eclogues,' or 'Miseries of Courtiers and Courtes, and of all Princes in General.' As a minor feature, 'the five knots upon his girdle after Francis's tricks' may also be noticed. Hitherto, the fact of Barclay having been a member of the Franciscan order has been always repeated as a matter of some doubt; 'he was a monk of the order of St Benedict, and afterwards, as some say, a Franciscan. Bulleyn knows, and mentions, with certainty, what others only speak of as the merest conjecture: In short, everything tends to shew a degree of familiar acquaintance with the man, his habits, and his productions, which entitles the testimony of Bulleyn to the highest credit.'" (Lives of the Scottish Poets, Vol. I., pt. ii., p. 77).

But there are other proofs pointing as decidedly to the determination of this long-continued controversy in favour of Scotland, as the soil from which this vagrant

child of the muses sprung. No evidence seems to have been hitherto sought from the most obvious source, his writings. The writer of the memoir in the *Biographia Britannica*, (who certainly dealt a well-aimed, though by no means decisive, blow, in observing, "It is pretty extraordinary that Barclay himself, in his several addresses to his patrons should never take notice of his being a stranger, which would have made their kindness to him the more remarkable [it was very customary for the writers of that age to make mention in their works of the countries to which they belonged, especially if they wrote out of their own]; whereas the reader will quickly see, that in his address to the young gentlemen of England in the 'Mirror of Good Manners,' he treats them as his countrymen,") has remarked, "It seems a little strange that in those days a Scot should obtain so great reputation in England, especially if it be considered from whence our author's rose, viz., from his enriching and improving the English tongue. Had he written in Latin or on the sciences, the thing had been probable enough, but in the light in which it now stands, I think it very far from likely." From which it is evident that the biographer understood not the versatile nature of the Scot and his ability, especially when caught young, in "doing in Rome as the Romans do." Barclay's English education and foreign travel, together extending over the most impressionable years of his youth, could not have failed to rub off any obvious national peculiarities of speech acquired in early boyhood, had the difference between the English and Scottish speech then been wider than it was. But the language of Barbour and Chaucer was really one and the same. It will then not be wondered at that but few Scotch

words are found in Barclay's writings. Still, these few are not without their importance in strengthening the argument as to nationality. The following from "The Ship of Fools," indicate at once the clime to which they are native, "gree," "kest," "rawky," "ryue," "yate," "bokest," "bydeth," "thekt," and "or," in its peculiar Scottish use. That any Englishman, especially a South or West of England Englishman, should use words such as those, particularly at a time of hostility and of little intercourse between the nations, will surely be admitted to be a far more unlikely thing than that a Scotchman born, though not bred, should become, after the effects of an English education and residence had efficiently done their work upon him, a great improver and enricher of the English tongue.

But perhaps the strongest and most decisive argument of all in this much-vexed controversy is to be found in the panegyric of James the Fourth contained in the "Ship of Fools," an eulogy so highly pitched and extravagant that no Englishman of that time would ever have dreamed of it or dared to pen it. Nothing could well be more conclusive. Barclay precedes it by a long and high-flown tribute to Henry, but when he comes to "Jamys of Scotlonde," he, so to speak, out-Herods Herod. Ordinary verse suffices not for the greatness of his subject, which he must needs honour with an acrostic,—

" I n prudence pereles is this moste comely kynge  
 A nd as for his strength and magnanymyte  
 C oncernynge his noble dedes in euery thyng  
 O ne founde or grounde lyke to hym can not be  
 B y byrth borne to boldnes and audacyte  
 V nder the bolde planet of Mars the champion  
 S urely to subdue his ennemyes echone."

There, we are convinced, speaks not the prejudiced, Scot-hating English critic, but the heart beating true to its fatherland and loyal to its native Sovereign.

That "he was born beyonde the cold river of Twede," about the year 1476, as shall be shown anon, is however all the length we can go. His training was without doubt mainly, if not entirely English. He must have crossed the border very early in life, probably for the purpose of pursuing his education at one of the Universities, or, even earlier than the period of his University career, with parents or guardians to reside in the neighbourhood of Croydon, to which he frequently refers. Croydon is mentioned in the following passages in Eclogue I. :

"While I in youth in Croidon towne did dwell."

"He hath no felowe betwene this and Croidon,  
Save the proude plowman Gnatho of Chorlington."

"And as in Croidon I heard the Collier preache"

"Such maner riches the Collier tell thee can "

"As the riche Shepheard that woned in Mortlake."

It seems to have become a second home to him, for there, we find, in 1552, he died and was buried.

At which University he studied, whether Oxford or Cambridge, is also a matter of doubt and controversy. Wood claims him for Oxford and Oriel, apparently on no other ground than that he dedicates the "Ship of Fools" to Thomas Cornish, the Suffragan bishop of Tyne, in the Diocese of Bath and Wells, who was provost of Oriel College from 1493 to 1507. That the Bishop was the first

to give him an appointment in the Church is certainly a circumstance of considerable weight in favour of the claim of Oxford to be his *alma mater*, and of Cornish to be his intellectual father; and if the appointment proceeded from the Provost's good opinion of the young Scotchman, then it says much for the ability and talents displayed by him during his College career. Oxford however appears to be nowhere mentioned in his various writings, while Cambridge is introduced thus in Eclogue I. :—

“ And once in Cambridge I heard a scoller say.”

From which it seems equally, if not more, probable that he was a student at that university. “ There is reason to believe that both the universities were frequented by Scotch students; many particular names are to be traced in their annals; nor is it altogether irrelevant to mention that Chaucer's young clerks of Cambridge who played such tricks to the miller of Trompington, are described as coming from the north, and as speaking the Scotch language :—

‘ John highte that on, and Alein highte that other,  
Of o toun were they born that highte Strother,  
Fer in the North, I cannot tellen where.’

“ It may be considered as highly probable that Barclay completed his studies in one of those universities, and that the connections which he thus had an opportunity of forming, induced him to fix his residence in the South; and when we suppose him to have enjoyed the benefit of an English education it need not appear peculiarly ‘ strange, that in those days, a Scot should obtain so great reputation in England.’” (Irving, *Hist. of Scot. Poetry*).

In the "Ship" there is a chapter "Of unprofytable Stody" in which he makes allusion to his student life in such a way as to imply that it had not been a model of regularity and propriety :

P. 146 *infra*  
"The great foly, the pryde, and the enormyte  
Of our studentis, and theyr obstynate errour  
Causeth me to wryte two sentences or thre  
More than I fynde wrytyn in myne actoure  
The tyme hath ben whan I was conductoure  
Of moche foly, whiche nowe my mynde doth greue  
Wherfor of this shyp syns I am gouernoure  
I dare be bolde myne owne vyce to repreue."

If these lines are meant to be accepted literally, which such confessions seldom are, it may be that he was advised to put a year or two's foreign travel between his University career, and his entrance into the Church. At any rate, for whatever reason, on leaving the University, where, as is indicated by the title of "Syr" prefixed to his name in his translation of Sallust, he had obtained the degree of Bachelor of Arts, he travelled abroad, whether at his own charges, or in the company of a son of one of his patrons is not recorded, principally in Germany, Italy, and France, where he applied himself, with an unusual assiduity and success, to the acquirement of the languages spoken in those countries and to the study of their best authors. In the chapter "Of unprofytable Stody," above mentioned, which contains proof how well he at least had profited by study, he cites certain continental seats of university learning at each of which, there is indeed no improbability in supposing he may have remained for some time, as was the custom in those days :

p 145  
in p 145
 " One rennyth to Almayne another vnto France  
 To Parys, Padway, Lumbardy or Spayne  
 Another to Bonony, Rome, or Orleanse  
 To Cayne, to Tolows, Athenys, or Colayne."

Another reference to his travels and mode of travelling is found in the Eclogues. Whether he made himself acquainted with the English towns he enumerates before or after his continental travels it is impossible to determine :

## CORNIX.

" As if diuers wayes laye vnto Islington,  
 To Stow on the Wold, Quaueneth or Trompington,  
 To Douer, Durham, to Barwike or Exeter,  
 To Grantham, Totnes, Bristow or good Manchester,  
 To Roan, Paris, to Lions or Floraunce.

## CORIDON.

(What ho man abide, what already in Fraunce,  
 Lo, a fayre iourney and shortly ended to,  
 With all these townes what thing haue we to do ?

## CORNIX.

By Gad man knowe thou that I haue had to do  
 In all these townes and yet in many mo,  
 To see the worlde in youth me thought was best,  
 And after in age to geue my selfe to rest.

## CORIDON.

Thou might haue brought one and set by our village.

## CORNIX.

What man I might not for lacke of cariage.  
 To cary mine owne selfe was all that euer I might,  
 And sometime for ease my sachell made I light."



Returning to England, after some years of residence abroad, with his mind broadened and strengthened by foreign travel, and by the study of the best authors, modern as well as ancient, Barclay entered the church, the only career then open to a man of his training. With intellect, accomplishments, and energy possessed by few, his progress to distinction and power ought to have been easy and rapid, but it turned out quite otherwise. The road to eminence lay by the "backstairs," the atmosphere of which he could not endure. The ways of courtiers—falsehood, flattery, and fawning—he detested, and worse, he said so, wherefore his learning, wit and eloquence found but small reward. To his freedom of speech, his unsparing exposure and denunciation of corruption and vice in the Court and the Church, as well as among the people generally, must undoubtedly be attributed the failure to obtain that high promotion his talents deserved, and would otherwise have met with. The policy, not always a successful one in the end, of ignoring an inconvenient display of talent, appears to have been fully carried out in the instance of Barclay.

His first preferment appears to have been in the shape of a chaplainship in the sanctuary for piety and learning founded at Saint Mary Otery in the County of Devon, by Grandison, Bishop of Exeter; and to have come from Thomas Cornish, Suffragan Bishop of Bath and Wells under the title of the Bishop of Tyne, "*mæorum primitias laborum qui in lucem eruperunt,*" to whom, doubtless out of gratitude for his first appointment, he dedicated "*The Ship of Fools.*" Cornish, amongst the many other good things he enjoyed, held, according to Dugdale, from 1490 to 1511, the post of warden of the College of S. Mary Otery, where Barclay

no doubt had formed that regard and respect for him which is so strongly expressed in the dedication.

A very eulogistic notice of "My Mayster Kyrkham," in the chapter "Of the extorcion of Knyghtis," (Ship of Fools,) has misled biographers, who were ignorant of Cornish's connection with S. Mary Otery, to imagine that Barclay's use of "Capellanus humilimus" in his dedication was merely a polite expression, and that Kyrkham, of whom he styles himself, "His true seruytour his chaplayne and bedeman" was his actual ecclesiastical superior. The following is the whole passage :—

" Good offycers ar good and commendable  
 And manly knyghtes that lyue in rightwysenes  
 But they that do nat ar worthy of a bable  
 Syns by theyr pryde pore people they oppres  
 My mayster Kyrkhan for his perfyte mekenes  
 And supportacion of men in pouertye  
 Out of my shyp shall worthely be fre

I flater nat I am his true seruytour  
 His chaplayne and his bedeman whyle my lyfe shall endure  
 Requyrynge God to exalt hym to honour  
 And of his Prynces fauour to be sure  
 For as I haue sayd I knowe no creature  
 More manly rightwyse wyse discrete and sad  
 But thoughe he be good, yet other ar als bad."

That this Kyrkham was a knight and not an ecclesiastic is so plainly apparent as to need no argument. An investigation into Devonshire history affords the interesting information that among the ancient families of that county there was one of this name, of great antiquity and repute, now no longer existent, of which the most eminent member

was a certain Sir John Kirkham, whose popularity is evinced by his having been twice created High Sheriff of the County, in the years 1507 and 1523. (Prince, *Worthies of Devon*; Izacke, *Antiquities of Exeter*.)

That this was the Kirkham above alluded to, there can be no reasonable doubt, and in view of the expression "My mayster Kyrkham," it may be surmised that Barclay had the honour of being appointed by this worthy gentleman to the office of Sheriff's or private Chaplain or to some similar position of confidence, by which he gained the poet's respect and gratitude. The whole allusion, however, might, without straining be regarded as a merely complimentary one. The tone of the passage affords at any rate a very pleasing glimpse of the mutual regard entertained by the poet and his Devonshire neighbours.

After the eulogy of Kyrkham ending with "Yet other ar als bad," the poet goes on immediately to give the picture of a character of the opposite description, making the only severe personal reference in his whole writings, for with all his unsparing exposure of wrong-doing, he carefully, wisely, honourably avoided personality. A certain Mansell of Otery is gibbeted as a terror to evil doers in a way which would form a sufficient ground for an action for libel in these degenerate days.—Ship, II. 82.

"Mansell of Otery for powlynge of the pore  
Were nat his great wombe, here sholde haue an ore  
But for his body is so great and corporate  
And so many burdens his brode backe doth charge  
If his great burthen cause hym to come to late  
Yet shall the knaue be Captayne of a barge  
Where as ar bawdes and so sayle out at large

About our shyp to spye about for prayes  
For therupon hath he lyued all his dayes."

It ought however to be mentioned that no such name as Mansell appears in the Devonshire histories, and it may therefore be fictitious.

The ignorance and reckless living of the clergy, one of the chief objects of his animadversion, receive also local illustration :

"For if one can flater, and beare a Hauke on his fist,  
He shalbe mde parson of Honington or Clist."

A good humoured reference to the Secondaries of the College is the only other streak of local colouring we have detected in the *Ship*, except the passage in praise of his friend and colleague Bishop, quoted at p. liii.

"Softe, fooles, softe, a little slacke your pace,  
Till I haue space you to order by degree,  
I haue eyght neyghbours, that first shall haue a place  
Within this my ship, for they most worthy be,  
They may their learning receyue costles and free,  
Their walles abutting and ioyning to the scholes ;  
Nothing they can, yet nought will they learne nor see,  
Therefore shall they guide this our ship of fooles."

In the comfort, quiet, and seclusion of the pleasant Devonshire retreat, the "*Ship*" was translated in the year 1508, when he would be about thirty-two, "by Alexander Barclay Preste; and at that tyme chaplen in the sayde Colledge," whence it may be inferred that he left Devon, either in that year or the year following, when the "*Ship*" was published, probably proceeding to London for the pur-

pose of seeing it through the press. Whether he returned to Devonshire we do not know; probably not, for his patron and friend Cornish resigned the wardenship of St Mary Otery in 1511, and in two years after died, so that Barclay's ties and hopes in the West were at an end. At any rate we next hear of him in monastic orders, a monk of the order of S. Benedict, in the famous monastery of Ely, where, as is evident from internal proof, the Eclogues were written and where likewise, as appears from the title, was translated "The mirrour of good maners," at the desire of Syr Giles Alington, Knight.

It is about this period of his life, probably the period of the full bloom of his popularity, that the quiet life of the poet and priest was interrupted by the recognition of his eminence in the highest quarters, and by a request for his aid in maintaining the honour of the country on an occasion to which the eyes of all Europe were then directed. In a letter of Sir Nicholas Vaux, busied with the preparations for the meeting of Henry VIII., and Francis I., called the Field of the Cloth of Gold, to Wolsey, of date 10th April 1520, he begs the cardinal to "send to them . . . Maistre Barkleye, the Black Monke and Poete, to devise histories and convenient raisons to florisse the buildings and banquet house withal" (Rolls Calendars of Letters and Papers, Henry VIII., III. pt. 1.). No doubt it was also thought that this would be an excellent opportunity for the eulogist of the Defender of the Faith to again take up the lyre to sing the glories of his royal master, but no effort of his muse on the subject of this great chivalric pageant has descended to us if any were ever penned.

Probably after this employment he did not return to

Ely; with his position or surroundings there he does not seem to have been altogether satisfied ("there many a thing is wrong," see p. lxix.); and afterwards, though in the matter of date we are somewhat puzzled by the allusion of Bulleyn, an Ely man, to his Franciscan habit, he assumed the habit of the Franciscans at Canterbury, ('Bale MS. Sloan, f. 68,') to which change we may owe, if it be really Barclay's, "The life of St Thomas of Canterbury."

Autumn had now come to the poet, but fruit had failed him. The advance of age and his failure to obtain a suitable position in the Church began gradually to weigh upon his spirits. The bright hopes with which he had started in the flush of youth, the position he was to obtain, the influence he was to wield, and the work he was to do personally, and by his writings, in the field of moral and social reformation were all in sad contrast with the actualities around. He had never risen from the ranks, the army was in a state of disorganisation, almost of mutiny, and the enemy was more bold, unscrupulous, and numerous than ever. It is scarcely to be wondered at that, though not past fifty, he felt prematurely aged, that his youthful enthusiasm which had carried him on bravely in many an attempt to instruct and benefit his fellows at length forsook him and left him a prey to that weakness of body, and that hopelessness of spirit to which he so pathetically alludes in the Prologue to the *Mirror of good Manners*. All his best work, all the work which has survived to our day, was executed before this date. But the pen was too familiar to his hand to be allowed to drop. His biographers tell us "that when years came on he spent

his time mostly in pious matters, and in reading and writing histories of the Saints." A goodly picture of a well-spent old age. The harness of youth he had no longer the spirit and strength to don, the garments of age he gathered resignedly and gracefully about him.

On the violent dissolution of the Monasteries in 1539, when their inmates, the good and bad, the men of wisdom and the "fools," were alike cast adrift upon a rock-bound and stormy coast, the value of the patronage which his literary and personal popularity had brought him, was put to the test, and in the end successfully, though after considerable, but perhaps not to be wondered at, delay. His great patrons, the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Kent, Bishop Cornish, and probably also Sir Giles Alington, were all dead, and he had to rely on newer and necessarily weaker ties. But after waiting, till probably somewhat dispirited, fortune smiled at last. Two handsome livings were presented to him in the same year, both of which he apparently held at the same time, the vicarage of Much Badew in Essex, by the presentation of Mr John Pascal, to which he was instituted on February 7th, 1546, holding it (according to the Lansdowne MS. (980 f. 101), in the British Museum) till his death; and the vicarage of S. Mathew at Wokey, in Somerset, on March 30th of the same year. Wood dignifies him with the degree of doctor of divinity at the time of his presentation to these preferments.

That he seems to have accepted quietly the gradual progress of the reformed religion during the reign of Edward VI., has been a cause of wonder to some. It would certainly have been astonishing had one who was so unsparing

in his exposure of the flagrant abuses of the Romish Church done otherwise. Though personally disinclined to radical changes his writings amply show his deep dissatisfaction with things as they were. This renders the more improbable the honours assigned him by Wadding (*Scriptores Ordinis Minorum*, 1806, p. 5), who promotes him to be Suffragan Bishop of Bath and Wells, and Bale, who, in a slanderous anecdote, the locale of which is also Wells, speaks of him as a chaplain of Queen Mary's, though Mary did not ascend the throne till the year after his death. As these statements are nowhere confirmed, it is not improbable that their authors have fallen into error by confounding the poet Barclay, with a Gilbert Berkeley, who became Bishop of Bath and Wells in 1559. One more undoubted, but tardy, piece of preferment was awarded him which may be regarded as an honour of some significance. On the 30th April 1552, the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury, London, presented him to the Rectory of All Hallows, Lombard Street, but the well-deserved promotion came too late to be enjoyed. A few weeks after, and before the 10th June, at which date his will was proved, he died, as his biographers say, "at a very advanced age;" at the good old age of seventy-six, as shall be shown presently, at Croydon where he had passed his youth, and there in the church he was buried. "June 10th 1552, Alexander Barkley sepult," (Extract from the Parish Register, in Lyson's *Environs of London*).

A copy of his will, an extremely interesting and instructive document, has been obtained from Doctors' Commons, and will be found appended. It bears in all its details those traits of character which, from all that we otherwise know, we are led to associate with him. In it we see the earnest,



conscientious minister whose first thought is of the poor, the loyal churchman liberal in his support of the house of God, the kind relative in his numerous and considerate bequests to his kith and kin, the amiable, much loved man in the gifts of remembrance to his many friends, and the pious Christian in his wishes for the prayers of his survivors "to Almighty God for remission of my Synnes, and mercy upon my soule."

Barclay's career and character, both as a churchman and a man of letters, deserve attention and respect from every student of our early history and literature. In the former capacity he showed himself diligent, honest, and anxious, at a time when these qualities seemed to have been so entirely lost to the church as to form only a subject for clerical ridicule. In the latter, the same qualities are also prominent, diligence, honesty, bold outspokenness, an ardent desire for the pure, the true, and the natural, and an undisguised enmity to everything false, self-seeking, and vile. Everything he did was done in a pure way, and to a worthy end.

Bale stands alone in casting aspersions upon his moral character, asserting, as Ritson puts it, "in his bigoted and foul-mouthed way," that "he continued a hater of truth, and under the disguise of celibacy a filthy adulterer to the last;" and in his Declaration of Bonner's articles (1561, fol. 81), he condescends to an instance to the effect that "Doctoure Barkleye hadde greate harme ones of suche a visitacion, at Wellys, before he was Quene Maryes Chaplayne. For the woman whome he so religiouslye visited did light him of all that he had, sauinge his workinge tolas. For the whiche acte he had her in prison, and yet coulde nothing recouer againe." Whether this story be true of any one is

perhaps doubtful, and, if true of a Barclay, we are convinced that he is not our author. It may have arisen as we have seen from a mistake as to identity. But apart from the question of identity, we have nothing in support of the slander but Bale's 'foul-mouthed' assertion, while against it we have the whole tenor and aim of Barclay's published writings. Everywhere he inculcates the highest and purest morality, and where even for that purpose he might be led into descriptions of vice, his disgust carries him past what most others would have felt themselves justified in dealing with. For example, in the chapter of "Disgysyd folys" he expressly passes over as lightly as possible what might to others have proved a tempting subject :—

“ They disceyue myndes chaste and innocent  
 With dyuers wayes whiche I wyll nat expres  
 Lyst that whyle I labour this cursyd gyse to stynt  
 I myght to them mynyster example of lewdnes  
 And therefore in this part I shall say les  
 Than doth my actour.”

Elsewhere he declares :—

“ for my boke certaynly  
 I haue compyled : for vertue and goodnes  
 And to reuyle foule synne and vyciousnes ”

But citation is needless ; there is not a page of his writings which will not supply similar evidence, and our great early moralist may, we think, be dismissed from Court without a stain on his character.

Indeed to his high pitched morality, he doubtless owed in some degree the great and extended popularity of his poetical writings in former times and their neglect in later.

Sermons and "good" books were not yet in the sixteenth century an extensive branch of literature, and "good" people could without remorse of conscience vary their limited theological reading by frowning over the improprieties and sins of their neighbours as depicted in the "Ship," and joining, with a serious headshaking heartiness, in the admonitions of the translator to amendment, or they might feel "strengthened" by a glance into the "Mirrour of good Maners," or edified by hearing of the "Miseryes of Courtiers and Courtes of all princes in generall," as told in the "Eclogues."

Certain it is that these writings owed little of their acceptance to touches of humour or satire, to the gifts of a poetical imagination, or the grace of a polished diction. The indignation of the honest man and the earnestness of the moralist waited not for gifts and graces. Everything went down, hard, rough, even uncouth as it stood, of course gaining in truth and in graphic power what it wants in elegance. Still, with no refinement, polish or elaboration, there are many picturesque passages scattered throughout these works which no amount of polishing could have improved. How could a man in a rage be better touched off than thus ("Ship" I. 182, 15).

"This man malycious whiche troubled is with wrath  
Nought els soundeth but the hoorse letter R."

The passion of love is so graphically described that it is difficult to imagine our priestly moralist a total stranger to its power, (I. 81).

"For he that loueth is voyde of all reason  
Wandrynge in the worlde without lawe or mesure  
In thought and fere sore vexed eche season

And greuous dolours in loue he must endure  
 No creature hym selfe, may well assure  
 From loues soft dartis : I say none on the grounde  
 But mad and folysshe bydes he whiche hath the wounde

Aye rennyng as franatyke no reason in his mynde  
 He hath no constauce nor ease within his herte  
 His iyen ar blynde, his wyll alwaye inclyned  
 To louys preceptes yet can nat he departe  
 The Net is stronge, the fole caught can nat starte  
 The darte is sharpe, who euer is in the chayne  
 Can nat his sorowe in vysage hyde nor fayne ”

For expressive, happy simile, the two following examples are capital :—

“ Yet sometimes riches is geuen by some chance  
 To such as of good haue greatest aboundaunce.  
 Likewise as streames unto the sea do glide.  
 But on bare hills no water will abide.

So smallest persons haue small rewarde alway  
 But men of worship set in authoritie  
 Must haue rewardes great after their degree.”—*ECLOGUE I.*

“ And so such thinges which princes to thee geue  
 To thee be as sure as water in a siue

So princes are wont with riches some to fede  
 As we do our swine when we of larde haue nede  
 We fede our hogges them after to deuour  
 When they be fatted by costes and labour.”—*ECLOGUE I.*

The everlasting conceit of musical humanity is very truthfully hit off.

“ This is of singers the very propertie  
 Alway they coueyt desired for to be

And when their frendes would heare of their cunning  
Then are they neuer disposed for to sing,  
But if they begin desired of no man  
Then shewe they all and more then they can  
And neuer leaue they till men of them be wery,  
So in their conceyt their cunning they set by.”—ECLOGUE II.

Pithy sayings are numerous. Comparing citizens with countrymen, the countryman says :—

“ Fortune to them is like a mother dere  
As a stepmother she doth to us appeare.”

Of money :

“ Coyne more than cunning exalteth every man.”

Of clothing :

“ It is not clothing can make a man be good  
Better is in ragges pure liuing innocent  
Than a soule defiled in sumptuous garment.”

It is as the graphic delineator of the life and condition of the country in his period that the chief interest of Barclay's writings, and especially of the “Ship of Fools,” now lies. Nowhere so accessibly, so fully, and so truthfully will be found the state of Henry the Eighth's England set forth. Every line bears the character of truthfulness, written, as it evidently is, in all the soberness of sadness, by one who had no occasion to exaggerate, whose only object and desire was, by massing together and describing faithfully the follies and abuses which were evident to all, to shame every class into some degree of moral reformation, and, in particular, to effect some amelioration of circumstances to the suffering poor.

And a sad picture it is which we thus obtain of merrie England in the good old times of bluff King Hal, wanting altogether in the *couleur de rose* with which it is tinted by its

latest historian Mr Froude, who is ably taken to task on this subject by a recent writer in the *Westminster Review*, whose conclusions, formed upon other evidence than Barclay's, express so fairly the impression left by a perusal of the "Ship of Fools," and the *Eclogues*, that we quote them here. "Mr Froude remarks: 'Looking, therefore, at the state of England as a whole, I cannot doubt that under Henry the body of the people were prosperous, well-fed, loyal, and contented. In all points of material comfort, they were as well off as ever they had been before; better off than they have ever been in later times.' In this estimate we cannot agree. Rather we should say that during, and for long after, this reign, the people were in the most deplorable condition of poverty and misery of every kind. That they were ill-fed, that loyalty was at its lowest ebb, that discontent was rife throughout the land. 'In all points of material comfort,' we think they were worse off than they had ever been before, and infinitely worse off than they have ever been since the close of the sixteenth century,—a century in which the cup of England's woes was surely fuller than it has ever been since, or will, we trust, ever be again. It was the century in which this country and its people passed through a baptism of blood as well as 'a baptism of fire,' and out of which they came holier and better. The epitaph which should be inscribed over the century is contained in a sentence written by the famous Ascham in 1547:—'Nam vita, quæ nunc vivitur a plurimis, non vita sed miseria est.'" So, Bradford (*Sermon on Repentance*, 1533) sums up contemporary opinion in a single weighty sentence: "All men may see if they will that the whoredom, pride, unmercifulness, and tyranny of England far surpasses

any age that ever was before." Every page of Barclay corroborates these accounts of tyranny, injustice, immorality, wretchedness, poverty, and general discontent.

Not only in fact and feeling are Barclay's *Ship of Fools* and *Eclogues* thoroughly expressive of the unhappy, discontented, poverty-stricken, priest-ridden, and court-ridden condition and life, the bitter sorrows and the humble wishes of the people, their very texture, as Barclay himself tells us, consists of the commonest language of the day, and in it are interwoven many of the current popular proverbs and expressions. Almost all of these are still "household words" though few ever imagine the garb of their "daily wisdom" to be of such venerable antiquity. Every page of the "*Eclogues*" abounds with them; in the "*Ship*" they are less common, but still by no means infrequent. We have for instance:—

- "Better is a frende in courte than a peny in purse"—(I. 70.)  
"Whan the stede is stolyn to shyte the stable dore"—(I. 76.)  
"It goeth through as water through a syue."—(I. 245.)  
"And he that alway thretenyth for to fyght  
Oft at the profe is skantly worth a hen  
For greattest crakers ar nat ay boldest men."—(I. 198.)  
"I fynde foure thynges whiche by no meanes can  
Be kept close, in secrete, or longe in preuetee  
The firste is the counsell of a wytles man  
The seconde is a cyte whiche byldyd is a hye  
Upon a montayne the thyrde we often se  
That to hyde his dedes a louer hath no skylly  
The fourth is strawe or fethers on a wyndy hyll."—(I. 199.)  
"A crowe to pull."—(II. 8.)  
"For it is a prouerbe, and an olde sayd sawe  
That in euery place lyke to lyke wyll drawe."—(II. 35.)  
"Better haue one birde sure within thy wall  
Or fast in a cage than twenty score without."—(II. 74.)

“ Gapyng as it were dogges for a bone.”—(II. 93.)

“ Pryde sholde haue a fall.”—(II. 161).

“ For wyse men sayth . . .

One myshap fortuneth neuer alone.”

“ Clawe where it itchyth.”—(II. 256.) [The use of this, it occurs again in the Eclogues, might be regarded by some of our Southern friends, as itself a sufficient proof of the author’s Northern origin.]

The following are selected from the Eclogues as the most remarkable :

“ Each man for himself, and the fende for us all.”

“ They robbe Saint Peter therwith to clothe Saint Powle.”

“ For might of water will not our leasure bide.”

“ Once out of sight and shortly out of minde.”

“ For children brent still after drede the fire.”

“ Together they cleave more fast than do burres.”

“ Tho’ thy teeth water.”

“ I aske of the foxe no farther than the skin.”

“ To touche soft pitche and not his fingers file.”

“ From post unto piller tost shall thou be.”

“ Over head and eares.”

“ Go to the ant.”

“ A man may contende, God geueth victory.”

“ Of two evils chose the least.”

These are but the more striking specimens. An examination of the “Ship,” and especially of the “Eclogues,” for the purpose of extracting their whole proverbial lore, would be well worth the while, if it be not the duty, of the next collector in this branch of popular literature. These writings introduce many of our common sayings for the first time to English literature, no writer prior to Barclay having thought it dignified or worth while to profit by the popular wisdom to any perceptible extent. The first collection of proverbs,



Heywood's, did not appear until 1546, so that in Barclay we possess the earliest known English form of such proverbs as he introduces. It need scarcely be said that that form is, in the majority of instances, more full of meaning and point than its modern representative.

Barclay's adoption of the language of the people naturally elevated him in popular estimation to a position far above that of his contemporaries in the matter of style, so much so that he has been traditionally recorded as one of the greatest improvers of the language, that is, one of those who helped greatly to bring the written language to be more nearly in accordance with the spoken. Both a scholar and a man of the world, his phraseology bears token of the greater cultivation and wider knowledge he possessed over his contemporaries. He certainly aimed at clearness of expression, and simplicity of vocabulary, and in these respects was so far in advance of his time that his works can even now be read with ease, without the help of dictionary or glossary. In spite of his church training and his residence abroad, his works are surprisingly free from Latin or French forms of speech; on the contrary, they are, in the main, characterised by a strong Saxon directness of expression which must have tended greatly to the continuance of their popularity, and have exercised a strong and advantageous influence both in regulating the use of the common spoken language, and in leading the way which it was necessary for the literary language to follow. Philologists and dictionary makers appear, however, to have hitherto overlooked Barclay's works, doubtless owing to their rarity, but their intrinsic value as well as their position in relation to the history of the language demand specific recognition at their hands.

Barclay evidently delighted in his pen. From the time of his return from the Continent, it was seldom out of his hand. Idleness was distasteful to him. He petitions his critics if they be “ wyse men and cunnynge,” that :—

“ They shall my youth pardone, and vnchraftynes  
Whiche onely translate, to eschewe ydelnes.”

Assuredly a much more laudable way of employing leisure than than now, unless the translator prudently stop short of print. The modesty and singleness of aim of the man are strikingly illustrated by his thus devoting his time and talents, not to original work as he was well able to have done had he been desirous only of glorifying his own name, but to the translation and adaptation or, better, “ Englishing ” of such foreign authors as he deemed would exercise a wholesome and profitable influence upon his countrymen. Such work, however, moulded in his skilful hands, became all but original, little being left of his author but the idea. Neither the *Ship of Fools*, nor the *Eclogues* retain perceptible traces of a foreign source, and were it not that they honestly bear their authorship on their fore-front, they might be regarded as thoroughly, even characteristically, English productions.

The first known work from Barclay’s pen appeared from the press of De Worde, so early as 1506, probably immediately on his return from abroad, and was no doubt the fruit of continental leisure. It is a translation, in seven line stanzas, of the popular French poet Pierre Gringore’s *Le Chateau de labour* (1499)—the most ancient work of Gringore with date, and perhaps his best—under the title of “ *The Castell of laboure wherein is richesse, vertu, and honour ;* ” in which in a fanciful allegory of some length,

a somewhat wearisome Lady Reason overcomes despair, poverty and other such evils attendant upon the fortunes of a poor man lately married, the moral being to show :—

“That idleness, mother of all adversity,  
Her subjects bringeth to extreme poverty.”

The general appreciation of this first essay is evidenced by the issue of a second edition from the press of Pynson a few years after the appearance of the first.

Encouraged by the favourable reception accorded to the first effort of his muse, Barclay, on his retirement to the ease and leisure of the College of St Mary Otery, set to work on the “Ship of Fools,” acquaintance with which Europe-famous satire he must have made when abroad. This, his *magnum opus*, has been described at some length in the Introduction, but two interesting personal notices relative to the composition of the work may here be added. In the execution of the great task, he expresses himself, (II. 278), as under the greatest obligations to his colleague, friend, and literary adviser, Bishop :—

“Whiche was the first ouersear of this warke  
And vnto his frende gaue his aduysement  
It nat to suffer to slepe styll in the darke  
But to be publysshyd abrode : and put to prent  
To thy monycion my byssshop I assent  
Besechynge god that I that day may se  
That thy honour may prospere and augment  
So that thy name and offyce may agre  
  
In this short balade I can nat comprehend  
All my full purpose that I wolde to the wryte  
But fayne I wolde that thou sholde sone assende  
To heuenly worshyp and celestyall delyte

Than sholde I after my pore wyt and respyt,  
 Display thy name, and great kyndnes to me  
 But at this tyme no farther I indyte  
 But pray that thy name and worshyp may agre."

Pynson, in his capacity of judicious publisher, fearing lest the book should exceed suitable dimensions, also receives due notice at p. 108 of Vol. I., where he speaks of

"the charge Pynson hath on me layde  
 With many folys our Nauy not to charge."

The concluding stanza, or colophon, is also devoted to immortalizing the great bibliopole in terms, it must be admitted, not dissimilar to those of a modern draper's poet laureate :—

Our Shyp here leuyth the sees brode  
 By helpe of God almyght and quyetyly  
 At Anker we lye within the rode  
 But who that lysteth of them to bye  
 In Flete strete shall them fynde truly  
 At the George : in Richarde Pynsonnes place  
 Prynter vnto the Kynges noble grace.

Deo gratias.

Contemporary allusions to the Ship of Fools there could not fail to be, but the only one we have met with occurs in Bulleyn's Dialogue quoted above, p. xxvii. It runs as follows:—*Uxor*.—What ship is that with so many owers, and straunge tacle ; it is a greate vessell. *Ciuis*.—This is the ship of fooles, wherin saileth bothe spirituall and temporall, of euery callyng some : there are kynges, queenes, popes, archbishoppes, prelates, lordes, ladies, knightes, gentlemen, phisicians, lawiers, marchauntes, housbandemen, beggers,

theeues, hores, knaues, &c. This ship wanteth a good pilot: the storme, the rocke, and the wrecke at hande, all will come to naught in this hulke for want of good gouernement.

The Eclogues, as appears from their Prologue, had originally been the work of our author's youth, "the essays of a prentice in the art of poesie," but they were wisely laid past to be adorned by the wisdom of a wider experience, and were, strangely enough, lost for years until, at the age of thirty-eight, the author again lighted, unexpectedly, upon his lost treasures, and straightway finished them off for the public eye.

The following autobiographical passage reminds one forcibly of Scott's throwing aside *Waverley*, stumbling across it after the lapse of years, and thereupon deciding at once to finish and publish it. After enumerating the most famous eclogue writers, he proceeds:—

“Nowe to my purpose, their workes worthy fame,  
Did in my yonge age my heart greatly inflame,  
Dull slouth eschewing my selfe to exercise,  
In such small matters, or I durst enterprise,  
To hyer matter, like as these children do,  
Which first vse to creepe, and afterwarde to go.

So where I in youth a certayne worke began,  
And not concluded, as oft doth many a man:  
Yet thought I after to make the same perfitte,  
But long I missed that which I first did write.  
But here a wonder, I fortie yere saue twayne,  
Proceeded in age, founde my first youth agayne.  
To finde youth in age is a probleme diffuse,  
But nowe heare the truth, and then no longer muse.  
As I late turned olde bookes to and fro,  
One litle treatise I founde among the mo:

Because that in youth I did compile the same,  
 Egloges of youth I did call it by name.  
 And seing some men haue in the same delite,  
 At their great instance I made the same perfitte,  
 Adding and bating where I perceyued neede,  
 All them desiring which shall this treatise rede,  
 Not to be griued with any playne sentence,  
 Rudely conuayed for lacke of eloquence."

The most important revelation in the whole of this interesting passage, that relating to the author's age, seems to have been studiously overlooked by all his biographers. If we can fix with probability the date at which these Eclogues were published, then this, one of the most regretted of the lacunæ in his biography, will be supplied. We shall feel henceforth treading on firmer ground in dealing with the scanty materials of his life.

From the length and fervour with which the praises of the Ely Cathedral and of Alcock its pious and munificent bishop, then but recently dead, are sung in these poems (see p. lxviii.), it is evident that the poet must have donned the black hood in the monastery of Ely for at least a few years.

Warton fixes the date at 1514, because of the praises of the "noble Henry which now departed late," and the after panegyric of his successor Henry VIII. (Eclogue I.), whose virtues are also duly recorded in the *Ship of Fools* (I. 39 and II. 205-8), but not otherwise of course than in a complimentary manner. Our later lights make this picture of the noble pair appear both out of drawing and overcoloured:—

"Beside noble Henry which nowe departed late,  
 Spectacle of vertue to euery hye estate,

The patrone of peace and primate of prudence,  
Which on Gods Church hath done so great expence.  
Of all these princes the mercy and pitie,  
The loue of concorde, iustice and equitie,  
The purenes of life and giftes liberall,  
Not lesse vertuous then the said princes all.  
And Henry the eyght moste hye and triumphant,  
No gifte of vertue nor manlines doth want,  
Mine humble spech and language pastorall  
If it were able should write his actes all :  
But while I ought speake of courtly misery,  
Him with all suche I except vtterly.  
But what other princes commonly frequent,  
As true as I can to shewe is mine intent,  
But if I should say that all the misery,  
Which I shall after rehearse and specify  
Were in the court of our moste noble kinge,  
I should fayle truth, and playnly make leasing."—ECLOGUE I.

This eulogy of Henry plainly implies some short experience of his reign. But other allusions contribute more definitely to fix the precise date, such as the following historical passage, which evidently refers to the career of the notorious extortioners, Empson and Dudley, who were executed for conspiracy and treason in the first year of the new king's reign.

"Such as for honour unto the court resort,  
Looke seldome times upon the lower sort ;  
To the hyer sort for moste part they intende,  
For still their desire is hyer to ascende  
And when none can make with them comparison,  
Against their princes conspire they by treason,  
Then when their purpose can nat come well to frame,  
Agyne they descende and that with utter shame,

Coridon thou knowest right well what I meane,  
We lately of this experience haue seene  
When men would ascende to rowmes honorable  
Euer is their minde and lust insaciable."

The most definite proof of the date of publication, however, is found in the fourth Eclogue. It contains a long poem called *The towre of vertue and honour*, which is really a highly-wrought elegy on the premature and glorious death, not of "the Duke of Norfolk, Lord High admiral, and one of Barclay's patrons," as has been repeated parrot-like, from Warton downwards, but of his chivalrous son, Sir Edward Howard, Lord High Admiral for the short space of a few months, who perished in his gallant, if reckless, attack upon the French fleet in the harbour of Brest in the year 1513. It is incomprehensible that the date of the publication of the Eclogues should be fixed at 1514, and this blunder still perpetuated. No Duke of Norfolk died between Barclay's boyhood and 1524, ten years after the agreed upon date of the Elegy; and the Duke (Thomas), who was Barclay's patron, never held the position of Lord High Admiral (though his son Lord Thomas, created Earl of Surrey in 1514, and who afterwards succeeded him, also succeeded his brother Sir Edward in the Admiralship), but worthily enjoyed the dignified offices of Lord High Steward, Lord Treasurer, and Earl Marshal, and died one of Henry's most respected and most popular Ministers, at his country seat, at a good old age, in the year above mentioned, 1524. The other allusions to contemporary events, and especially to the poet's age, preclude the idea of carrying forward the publication to the latter date, did the clearly defined points of the Elegy allow of it, as they do not.



Minalcas, one of the interlocutors, thus introduces the subject :—

“ But it is lamentable  
To heare a Captayne so good and honorable,  
So *soone* withdrawen by deathes crueltie,  
Before his vertue was at moste hye degree.  
If death for a season had shewed him fauour,  
To all his nation he should haue bene honour.”

“ ‘The Towre of Vertue and Honor,’ introduced as a song of one of the shepherds into these pastorals, exhibits no very masterly strokes of a sublime and inventive fancy. It has much of the trite imagery usually applied in the fabrication of these ideal edifices. It, however, shows our author in a new walk of poetry. This magnificent tower, or castle is built on inaccessible cliffs of flint: the walls are of gold, bright as the sun, and decorated with ‘olde historyes and pictures manyfolde:’ the turrets are beautifully shaped. Among its heroic inhabitants are Henry VIII., [‘in his maiestie moste hye enhaunsed as ought a conquerour,’ no doubt an allusion to the battle of the Spurs and his other exploits in France in 1513], Howard Duke of Norfolk, [‘the floure of chivalry’], and the Earl of Shrewsbury, [‘manfull and hardy, with other princes and men of dignitie’]. Labour is the porter at the gate, and Virtue governs the house. Labour is thus pictured, with some degree of spirit :—

‘ Fearefull is labour without fauour at all,  
Dreadfull of vicage, a monster intreatable,  
Like Cerberus lying at gates infernall ;  
To some men his looke is halfe intollerable,  
His shoulders large, for burthen strong and able,  
His body bristled, his necke mightie and stiffe ;  
By sturdy senewes, his ioyntes stronge and stable,  
Like marble stones his handes be as stiffe.

Here must man vanquishe the dragon of Cadmus,  
 Against the Chimer here stoutly must he fight,  
 Here must he vanquish the fearefull Pegasus,  
 For the golden flece here must he shewe his might :  
 If labour gaynsay, he can nothing be right,  
 This monster labour oft chaungeth his figure,  
 Sometime an oxe, a bore, or lion wight,  
 Playnely he seemeth, thus chaungeth his nature,  
 Like as Protheus ofte changed his stature.

Under his browes he dreadfully doth loure,  
 With glistering eyen, and side dependaunt beard,  
 For thirst and hunger alway his chere is soure,  
 His horned forehead doth make faynt heartes feard.

Alway he drinketh, and yet alway is drye,  
 The sweat distilling with droppes aboundaunt,

“The poet adds, ‘that when the noble Howard had long boldly contended with this hideous monster, had broken the bars and doors of the castle, had bound the porter, and was now preparing to ascend the tower of Virtue and Honour, Fortune and Death appeared, and interrupted his progress.’”  
 (Warton, Eng. Poetry, III.)

The hero's descent and knightly qualities are duly set forth :—

“Though he were borne to glory and honour,  
 Of auncient stocke and noble progenie,  
 Yet thought his courage to be of more valour,  
 By his owne actes and noble chivalry.  
 Like as becommeth a knight to fortifye  
 His princes quarell with right and equitie,  
 So did this Hawarde with courage valiantly,  
 Till death abated his bolde audacitie.”

The poet, gives "cursed fortune" a severe rating, and at such length that the old lady no doubt repented herself, for cutting off so promising a hero *at so early an age* :—

"Tell me, frayle fortune, why did thou breuiate  
The liuing season of suche a captayne,  
That when his actes ought to be laureate  
Thy fauour turned him suffring to be slayne?"

And then he addresses the Duke himself in a consolatory strain, endeavouring to reconcile him to the loss of so promising a son, by recalling to his memory those heroes of antiquity whose careers of glory were cut short by sudden and violent deaths :—

"But moste worthy duke hye and victorious,  
Respire to comfort, see the vncertentie  
Of other princes, whose fortune prosperous  
Oftetime haue ended in hard aduersitie :  
Read of Pompeius," [&c.]

"This shall be, this is, and this hath euer bene,  
That boldest heartes be nearest ieopardie,  
To dye in battayle is honour as men wene  
To suche as haue ioy in haunting chivalry.

"Suche famous ending the name doth magnifte,  
Note worthy duke, no cause is to complayne,  
His life not ended foule nor dishonestly,  
In bed nor tauerne his lustes to maynteyne,  
But like as besemed a noble captayne,  
In sturdie harnes he died for the right,  
From deathes daunger no man may flee certayne,  
But suche death is metest vnto so noble a knight.

"But death it to call me thinke it vnright,  
Sith his worthy name shall laste perpetuall," [&c.]

This detail and these long quotations have been rendered necessary by the strange blunder which has been made and perpetuated as to the identity of the young hero whose death is so feelingly lamented in this elegy. With that now clearly ascertained, we can not only fix with confidence the date of the publication of the Eclogues, but by aid of the hint conveyed in the Prologue, quoted above (p. lv.), as to the author's age, "fortie saue twayne," decide, for the first time, the duration of his life, and the dates, approximately at least, of its incidents, and of the appearance of his undated works. Lord Edward Howard, perhaps the bravest and rashest of England's admirals, perished in a madly daring attack upon the harbour of Brest, on the 25th of April, 1514. As the eclogues could not therefore have been published prior to that date, so, bearing in mind the other allusions referred to above, they could scarcely have appeared later. Indeed, the loss which the elegy commemorates is spoken of as quite recent, while the elegy itself bears every appearance of having been introduced into the eclogue at the last moment. We feel quite satisfied therefore that Warton hit quite correctly upon the year 1514 as that in which these poems first saw the light, though the ground (the allusion to the Henries) upon which he went was insufficient, and his identification of the hero of the elegy contradicted his supposition. Had he been aware of the importance of fixing the date correctly, he would probably have taken more care than to fall into the blunder of confounding the father with the son, and adorning the former with the dearly earned laurels of the latter.

It may be added that, fixing 1514 as the date at which Barclay had arrived at the age of 38, agrees perfectly with

all else we know of his years, with the assumed date of his academical education, and of his travels abroad, with the suppositions formed as to his age from his various published works having dates attached to them, and finally, with the traditional "great age" at which he died, which would thus be six years beyond the allotted span.

After the *Ship of Fools* the *Eclogues* rank second in importance in a consideration of Barclay's writings. Not only as the first of their kind in English, do they crown their author with the honour of introducing this kind of poetry to English literature, but they are in themselves most interesting and valuable as faithful and graphic pictures of the court, citizen, and country life of the period. Nowhere else in so accessible a form do there exist descriptions at once so full and so accurate of the whole condition of the people. Their daily life and habits, customs, manners, sports, and pastimes, are all placed on the canvas before us with a ready, vigorous, unflinching hand. Witness for instance the following sketch, which might be entitled, "Life, temp. 1514":—

"Some men deliteth beholding men to fight,  
Or goodly knightes in pleasaunt apparayle,  
Or sturdie souldiers in bright harnes and male.

Some glad is to see these Ladies beauteous,  
Goodly appoynted in clothing sumpteous :  
A number of people appoynted in like wise :  
In costly clothing after the newest gise,  
Sportes, disgising, fayre coursers mount and prounce,  
Or goodly ladies and knightes sing and daunce :  
To see fayre houses and curious picture(s),  
Or pleasaunt hanging, or sumpteous vesture  
Of silke, of purpure, or golde moste orient,  
And other clothing diuers and excellent :

Hye curious buildinges or palaces royall,  
 Or chapels, temples fayre and substanciall,  
 Images grauen or vaultes curious ;  
 Gardeynes and medowes, or place delicious,  
 Forestes and parkes well furnished with dere,  
 Colde pleasaunt streames or welles fayre and clere,  
 Curious cundites or shadowie mountaynes,  
 Swete pleasaunt valleys, laundes or playnes  
 Houndes, and suche other thinges manyfolde  
 Some men take pleasour and solace to beholde."

The following selections illustrative of the customs and manners of the times will serve as a sample of the overflowing cask from which they are taken. The condition of the country people is clearly enough indicated in a description of the village Sunday, the manner of its celebration being depicted in language calculated to make a modern sabbatarian's hair stand on end :—

"What man is faultlesse, remember the village,  
 Howe men vplondish on holy dayes rage.  
 Nought can them tame, they be a beastly sort,  
 In sweate and labour hauing most chiefe comfort,  
 On the holy day assoone as morne is past,  
 When all men resteth while all the day doth last,  
 They drinke, they banquet, they reuell and they iest  
 They leape, they daunce, despising ease and rest.  
 If they once heare a bagpipe or a drone,  
 Anone to the elme or oke they be gone.  
 There vse they to daunce, to gambolde and to rage  
 Such is the custome and vse of the village.  
 When the ground resteth from rake, plough and wheles,  
 Then moste they it trouble with burthen of their heles :

FAUSTUS.

To Bacchus they banquet, no feast is festiuall,  
They chide and they chat, they vary and they brall,  
They rayle and they route, they reuell and they crye,  
Laughing and leaping, and making cuppes drye.  
What, stint thou thy chat, these wordes I defye,  
It is to a vilayne rebuke and vilany.  
Such rurall solace so plainly for to blame,  
Thy wordes sound to thy rebuke and shame."

Football is described in a lively picture :—

"They get the bladder and blowe it great and thin,  
With many beanes or peason put within,  
It ratleth, soundeth, and shineth clere and fayre,  
While it is throwen and caste vp in the ayre,  
Eche one contendeth and hath a great delite,  
With foote and with hande the bladder for to smite,  
If it fall to grounde they lifte it vp agayne,  
This wise to labour they count it for no payne,  
Renning and leaping they driue away the colde,  
The sturdie plowmen lustie, stronge and bolde,  
Ouercommeth the winter with driuing the foote ball,  
Forgetting labour and many a greuous fall."

A shepherd, after mentioning his skill in shooting birds with a bow, says :—

"No shepheard throweth the axeltrie so farre."

A gallant is thus described :—

"For women vse to loue them moste of all,  
Which boldly bosteth, or that can sing and iet,  
Which are well decked with large bushes set,  
Which hath the mastery ofte time in tournament,  
Or that can gambauld, or daunce feat and gent."

The following sorts of wine are mentioned :—

“ As Muscadell, Caprike, Romney, and Maluesy,  
From Gene brought, from Grece or Hungary.”

As are the dainties of the table. A shepherd at court must  
not think to eat,

“Swanne, nor heron,  
Curlewe, nor crane, but course beefe and mutton.”

Again :

“ What fishe is of sauor swete and delicious,—  
Rosted or sodden in swete hearbes or wine ;  
Or fried in oyle, most saporous and fine.—  
The pasties of a hart.—  
The crane, the fesant, the pecocke and curlewe,  
The partriche, plouer, bittor, and heronsewe—  
Seasoned so well in licour redolent,  
That the hall is full of pleasaunt smell and sent.”

At a feast at court :—

“ Slowe be the seruers in seruing in alway,  
But swift be they after, taking thy meate away ;  
A speciall custome is vsed them among,  
No good dish to suffer on borde to be longe :  
If the dishe be pleasaunt, eyther fleshe or fishe,  
Ten handes at once swarme in the dishe :  
And if it be flesh ten kniues shalt thou see  
Mangling the flesh, and in the platter flee :  
To put there thy handes is perill without fayle,  
Without a gauntlet or els a gloue of mayle.”

“The two last lines remind us of a saying of Quin, who  
declared it was not safe to sit down to a turtle-feast in one  
of the city-halls, without a basket-hilted knife and fork.



Not that I suppose Quin borrowed his bon-mots from black letter books." (Warton.)

The following lines point out some of the festive tales of our ancestors :—

“ Yet would I gladly heare some mery fit  
Of mayde Marion, or els of Robin hood ;  
Or Bentleyes ale which chafeth well the bloud,  
Of perre of Norwich, or sauce of Wilberton,  
Or buckishe Joly well-stuffed as a ton.”

He again mentions “ Bentley’s Ale ” which “ maketh me to winke ; ” and some of our ancient domestic pastimes and amusements are recorded :—

“ Then is it pleasure the yonge maydenis amonge  
To watche by the fire the winters nightes long :  
At their fonde tales to laugh, or when they brall  
Great fire and candell spending for laboure small,  
And in the ashes some playes for to marke,  
To couer wardens [pears] for fault of other warke :  
To toste white sheuers, and to make prophitroles ;  
And after talking oft time to fill the bowles.”

He mentions some musical instruments :

“ . . . . Methinkes no mirth is scant,  
Where no reioysing of minstrelcie doth want :  
The bagpipe or fidle to vs is delectable.”

And the mercantile commodities of different countries and cities :—

“ Englande hath cloth, Burdeus hath store of wine,  
Cornewall hath tinne, and Lymster wools fine.  
London hath scarlet, and Bristowe pleasaunt red,  
Fen lands hath fishes, in other place is lead.”

Of songs at feasts :—

“ When your fat dishes smoke hote vpon your table,  
Then layde ye songes and balades magnifie,  
If they be mery, or written craftely,  
Ye clappe your handes and to the making harke,  
And one say to other, lo here a proper warke.”

He says that minstrels and singers are highly favoured at court, especially those of the French gise. Also jugglers and pipers.

The personal references throughout the Eclogues, in addition to those already mentioned, though not numerous, are of considerable interest. The learned Alcock, Bishop of Ely (1486-1500), and the munificent founder of Jesus College, Cambridge, stands deservedly high in the esteem of a poet and priest, so zealous of good works as Barclay. The poet's humour thus disguises him.—(Eclogue I., A iii., recto.) :—

“ Yes since his dayes a cocke was in the fen,  
I knowe his voyce among a thousande men :  
He taught, he preached, he mended euery wrong ;  
But, Coridon alas no good thing bideth long.  
He all was a cocke, he wakened vs from slepe,  
And while we slumbred, he did our foldes hepe.  
No cur, no foxes, nor butchers dogges wood,  
Coude hurte our fouldes, his watching was so good.  
The hungry wolues, which that time did abounde,  
What time he crowed, abashed at the sounde.  
This cocke was no more abashed of the foxe,  
Than is a lion abashed of an oxe.  
When he went, faded the floure of all the fen ;  
I boldly dare sweare this cocke neuer trode hen !

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This was a father of thinges pastorall,  
And that well sheweth his Church cathedrall,  
There was I lately about the middest of May,  
Coridon his Church is twenty sith more gay  
Then all the Churches betwene the same and Kent,  
There sawe I his tome and Chapell excellent.  
I thought fiue houres but euen a little while,  
Saint John the virgin me thought did on me smile,  
Our parishe Church is but a dongeon,  
To that gay Churche in comparison.  
If the people were as pleasaunt as the place  
Then were it paradice of pleasour and solace,  
Then might I truely right well finde in my heart.  
There still to abide and neuer to departe,  
But since that this cocke by death hath left his song,  
Trust me Coridon there many a thing is wrong,  
When I sawe his figure lye in the Chapell-side,  
Like death for weping I might no longer bide.  
Lo all good thinges so sone away doth glide,  
That no man liketh to long doth rest and abide.  
When the good is gone (my mate this is the case)  
Seldome the better reentreth in the place."

The excellence of his subject carries the poet quite beyond himself in describing the general lamentation at the death of this worthy prelate; with an unusual power of imagination he thus pictures the sympathy of the towers, arches, vaults and images of Ely monastery :

“ My harte sore mourneth when I must specify  
Of the gentle cocke whiche sange so mirily,  
He and his flocke wer like an union  
Conioyned in one without discention,  
All the fayre cockes which in his dayes crewe  
When death him touched did his departing rewe.

The pretie palace by him made in the fen,  
 The maides, widowes, the wiues, and the men,  
 With deadly dolour were pearsed to the heart,  
 When death constrayned this shepheard to departe.  
 Corne, grasse, and fieldes, mourned for wo and payne,  
 For oft his prayer for them obtayned rayne.  
 The pleasaunt floures for wo faded eche one,  
 When they perceyued this shepheard dead and gone,  
 The okes, elmes, and euery sorte of dere  
 Shronke vnder shadowes, abating all their chere.  
 The mightie walles of Ely Monastery,  
 The stones, rockes, and towres semblably,  
 The marble pillers and images echeone,  
 Swet all for sorowe, when this good cocke was gone,  
 Though he of stature were humble, weake and leane,  
 His minde was hye, his liuing pure and cleane,  
 Where other feedeth by beastly appetite,  
 On heauenly foode was all his whole delite."

Morton, Alcock's predecessor and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury (1486-1500), is also singled out for compliment, in which allusion is made to his troubles, his servants' faithfulness, and his restoration to favour under Richard III. and Henry VII. (Eclogue III.):—

" And shepheard Morton, when he durst not appeare,  
 Howe his olde seruantes were carefull of his chere ;  
 In payne and pleasour they kept fidelitie  
 Till grace agayne gaue him auctoritie  
 Then his olde fauour did them agayne restore  
 To greater pleasour then they had payne before.  
 Though for a season this shepheard bode a blast,  
 The greatest winde yet slaketh at the last,  
 And at conclusion he and his flocke certayne  
 Eche true to other did quietly remayne."

---

And again in Eclogue IV. :—

“ Micene and Morton be dead and gone certayne.”

The “Dean of Powles” (Colet), with whom Barclay seems to have been personally acquainted, and to whom the reference alludes as to one still living (his death occurred in 1519), is celebrated as a preacher in the same Eclogue :—

“ For this I learned of the Dean of Powles

I tell thee, Codrus this man hath won some soules.”

as is “the olde friar that wonned in Greenwich” in Eclogue V.

The first three Eclogues are paraphrases or adaptations from the *Miseriæ Curialium*, the most popular of the works of one of the most successful literary adventurers of the middle ages, Æneas Sylvius (Pope Pius II., who died in 1464). It appears to have been written with the view of relieving his feelings of disappointment and disgust at his reception at the court of the Emperor, whither he had repaired, in the hope of political advancement. The tone and nature of the work may be gathered from this candid exposure of the adventurer’s morale: “Many things there are which compel us to persevere, but nothing more powerfully than ambition which, rivalling charity, truly beareth all things however grievous, that it may attain to the honours of this world and the praise of men. If we were humble and laboured to gain our own souls rather than hunt after vain glory, few of us, indeed, would endure such annoyances.” He details, with querulous humour, all the grievances of his position, from the ingratitude of the prince to the sordour of the table-cloths, and the hardness of the black bread. But hardest of all to bear is the con-

tempt shown towards literature. "In the courts of princes literary knowledge is held a crime; and great is the grief of men of letters when they find themselves universally despised, and see the most important matters managed, not to say mismanaged, by blockheads, who cannot tell the number of their fingers and toes."

Barclay's adaptation is so thoroughly Englished, and contains such large additions from the stores of his own bitter experience, as to make it even more truly his own than any other of his translations.

The fourth and fifth eclogues are imitations,—though no notice that they are so is conveyed in the title, as in the case of the first three,—of the fifth and sixth of the popular eclogue writer of the time, Jo. Baptist Mantuan, which may have helped to give rise to the generally received statement noticed below, that all the eclogues are imitations of that author. The fourth is entitled "Codrus and Minalcas, treating of the behauour of Riche men agaynst Poetes," and it may be judged how far it is Barclay's from the fact that it numbers about twelve hundred lines, including the elegy of the Noble Howard, while the original, entitled, "De consuetudine Divitum erga Poetas," contains only about two hundred. The fifth is entitled "Amintas and Faustus, of the disputation of citizens and men of the countrey." It contains over a thousand lines, and the original, "De disceptatione rusticorum et civium," like the fifth, extends to little more than two hundred.

In the Prologue before mentioned we are told (Cawood's edition) :—

"That five Egloges this whole treatise doth holde  
To imitation of other Poetes olde,"

Which appears to be a correction of the printer's upon the original, as in Powell's edition :—

“That X. egloges this hole treatyse dothe holde.”

Whether other five were ever published there is no record to show ; it appears, however, highly improbable, that, if they had, they could have been entirely lost,—especially considering the popularity and repeated issue of the first five,—during the few years that would have elapsed between their original publication and the appearance of Cawood's edition. Possibly the original reading may be a typographical blunder, for Cawood is extremely sparing of correction, and appears to have made none which he did not consider absolutely necessary. This is one of the literary puzzles which remain for bibliography to solve. (See below, p. lxxix.)

The next of Barclay's works in point of date, and perhaps the only one actually entitled to the merit of originality, is his Introductory to write and pronounce French, compiled at the request of his great patron, Thomas Duke of Norfolk, and printed by Copland in 1521. It is thus alluded to in the first important authority on French grammar, “Lesclarissement de la langue Francoyse compose par maistre Jehan Palsgraue, Angloys, natyf de Londres,” 1530 : “The right vertuous and excellent prince Thomas, late Duke of Northfolke, hath commanded the studious clerke, Alexandre Barkelay, to embusy hymselfe about this exercyse.” Further on he is not so complimentary as he remarks:—“Where as there is a boke, that goeth about in this realme, intituled The introductory to writte and pronounce frenche, compiled by Alexander Barclei, in which k is moche vsed, and many other thynges also by hym affirmed,

contrary to my sayenges in this boke, and specially in my seconde, where I shall assaye to expresse the declinations and coniugatynge with the other congruites obserued in the frenche tonge, I suppose it sufficient to warne the lernar, that I haue red ouer that boke at length: and what myn opinion is therin, it shall well inough apere in my bokes selfe, though I make therof no ferther expresse mencion: saue that I haue sene an olde boke written in parchement, in maner in all thynkes like to his sayd Introductory: whiche, by coniecture, was not vnwritten this hundred yeres. I wot nat if he happened to fortune upon suche an other: for whan it was commaunded that the grammar maisters shulde teche the youth of Englande ioyntly latin with frenche, there were diuerse suche bokes diuysed: wherupon, as I suppose, began one great occasyon why we of England sounde the latyn tong so corruptly, whiche haue as good a tonge to sounde all maner speches parfityly as any other nacyon in Europa."—Book I. ch. xxxv. "According to this," Mr Ellis (*Early English Pronunciation*, 804) pertinently notes: "1°, there ought to be many old MS. treatises on French grammar; and 2°, the English pronunciation of Latin was moulded on the French."

To Barclay, as nine years before Palsgrave, belongs at least the credit, hitherto generally unrecognised, of the first published attempt at a French grammar, by either Frenchman or foreigner.

"The mirror of good manners, containing the four cardinal vertues," appeared from the press of Pynson, without date, "which boke," says the typographer, "I haue prynted at the instance and request of the ryght noble Rychard Yerle of Kent." This earl of Kent died in 1523,



and as Barclay speaks of himself in the preface as advanced in age, the date of publication may be assigned to close upon that year. It is a translation, in the ballad stanza, of the Latin elegiac poem of Dominicus Mancinus, *De quatuor virtutibus*, first published in 1516, and, as appears from the title, was executed while Barclay was a monk of Ely, at "the desire of the righte worshipfull Syr Giles Alington, Knight." From the address to his patron it would seem that the Knight had requested the poet to abridge or modernise Gower's *Confessio amantis*. For declining this task he pleads, that he is too old to undertake such a light subject, and also the sacred nature of his profession. He then intimates his choice of the present more grave and serious work instead—

Which a priest may write, not hurting his estate,  
Nor of honest name obumbring at all his light.

"But the poet," says Warton, "declined this undertaking as unsuitable to his age, infirmities, and profession, and chose rather to oblige his patron with a grave system of ethics. It is certain that he made a prudent choice. The performance shows how little qualified he was to correct Gower." Instead of a carping criticism like this, it would have been much more to the point to praise the modesty and sensibility of an author, who had the courage to decline a task unsuited to his tastes or powers.

He professes little :—

This playne litle treatise in stile compendious,  
Much briefly conteyneth four vertues cardinall,  
In right pleasaunt processe, plaine and commodious,  
With light foote of metre, and stile heroicall,  
Rude people to infourme in language maternall,

To whose vnderstanding maydens of tender age,  
And rude litle children shall finde easy passage.

Two editions of the work are sufficient evidence that this humble and praiseworthy purpose was, in the eyes of his contemporaries, successfully carried out.

The only remaining authentic production of Barclay which has come down to us, is a translation of the Jugurthine War of Sallust, undertaken at the request of, and dedicated to, his great patron, Thomas Duke of Norfolk, and printed also at Pynson's press without date. The Latin and English are printed side by side on the same page, the former being dedicated, with the date "Ex cellula Hatfeldeñ regii (*i.e.*, King's Hatfield, Hertfordshire) in Idus Novembris" to Vesey, the centenarian Bishop of Exeter, with this superscription:—"Reuerēdissimo in Christo patri ac dnō: dnō Joanni Veysy exoniēn episcopo Alexander Barclay presbyter debita cum obseruantia. S." The dedication begins, "Memini me superioribus annis cū adhuc sacelli regij presul esses: pastor vigilantissime: tuis suasionibus incitatū: vt Crispi Salustij hystoriā—e romana lingua: in anglicam compendiose transferrem," &c. Vesey was probably one of Barclay's oldest west country friends; for he is recorded to have been connected with the diocese of Exeter from 1503 to 1551, in the various capacities of arch-deacon, precentor, dean, and bishop successively. Conjecture has placed the date of this publication at 1511, but as Vesey did not succeed to the Bishopric of Exeter till August 1519, this is untenable. We cannot say more than that it must have been published between 1519 and 1524, the date of the Duke of Norfolk's death, probably in the former year, since, from its being dated from "Hatfield,"

the ancient palace of the bishops of Ely, (sold to the Crown in the 30th of Henry VIII. ; Clutterbuck's Hertfordshire, II.) Barclay at the time of its completion was evidently still a monk of Ely.

By his translation of Sallust (so popular an author at that period, that the learned virgin queen is reported to have amused her leisure with an English version), Barclay obtained the distinction of being the first to introduce that classic to English readers. His version bears the reputation of being executed not only with accuracy, but with considerable freedom and elegance, and its popularity was evinced by its appearance in three additions.

Two other works of our author are spoken of as having been in print, but they have apparently passed entirely out of sight : "The figure of our holy mother Church, oppressed by the Frenche King," (Pynson, 4to), known only from Maunsell's Catalogue ; and "The lyfe of the glorious martyr, saynt George translated (from Mantuan) by Alexander Barclay, while he was a monk of Ely, and dedicated to N. West, Bishop of Ely," (Pynson, 4to), (Herbert, Typ. Antiquities.) West was Bishop of Ely from 1515 to 1533, and consequently Barclay's superior during probably his whole stay there. Whether these two works were in verse or prose is unknown.

There are two other books ascribed to Barclay, but nothing satisfactory can be stated regarding their parentage except that, considering their subject, and the press they issued from, it is not at all unlikely that they may have been the fruit of his prolific pen. The first is "The lyfe of the blessed martyr, Saynte Thomas," in prose, printed by Pynson, (Herbert, Typ. Ant. 292), regarding which

Ant. Wood says, "I should feel little difficulty in ascribing this to Barclay." The other is the English translation of the *Histoire merveilleuse du Grand Khan* (in Latin, *De Tartaris sive Liber historiarum partium Orientis*) of the eastern soldier, and western monk, Haytho, prince of Georgia at the end of the 13th, and beginning of the 14th centuries. The History which gives an account of Genghis Khan, and his successors, with a short description of the different kingdoms of Asia, was very popular in the 15th and 16th centuries, as one of the earliest accounts of the East, and the conjecture of the Grenville Catalogue is not improbable, though there is no sufficient evidence, that Barclay was the author of the English version which appeared from the press of Pynson.

Bale further enumerates in his list of Barclay's works "Contra Skeltonum, Lib. I. ; Quinq: eglogas ex Mantuano, Lib. I. ; Vitam D. Catherinæ, Lib. I., [Libros tres, Pits] ; Vitam D. Margaritæ, Lib. I. ; Vitam Etheldredæ, Lib. I. ; Aliaq: plura fecit." Tanner adds: "Orationes varias, Lib. I. ; De fide orthodoxa, Lib. I."

Of these various fruits of Barclay's fertility and industry no fragment has survived to our day, nor has even any positive information regarding their nature been transmitted to us.

The "Orationes varias," probably a collection of sermons with especial reference to the sins of the day would have been historically, if not otherwise, interesting, and their loss is matter for regret. On the other hand the want of the treatise, "De fide orthodoxa," is doubtless a relief to literature. There are too many of the kind already to encumber our shelves and our catalogues.

The Lives of the Saints, the work, it is stated, of the author's old age, were, according to Tanner, and he is no doubt right, translations from the Latin. Barclay's reputation probably does not suffer from their loss.

"*Quinque eglogas ex Mantuano*," though Bale mentions also "*De miserijs aulicorum ; Bucolicam Codri ; Eglogam quartam*," apparently the five, but really the first four of the eclogues known to us, are, I am strongly inclined to believe, nothing else than these same five eclogues, under, to use a bibliographical phrase, "a made up" title. That he mentions first, five from Mantuan, and afterwards adds "*Bucolicam Codri*" and "*Eglogam quartam*," as two distinct eclogues, apparently not from Mantuan, while both titles must refer to the same poem, an imitation of Mantuan's fifth eclogue, is proof enough that he was not speaking with the authority of personal knowledge of these works.

Johannes Baptista Spagnuoli, commonly called from his native city, Mantuan, was the most popular and prolific eclogue writer of the fifteenth century, to which Barclay himself testifies :—

"As the moste famous Baptist Mantuan  
The best of that sort since Poetes first began."

Barclay's Eclogues being the first attempts of the kind in English, Bale's "*Ex Mantuano*," therefore probably means nothing more than "on the model of Mantuan;" otherwise, if it be assumed that five were the whole number that ever appeared, it could not apply to the first three, which are expressly stated in the title to be from *Æneas Sylvius*, while if ten be assumed, his statement would account for nine, the "*quinque eglogas*" being the five now

wanting, but if so, then he has omitted to mention the most popular of all the eclogues, the fifth, and has failed to attribute to Mantuan two which are undoubtedly due to him.

The loss of the "Contra Skeltonum," is a matter for regret. That there was no love lost between these two contemporaries and chief poets of their time is evident enough. Skelton's scathing sarcasm against the priesthood no doubt woke his brother satirist's ire, and the latter lets no opportunity slip of launching forth his contempt for the laureate of Oxford.

The moralist in announcing the position he assumes in opposition to the writer of popular tales, takes care to have a fling at the author of "The boke of Phyllyp Sparowe":—

" I wryte no Ieste ne tale of Robyn Hode,  
Nor sawe no sparclles, ne sede of vyciousnes ;  
Wyse men loue vertue, wylde people wantones,  
It longeth nat to my scyence nor cunnyng,  
For Phyllyp the sparowe the (Dirige) to synge."

A sneer to which Skelton most probably alludes when, enumerating his own productions in the *Garlande of Laurell*, he mentions,

" Of Phillip Sparow the lamentable fate,  
The dolefull desteny, and the carefull chaunce,  
Dyuysed by Skelton after the funerall rate ;  
Yet sum there be therewith that take greuance,  
And grudge thereat with frownyng countenance ;  
But what of that ? harde it is to please all men ;  
Who list amende it, let hym set to his penne."

The following onslaught in Barclay's Fourth Eclogue, is evidently levelled at the abominable Skelton :

“ Another thing yet is greatly more damnable :  
Of rascolde poetes yet is a shamfull rable,  
Which voyde of wisdomes presumeth to indite,  
Though they haue scantly the cunning of a snite ;  
And to what vices that princes moste intende,  
Those dare these fooles solemnize and commende  
Then is he decked as Poete laureate,  
When stinking Thais made him her graduate :  
When Muses rested, she did her season note,  
And she with Bacchus her camous did promote.  
Such rascolde drames, promoted by Thais,  
Bacchus, Licoris, or yet by Testalis,  
Or by suche other newe forged Muses nine,  
Thinke in their mindes for to haue wit diuine ;  
They laude their verses, they boast, they vaunt and iet,  
Though all their cunning be scantly worth a pet :  
If they haue smelled the artes triuiall,  
They count them Poetes hye and heroicall.  
Such is their foly, so foolishly they dote,  
Thinking that none can their playne error note ;  
Yet be they foolishe, auoyde of honestie,  
Nothing seasoned with spice of grauitie,  
Auoyde of pleasure, auoyde of eloquence,  
With many wordes, and fruitlesse of sentence ;  
Unapt to learne, disdayning to be taught,  
Their priuate pleasure in snare hath them so caught ;  
And worst yet of all, they count them excellent,  
Though they be fruitlesse, rashe and improudent.  
To such ambages who doth their minde incline,  
They count all other as priuate of doctrine,  
And that the faultes which be in them alone,  
And be common in other men eche one.  
Thus bide good poetes oft time rebuke and blame,  
Because of other which haue despised name.

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And thus for the bad the good be cleane abject.  
 Their art and poeme counted of none effect,  
 Who wanteth reason good to discern from ill  
 Doth worthy writers interpret at his will :  
 So both the laudes of good and not laudable  
 For lacke of knowledge become vituperable."

It has not hitherto been pointed out that Skelton did not disdain to borrow a leaf from the enemy's book and try his hand at paraphrasing the *Ship of Fools* also. "The *Boke of three fooles*, M. Skelton, poete laureate, gaue to my lord Cardynall," is a paraphrase in prose, with introductory verses, of three chapters of Brandt, corresponding to Barclay's chapters headed, *Of yonge folys that take olde wyme to theyr wyues nat for loue but for ryches* (I. 247); *Of enuyous folys* (I. 252); *Of bodely lust or corporall voluptuosyte* (I. 239). Skelton's three fools, are, "The man that doth wed a wyfe for her goodes and her rychesse;" "Of Enuye, the seconde foole"; and, "Of the Voluptuousnes corporall, the third foole;" and his versions are dashed off with his usual racy vigour. He probably, however, did not think it worth while to compete with the established favourite. If he had we would certainly have got a very different book from Barclay's.

Notwithstanding his popularity and industry, Barclay's name appears to be but seldom mentioned by contemporary or later authors. As early as 1521 however, we find him placed in the most honourable company by Henry Bradshaw, "*Lyfe of Saynt Werburghe*," (1521, Pynson, 4to). But the compliment would probably lose half its sweetness from his being bracketed with the detested Skelton:—



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To all auncient poetes, litell boke, submytte the,  
Whilom flouryng in eloquence facundious,  
And to all other whiche present nowe be ;  
Fyrst to maister Chaucer and Ludgate sentencious,  
Also to preignaunt Barkley nowe beyng religious,  
To inuentiue Skelton and poet laureate ;  
Praye them all of pardon both erly and late.

Bulleyn's repeated allusions to Barclay (see above, pp. xxvii., liv.), apart from the probability that, as contemporaries resident in the same provincial town, Ely, they were well acquainted with each other, leave little doubt that the two were personal friends. Bulleyn's figurative description of the poet, quoted at p. xxvii., is scarcely complete without the following verses, which are appended to it by way of summary of his teachings (similar verses are appended to the descriptions of Chaucer, Gower, &c.) :—[Barclay appears] saying

“ Who entreth the court in yong and tēder age  
Are lightly blinded with foly and outrage :  
But suche as enter with witte and grauitie,  
Bow not so sone to such enormitie,  
But ere thei enter if thei haue lerned nought  
Afterwardes Vertue the least of theyr thought.”

*Dialogue against the Fever Pestilence.*

In another passage of the same Dialogue the picture of the honourable and deserving but neglected churchman is touched with so much strength and feeling that, though no indication is given, one cannot but believe that the painter was drawing from the life, the life of his friend. The likeness, whether intentional or not, is a most faithful one: “The third [picture] is, one whiche sheweth the state of

learned men, labouring long time in studie and diuine vertue, whiche are wrapped in pouertie, wantyng the golden rake or gapyng mouth. This man hath verie fewe to preferre hym to that promotion, he smiteth himselfe upō the breast, he wepeth and lamenteth, that vice should thus be exalted, ignoraunce rewarded with glorie, coueteous men spoilyng the Church, by the names of patrones and geuers, whiche extorcioners and tellers, they care not to whom, so that it be raked with the golden racke. Wel, wel, God of his mercie, amēd this euill market."

In one of the many humorous sallies which lighten up this old-fashioned antidote to the pestilence, Barclay again appears, dressed in the metaphorical colour of the poet or minstrel—green, which has probably here a double significance, referring no doubt to his popularity as the English eclogue writer as well as to his fame as a poet and satirist. In introducing "Bartlet, grene breche" as the antithesis to "Boner wepyng," allusion was also probably intended to the honourable position occupied by Barclay amongst the promoters of the Reformation, compared with the reapostacy, the career of brutal cruelty, and the deserved fate of the Jefferies of the Episcopal bench.

Thus discourse *Civis et Uxor* :—

"*Uxor*. What are all these two and two in a table. Oh it is trim. *Civis*. These are old frendes, it is well handled and workemanly. Willyam Boswell in Pater noster rowe, painted them. Here is Christ, and Sathan, Saint Peter, and Symon Magus, Paule, and Alexāder the Coppersmith, Trace, and Becket, Martin Luther, and the Pope . . . bishop Crāmer, and bishop Gardiner. Boner wepyng, Bartlet, grene breche. . . Salomon, and Will Sommer. The

cocke and the lyon, the wolfe and the lambe." This passage also necessarily implies that Barclay's fame at that time was second to none in England. Alas! for fame:

"What is the end of fame? 'Tis but to fill  
A certain portion of uncertain paper."

In the seventeenth century Barclay still held a place in the first rank of satirists, if we accept the evidence of the learned Catholic poet of that time, Sir Aston Cokaine. He thus alludes to him in an address "To my learned friend, Mr Thomas Bancroft, upon his Book of Satires. By Sir Aston Cokayne."

"After a many works of divers kinds  
Your muse to tread th' Aruncan path designs :  
'Tis hard to write but Satires in these days,  
And yet to write good Satires merits praise :  
.  
So old Petronius Arbiter appli'd  
Coursives unto the age he did deride :  
So Horace, Persius, Juvenal, (among  
Those ancient Romans) scourg'd the impious throng ;  
So Ariosto (in these later times)  
Reprov'd his Italy for many crimes ;  
So learned Barclay let his lashes fall  
Heavy on some to bring a cure to all."

In concluding this imperfect notice of one of the most remarkable of our early writers, we cannot but echo the regret expressed by one of his biographers, that "What ought most to be lamented is, that we are able to say so very little of one in his own time so famous, and whose works ought to have transmitted him to posterity with much greater honour."

## THE WILL OF ALEXANDER BARCLAY.

EXTRACTED FROM THE PRINCIPAL REGISTRY OF HER  
MAJESTY'S COURT OF PROBATE.

*In the Prerogative Court of Canterbury.*

IN THE NAME OF GOD. AMEN.—The xxv<sup>th</sup> day of July in the yere of our Lorde God a thousande fyve hundredreth fyftie and one. . . I ALEXANDER BARQUELEY Doctor of Divinitie Vicar of myche badowe in the countie of Essex do make dispose and declare this my pūte testament conteyning my last Will in forme and order as hereafter followethe That ys to saye First I bequeathe my soule unto Almightye God my maker and Redemer and my bodye to be buried where it shall please God to dispose after deptyng my soule from the bodye Also I bequeathe to the poore people of the said p̄ish of Badowe fyftie shillings to be disposed where as yt shall appere to be most nede by the discescon of myne Executours And also I bequeathe towards the repācons of the same Churchē vj<sup>s</sup> viij<sup>d</sup> Item I bequeathe to the poore people of the P̄ish of Owkley in the Countie of Somersett fiftie shillings likewise to be distributed And towards the repācons of the same Churchē vj<sup>s</sup> viij<sup>d</sup> Item I bequeathe to Mr Horsey of Tawnton in the saide Countie of Somersett one fether bed and a bolster which I had of hym or els twentie shillings in redye money Item I bequeathe to Edword Capper otherwise called Edward Mathewe of Tawnton aforesaid xxxij<sup>s</sup> iij<sup>d</sup> of current money of England Item I bequeathe to Johane

Atkynson the daughter of Thomas Atkynson of London Scryvener one fetherbed wheruppon I use to lye having a newe tyke with the bolster blanketts and coverlett tester pillowe and two payer of my best shetes Item I bequeth to the same Johane Atkynson eight pounds current money of England to be receyved of the money due unto me by Cutbeard Crock of Wynchester to be paide in two yeres (that is to saye foure poundes in the first yere and foure poundes in the secounde yere) Item I bequeathe to the saide Johane a flocke bed a quylte and all my pewter and brasse and other stuf of my kechen Item I give and bequeathe to Jeronymy Atkynson the daughter of the saide Thomas Atkynson vj<sup>li</sup> xiiij<sup>s</sup> iiij<sup>d</sup> currant money of England to be receyved of the said Cutbeard Crok in two yeres that is to saye every yere fyve markes Item I bequeathe to Tymothy and Elizabeth Atkynson the daughters of the said Thomas Atkynson to everye of them five pounds currant money of England to be receyved of the said Cutbeard Croke so that the eldest of thes two daughters be paide the first two yeres and the other to be paide in other two yeres then next following Item The rest of the money whiche the saide Cutbeard Croke oweth to me amounting in the hole to the some of four score poundes I bequeathe to be devyded amonge poore and nedye p̄sones after the discretion of myn Executours and manely to such as be hedred blynde lame ympotent wydowes and fatherless children. . . . Item I bequeathe to Syr John Gate Knight Sr Henry Gate Knight and to M<sup>r</sup> Clerke to everye of them fouer angell nobles to make every of them a ringe of golde to be worne by them in remembraunce of me Item I give and bequeathe to Hugh Rooke of London Scryvener to Henry bosoll of

London Gold Smythe to Thomas Wytton of London Screvener and to the wief of Humfrey Stevens of London Goldsmythe to Humfrey Edwards Clerke to John Owhan of the P̄ish of Badowe aforesaid to every of them one angell noble of gold or ells y<sup>e</sup> valew therof in sylver Item I bequeathe to Mr Thomas Clerk of Owkey aforesaid to Thomas Edey Gentelman and to the said Thomas Atkynson to every of them foure angell nobles to make therof for every of them a ringe to were in remembraunce of oure olde acquayntaunce and famyliarytie Item my will is that my Executours shall distribute at the daye of my buriall among poore and nedy people sixe pounds fyftene shillings Item I bequeathe to Parnell Atkynson the wief of the said Thomas Atkynson my cosyn thirtenne pounds thirtene shillings and foure pence of currant money of England Item I bequeathe to John Watson of London Clotheworker three angell nobles to make a ring therof to be worne in remembraunce of oure olde famyliaritie Also I desire all suche as have or shall hereafter have eny benyfytt by thes my legacies and all other good chrestian people to praye to Almightye God for remission of my synnes and mercy upon my soule Item I bequeath to Johan Bowyer the syster of the said P̄nell my cosen fourtie shillings Item I bequeathe to the said Thomas Atkynson Tenne pounds currant money of England whome with the said Thomas Eden I constitute th executours of this my last Will to whome I bequeathe the rest and residue of all my goodes chattells and debts to be distributed at their discrecion in works of mercy to poore people not peny mele but by larger porcion after theyr discrecon namely to p̄sons bedred maydens widowes and other ympotent p̄sons Item I ordeyne and desire the said

Mr Rochester to be the Overseer of this my last Will to be well and truly performed and fulfilled to whome for his labor and paynes I bequeathe fyve marks currant money of England In wytnes of whiche this my last Will I the said Alexander Barqueley hereunto have set my seale and subscribed the same with my owne hands the day and yere fyrst above writtenpnce. ALEXANDRU BARQUELEY.

PROBATUM fuit Testm̄ coram dño cañt Archiep̄o apud London decimo die mensis Junij Anno dño millemo quingentesimo quinquagesimo secundo Juramento Thomē Atkynson Eḡ in hm̄i testamento noiat Ac Approbatū et insumatū et comissa fuit admōtraco om̄i bonorū &° dēi deft de bene et &° ac de pleno Inv<sup>o</sup> &° exhibēd Ad sancta dei Evangelia Jurat Reſrvata ptate Thome Eden alteri eḡ &° cum venerit.

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## NOTES.

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### P. XXIX.—BARCLAY'S NATIONALITY.

The objection raised to claiming Barclay as a Scotsman, founded on the ground that he nowhere mentions his nationality, though it was a common practice of authors in his time to do so, especially when they wrote out of their own country, appeared to me, though ingenious and pertinent, to be of so little real weight, as to be dismissed in a parenthesis. Its importance, however, may easily be overrated, and it may therefore be well to point out that, apart from the possibility that this omission on his part was the result of accident or indifference, there is also the probability that it was dictated by a wise discretion. To be a Scotsman was not in the days of Henry VIII., as it has been in later and more auspicious times, a passport to confidence and popularity, either at the court or among the people of England. Barclay's fate having led him, and probably his nearest relatives also, across that Border which no Scotsman ever recrosses, to live and labour among a people by no means friendly to his country, it would have been a folly which so sensible a man as he was not likely to commit to have displayed the red rag of his nationality before his easily excited neighbours, upon whose friendliness his comfort and success depended. The farther argument of the *Biographia Britannica*, that "it is pretty extraor-

dinary that Barclay himself, in his several addresses to his patrons, should never take notice of his being a stranger, which would have made their kindness to him the more remarkable," is sufficiently disposed of by the succeeding statement, that the Duke of Norfolk and the Earl of Kent, Barclay's principal patrons, "are known to have been the fiercest enemies of the Scots." Surely a man who was English in everything but his birth could not be expected to openly blazon his Scottish nativity, without adequate occasion for so doing, in the very face of his country's chiefest enemies, who were at the same time his own best friends. His caution in this respect, indeed, may be regarded as an additional proof of his Scottish origin.

P. XXX.—BARCLAY'S VOCABULARY.

Some of the words, stated in popular fashion to be Scotch—they are of course of Saxon origin—the usage of which by Barclay is adduced as an evidence of his nationality, are also to be found in Chaucer, but that does not invalidate the argument as stated. The employment of so many words of northern usage must form at least a strong corroborative argument in favour of northern origin.

P. LII.—THE CASTLE OF LABOUR.

It ought to be stated that the modesty of the young author prevented him from affixing his name to his first production, *The Castle of Labour*. Both editions are anonymous. Bale, Pits, Wood, &c., all include it in the list of his works without remark.

P. LXXXIII.—BULLEYN'S DIALOGUE.

A notice of the history of this once popular Dialogue, its ever recurring disappearance, and ever recurring "discovery" by some fortunate antiquary, would form an interesting chapter in a new "History of the transmission of ancient books to modern times." Its chances of preservation and record were unusually favourable. It must have been disseminated over the length and breadth of the land in its day, having run through four editions in little more than a dozen years. Maunsell's Catalogue (1595) records the edition of 1578. Antony Wood (1721), and Bishop Tanner (1748) both duly give it a place in their notices of the productions of its author, without any special remark. But the *Biographia Britannica* (1748) in a long article upon Bulleyn, in which his various works are noticed in great detail, introduces the Dialogue as "*this long neglected and unknown treatise*," and gives an elaborate account of it extending to about five columns of small print. The now famous passage, descriptive of the early poets, is quoted at length, and special notice of its bearing on Barclay's nationality taken, the writer (Oldys) announcing that the dispute must now be settled in favour of Scotland, "Seeing our author (Bulleyn), a con-



temporary who lived in, and long upon the borders of Scotland, says, as above, he was born in that kingdom : and as much indeed might have been in great measure gathered from an attentive perusal of this poet himself."

The next biographer of Bulleyn, Aikin (Biog. Memoirs of Medicine, 1780), makes no discovery, but contents himself with giving a brief account of the Dialogue (in  $1\frac{1}{2}$  pages), in which the description of Chaucer, &c., is duly noticed. Three years later, in spite of this, and the appearance of a second edition of the *Biographia Britannica* (1778), another really learned and able antiquary, Waldron, in his edition of Jonson's *Sad Shepherd* (1783), comes forth triumphantly announcing his discovery of the Dialogue as that of a hitherto totally unknown treasure ; and in an appendix favours the curious with a series of extracts from it, extending to more than thirty pages, prefacing them thus : "Having, among the various Mysteries and Moralities, whether original impressions, reprinted, or described only by those writers who have given any account of these Embrios of the English Drama, *never met with or read of any other copy of the Dialogue, or Morality, by Bulleyn, than the one*, [which I have used], an account of and some extracts from it may not be displeasing." The passage regarding the poets is of course given *ad longum*.

The next notice of the Dialogue occurs in Herbert's *Ames* (1786), where two editions, 1564 and 1578, are entered. Dibdin (1819), in addition, notices the edition of 1573. In the biographical accounts of Bulleyn in Hutchinson's *Biographia Medica* (1799), Aikin's *General Biog. Dict.* (1801), and its successor, Chalmers's *Biog. Dict.* (1812), due mention is preserved of the Dialogue in enumerating the works of its author. Sir Walter Scott alludes to it in the Introduction to the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* (1802) as a "mystery," but his only knowledge of it is evidently derived from Waldron. Chalmers's *Life of Lindsay* (Poetical Works, 1806) has also kept it prominently before a considerable class of inquirers, as he gives that part of the description of the poets relating to Lindsay a conspicuous place, with the following note : "Owing to the very obliging temper of Mr Waldron I have been permitted to see that *rare book* of Dr Bulleyn, with the second edition of 1569, which is remarkably different from the first in 1564." To this use of it by Chalmers we owe the references to it in Lord Lindsay's *Lives of the Lindsays*, i. 261 (1849), Seton's *Scottish Heraldry*, 480 (1863), and *Notes and Queries*, 3rd s., iv. 164 (1863). It was also probably Chalmers that drew the attention of the writer of the *Memoir of Barclay* in the *Lives of the Scottish Poets* (1822), to the possibility of there being also in the Dialogue notice of that poet. At any rate, he quotes the description of the early poets, showing in his preliminary remarks considerable familiarity with Bulleyn's history, pointing out the probability of his having known Barclay at Ely, and arguing that whether or not, "from living in the same neighbourhood he had an opportunity of knowing

better than any contemporary whose evidence on the subject is extant, to what country Barclay was, by all about him, reputed to belong." He precedes his quotations thus: "As the whole passage possesses considerable elegance, and has been so *universally overlooked* by the critics, the transcription of it here will not probably be deemed out of place." No mention is made of the title of the book from which the "Allegorical Description of the Early English Poets" is taken; hence it is impossible to say whether the quoter made use of a copy of the Dialogue, or of Waldron's Notes. The spelling is modernised.

In various well-known bibliographical publications the existence of this fugitive Dialogue is carefully registered, and its title, at least, made known to all inquirers,—in Watt's *Bibliotheca Britt.* (1824), in Lowndes' *Bibliog. Manual* (1834), and in Atkinson's *Medical Bibliog.* (1834); and by the published Catalogues of the British Museum (1813), the Douce Collection (1840), and the Bodleian Library (1843), it is made known that there are copies of it preserved in these great collections. In Warton's *Hist. of Eng. Poetry* (ed. 1840), it is also recorded by Park, in his notes to the chapter on Gower, in which he refers to Bulleyn's visionary description of that poet. Cooper's *Athenæ Cantabrigienses*, art. Bulleyn (1858), also carefully notes the Dialogue and its editions. And in 1865 Collier's well-known *Bibliographical Account of Early English Literature* again gives an account (two pages long) of the much neglected production, in which the passage relating to the poets is once more extracted in full, with the preliminary remarks as quoted at p. xxvii. *supra*, but without the usual announcement that the work has hitherto been unknown.

But in 1873, by the very last man from whom we might have expected it (F. J. Furnivall, the Atlas on whose shoulders all our projects for the preservation of our early literature rest, in *Notes and Queries*, 4th s., xii. 161), we are again introduced to this ever disappearing, ever reappearing Dialogue as a fresh find in early English literature: "Few things are pleasanter in reading old books than to come on a passage of praise of our old poets, showing that in Tudor days men cared for the 'makers' of former days as we do still. To Mr David Laing's kindness I owe the introduction to the following quotation from a rare tract, where one wouldn't have expected to find such a passage," and then follows once more the whole passage so often quoted for the first time. Dr Rimbault, in an interesting note in a succeeding number of *Notes and Queries* (p. 234), is the first one acquainted with the Dialogue to state that "this amusing old work is perfectly well known, and has often been quoted from." So henceforth we may presume that this interesting and long-fertile field of discovery may be regarded as finally worked out.





*Sapra p. VI*

A

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL CATALOGUE

OF

BARCLAY'S WORKS.



## CONTENTS.

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- I. THE CASTELL OF LABOURE.
- II. THE SHYP OF FOLYS.
- III. THE EGLOGES.
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- V. THE MYRROUR OF GOOD MANAGERS.
- VI. CRONYCLE COMPYLED BY SALUST.
- VII. FIGURE OF OUR MOTHER HOLY CHURCH.
- VIII. THE LYFE OF SAYNT GEORGE.
- IX. THE LYFE OF SAYNTE THOMAS.
- X. HAYTHON'S CRONYCLE.





I. THE CASTELL OF LABOURE.—Wynkyn de Worde.  
1506. Small Quarto. Black letter.

The title, "The castell of laboure," is within a scroll above a woodcut of men over a tub: on the verso, a cut of a man sitting at a desk. At sign. a ii. (recto) "Here begynneth the prologue of this present treatyse." [The Brit. Mus. copy has this on the verso of the title instead of the cut, a peculiarity which may entitle it to be called a separate edition, though it appears to agree otherwise with the copy described.] There are many curious woodcuts. Colophon on the reverse of sign. i iii. (51<sup>b</sup>): "Thus endeth the castell of labour, wherin is rychesse, vertue, and honour. Enprynted at London in Fletestrete in the sygne of the sonne. by Wynkyn de worde. Anno dñi M.ccccc.vi." There is no indication of authorship. Signatures: a b c d e f g h, alternately 8s and 4s, i 4; 52 leaves, not numbered. The British Museum and Cambridge University Library copies of this book have been collated, but as the former ends with H 3 and the latter wants the last leaf, that leaf must remain undescribed. Mr Bradshaw, however, says, "it almost certainly contained a woodcut on the recto, and one of the devices on the verso."

A copy of this very scarce book was sold among Mr. West's books in 1773 for £2.

I.a. THE CASTELL OF LABOURE.—Pynson. No date.  
Small Quarto. Black letter.

The title, "Here begynneth the castell of laboure," is over a woodcut; and on the reverse is a woodcut; both the same as those in the previous edition. In the body of the work there are 30 woodcuts, which differ from those of the first edition, one of these (at G 6) is a repetition of that on the title page. Colophon: "Thus endeth the castell of labour wherin is rychesse, vertue and honoure. Enprynted be me Richarde Pynson." After the colophon comes another leaf (I 6), on the recto of which is the printer's device, and on the verso a woodcut representing a city on the banks of a river. Without indication of authorship. Signatures: A, 8 leaves; B—I, in sixes.

"Neither Ames nor Herbert appear to have seen this rare volume; which is probably a reprint of Wynkyn de Worde's impression of 1506." (Dibdin's *Typ. Antiq.*, II. 557.) There is a copy in the Library of H. Huth, Esq.

II. THE SHYP OF FOLYS OF THE WORLDE.—Pynson.  
1509. Folio.

On the recto of the first leaf there is a large woodcut of Pynson's arms, or device No. VII., similar to that which is on the reverse of the last leaf of each of the volumes of his edition of Lord Berners' translation of Froissart's Chronicles; on the back of the first leaf is the translator's dedication to "Thomas Cornissh, bishop of Tine, and suffragan bishop of Bath;" on the next leaf begins "The registry or table of this present boke in Englyshe," (all as on pp. cxiii.—cxxx.), succeeded by a Latin table. Then on sign. a i. and fol. i. a large woodcut, the same as is used for the title page of Cawood's edition (and on p. 313, Vol. II.), with a Latin description in the margin. Beneath is the title in Latin. On the back, "Alexander Barclay excusynge the rudeness of his translacion," followed with "An exhortacion of Alexander Barclay." Then on fol. ii., etc., follow in Latin, "Epigramma," "Epistola" in prose, and various "Carmina." On the back of fol. v. "The exhortacion of Brant to the fools" in Latin verse, followed by Barclay's version with the heading "Barclay the Translatour tho the Foles." On fol. liii. the "Prolagus Jacobi Locher . . . incipit," followed by its translation into English. On fol. ix., etc., "Hecatostichon in prolium auctoris et Libelli Narragonici" and the English translation, "Here begynneth the prologe." On xii. "The Argument" in Latin and English, and then on xiii. commences the first chapter, "De inutilibus libris," in Latin, and then in English, which is the order throughout, with the cuts at the beginning of either the one or other as the page suited. The book concludes with a ballad in honour of the virgin Mary, consisting of twelve octave stanzas: at the end of which is the colophon in a stanza of seven lines. On the verso of the last leaf is the printer's device, No. v.

The Latin is uniformly printed in the Roman type, and the English in the Gothic. Herbert supposes the diphthongs to be "the first perhaps used in this kingdom."

The cuts are rude, coarse, English imitations of those in the original editions. They are, including the preliminary one, 118 in number. The cut illustrating the chapter, "Of them that correct other," etc., fol. liii. has been exchanged with the cut of the succeeding chapter. The cut illustrating "The unyuersall shyp and generall Barke," fol. cclxii., is repeated at the succeeding chapter. The one illustrating Barclay's new chapter "Of folys that ar ouer worldly" is an imitation of the illustration of "De singularitate quorundam novorum fatuorum" in the Latin edition of March 1497. The cut illustrating the ballad of the Virgin appears in the original at the head of "Excusatio

Jacobi Locher Philomusi," and illustrates, according to the margin, "Derisio boni operis."

The word "Folium" is on the left hand page, and the number, in Roman capitals, on the right throughout the book; the last is cclxxiii. Including the dedication and table (4 folios) there are 283 folios. The numbering is a model of irregularity: iiii. is repeated for vi., xx. stands for xv., xviii. is repeated, xx. is wanting, xxii. is repeated, xxiv. is wanting, xxx. is repeated, xxxvi. is wanting, xxxix. is repeated in place of xlv., xlvi. is wanting, xlix. is repeated, lvii. is repeated after lxi., lviii. follows twice, lix., lx., lxi. being repeated in succession after lviii., lxvii., lxviii. are repeated after lxviii., lxxxii. is wanting, lxxxiii. is repeated, lxxxii. stands for lxxxvii., lxxxiii. succeeds for lxxxviii., cclxv. succeeds for lxxxix., lxxxvii. is repeated for lxxxviii., [in the Grenville copy this leaf is correctly numbered], cxxxii. is wanting, cxl. stands for cxxxviii., cxli. stands for cxlvi., clxxiv. is wanting, clxxxxxi. stands for cci., ccxii. is repeated for ccxvii., ccxxxviii. is wanting, cclx. stands for ccl., cclviii. is repeated for cclx.

The numeration by signatures is as follows: + iiii; a, 8; b—p, 6 s; q, 7; r, s, t, v, x, y, z, &, 6 s; A—Y, 6 s.

The book is extremely rare. There is a fine copy in the Bodleian Library among Selden's books, another in the British Museum, Grenville Collection, and another in the Library of St. John's College, Oxford.

The following are the more notable prices: Farmer, 1798, £2. 4s.; Sotheby's, 1821, £28; Dent, £30. 9s.; Bib. Anglo-Poetica, £105; Perkins, 1873, £130.

The following amusing note on prices is taken from Renouard's "Catalogue d'un Amateur." "Les premières éditions latines de ce singulier livre, celles des traductions françoises, toutes également remplies de figures en bois, ne déplaisent pas aux amateurs, mais jamais ils ne les ont payées un haut prix. La traduction angloise faite en 1509, sur le françois, et avec des figures en bois, plus mauvaises encore que leurs modèles, se paye en Angleterre 25, 30 et même 60 guinées; c'est là, si l'on veut, du zèle patriotique, de l'esprit national."

II.a. STULTIFERA NAUIS. . . . THE SHIP OF FOOLLES. . . .  
With diuers other workes. . . . very profitable and  
fruitfull for all men. . . . Cawood. 1570. Folio.

A large cut of vessels filled with fools (the same as on p. 313, Vol. II.) is inserted between the Latin and English titles. This edition omits the ballad to the Virgin at the end. The English is in black letter, and the Latin in Roman, in the same order as in the preceding edition. On the recto

of leaf 259 : Thus endeth the Ship of Fooles, translated. . . by Alexander Barclay Priest, at that time Chaplen in the Colledge of S. Mary Otery in the Countie of Deuon. Anno Domini 1508. On the back "Excusatio Iacobi Locher Philomusi," in Sapphic verse. On the next page five stanzas by Barclay "excusing the rudenes of his Translation." Lastly, an Index in Latin, and then in English. Then follow the "diuers other workes," the Mirrour of good maners, and the Egloges. Colophon : Imprinted at London in Paules Church-yarde by Iohn Cawood Printer to the Queenes Maies- tie. Cum Priuilegio ad imprimendum solum.

The woodcuts, including the one on the title-page, number 117. They are the same as those of Pynson's edition, but show occasional traces of the blocks having been chipped in the course of their preservation in a printer's office for 60 years or so. The borders only differ, being of a uniform type, while those of the previous edition are woodcuts of several patterns.

The numbering is a little irregular ; the preliminary leaves (12) are unnumbered. The folios are numbered in figures on the left hand page, 'folio' being prefixed to the first six, 16 is repeated for 17, 13 stands for 31, [in one of the Adv. Lib. copies the latter irregularity is found, though not the former ; in the other, 17 and 31 are numbered correctly], 96 is repeated for 99, 188 for 191, 100 for 200, and 205 for 201. The last number is 259, and there are three extra leaves, thus making 274 for the Ship. The supplementary works are not numbered. The signatures are as follows : *The Ship*, ¶ six leaves ; ¶¶ six leaves ; A to U u, in sixes ; X x, four leaves ; *Mirrour of good manners*, A—G, in sixes ; *Egloges*, A to D, in sixes ; in all 680 pp.

This book was licensed to Cawood in 1567-8, and is said to be the only book he had license for. It is now very rare.

Prices : Digby, 1680, 4s. 4d. Bernard, 1698, 1s. 10d. Gulston, 1783, £1, 16s. White Knights, £8, 12s. Roxburghe, £9, 19s. 6d. Fonthill, £13, 13s. Bib. Anglo-Poet, £12, 12s. Heber, £8, 12s. Sotheby's, 1873, £48, 10s.

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A complete bibliography of the various editions and versions of the Ship of Fooles will be found in Zarncke's edition of the original, or in Graesse's *Trésor de livres rares et précieux*. A notice is subjoined of the two editions of the English prose translation, and of the two other publications bearing the title.

The abridged prose translation, by Henry Watson, from the French prose version of Jehan Droyn, appeared from the press of De Worde in the

same year in which Barclay's fuller poetical version was issued. In both text and illustrations it is a much inferior production to the latter. As the existence of the first edition has been, and still is, denied, it being frequently confounded with Barclay's book, we transcribe the following description of the only known copy from Van Praet's "Catalogue des livres imprimés sur vélin de la Bibliothèque du Roi."

The *Shyppe of Fooles*, translated out of frenche, by Henry Watson. London, Wynkyn de Worde, 1509, petit in—4.

Edition en lettres de forme, sans chiffres ni réclames, avec signatures, figures et initiales en bois; à longues lignes, au nombre de 32 sur les pages entières; cont. 169 f.; les 7 premiers renferment 1. le titre suivant, gravé audessus d'une figure qui représente le navire des fous:

¶ The shyppe of fooles.

2. Le prologue du traducteur; 3. la préface; 4. la table des chapitres.

Au recto du dernier f. est cette souscription:

¶ Thus endeth the shyppe of fooles of this worde. Enprynted at London in Flete strete by Wynnkyn de worde prynter vnto the excellent pryncesse Marguerete, Countesse of Rychemonde and Derbye, and grandame vnto our mooft naturall souereyne lorde kynge Henry y. viii. The yere of our lorde. m.ccccc. ix. ¶ The fyrste yere of the reygne of our fouerayne lorde kynge Henry the viii. The. vi. daye of Julii.

On aperçoit au verso le monogramme et la marque de William Caxton, au bas desquels on lit ces mots: Wynken de Worde."

This beautiful copy upon vellum is the only example of this edition known.

The grete *Shyppe of Fooles* of this worlde. Wynnkyn de Worde. 1517. Quarto.

This is the second edition of Watson's translation. Colophon: "Thus endeth the shyppe of fooles of this worlde. Imprynted at Londod in flete strete by Wynnkyn de Worde. ye yere of our lorde m.ccccc. & xvii.

¶ The nynthe yere of y<sup>e</sup> reygne of our souerayne lorde kynge Henry y<sup>e</sup> VIII. The xx. daye of June." It contains G G 6, fours and eights alternately (the signatures ending on G G iij.), besides 6 leaves, with the prologue, prolude and table, before signature A.

Extremely rare. Roxburghe, £64.

The *Ship of Fools Fully Fraught and Richly Laden* with Asses, Fools, Jack-daws, Ninnihammers, Coxcombs, Slenderwits, Shallowbrains, Paper-Skuls, Simpletons, Nickumpoops, Wiseakers, Dunces, and Blockheads, Declaring their several Natures, Manners and Constitutions; the occasion why this Ship was built, with the places of their intended Voyage, and a list of the Officers that bear Command therein.

If for this Voyage any have a mind,  
They with Jack Adams may acceptance find,  
Who will strain hard ere they shall stay behind.

Licensed, Roger L'Estrange.

[A large woodcut of the Ship.]

London, Printed by J. W. for J. Clark, at the Bible and Harp in West-Smithfield. n. d. [Circa 1650.] 4to. 4 leaves.

"This book, or rather tract, has nothing in common with Barclay's Ship of Fools, except the general idea. It is entirely in prose. My copy has nothing to show to whom it formerly belonged."—(Letter of H. Huth, Esq.) The last sentence was elicited by the inquiry whether Mr Huth's copy were the one formerly belonging to Mr Heber.—See *Bibliotheca Heberiana*, Part IV., No. 752.

*Stultifera Navis*. . . The modern Ship of fools. Lond. 1807, 8o. Pp. xxiv., 295.

A wretched production in verse, in imitation of Barclay's Ship of Fools, published anonymously by W. H. Ireland, the Shakesperian forger.

III. THE EGLOGES OF ALEXĀDER BARCLAY, PREST.—The first three, without printer's name or device. No date. Quarto. Black letter.

"Here begynneth the Egloges of Alexāder Barclay, prest, wherof the fyrst thre conteyneth the myseryes of courters and courtes of all prynces in generall, the matter wherof was translated into Englyshe by the sayd Alexander in fourme of Dialogues, out of a boke named in latyn *Miserie Curialiū*, compyled by Eneas Siluius, Poete and oratour, whiche after was Pope of Rome, & named Pius." This title is over a cut of two shepherds, Coridon and Cornix, the interlocutors in these three eclogues. On the back is a cut of David and Bathsheba. At the end of the third egloge: "Thus endyth the thyrde and last egloge of the mysery of court and courters, composed by Alexander Barclay, preste, in his youthe." A cut of the two shepherds and a courtier fills up the page. Without date, printer's name, or device. Contains P 6, in fours, the last leaf blank.

III.a. THE FOURTHE EGLOGGE OF ALEXANDRE BARCLEY.—Pynson. No date. Quarto. Black letter.

It is entitled, "The Boke of Codrus and Mynaclus," over the cut of a priest, with a shaven crown, writing at a plutus. It concludes with "The discrypcion of the towre of Vertue & Honour, into whiche the noble Hawarde contended to entre, by worthy acts of chivalry," related by Menalcas, in stanzas of eight verses. At the end, "Thus endeth the fourthe Egloge of Alexandre Barclay, cōteyning the maner of the riche men anenst poets and other clerkes. Emprinted by Richarde Pynson prīter to the kynges noble grace." On the last leaf is his device, No. V. Contains 22 leaves, with cuts.

III. *b.* THE FYFTE EGLOG OF ALEXANDRE BARCLAY.—  
Wynkyn de Worde. No date. Quarto. Black letter.

“The fyfte Eglog of Alexandre Barclay of the Cytezen and vplondysshman.” This title is over a large woodcut of a priest, sitting in his study. Beneath, “Here after foloweth the Prologe.” On the verso of A ii. are two cuts of two shepherds, whole lengths, with this head-title, “Interlocutoures be Amyntas and Faustus.” There are no other cuts. Colophon: “Here endeth the v. Eglog of Alexandre Barclay of the Cytezyn and vplondysshman. Imprinted at London in flete strete, at the sygne of [the] Sonne, by Wynkyn de worde.” Beneath, device No. v. Contains A 8, B 4, C 6; 18 leaves. There is a copy in the British Museum.

With the first four Eclogues as above, Woodhouse, 1803, (Herbert's copy), £25; resold, Dent, 1827, £36; resold, Heber, 1834, £24. 10s. At Heber's sale this unique set, containing the only known copy of the first edition of the first four Eclogues, was bought by Thorpe; further I have not been able to trace it.

III. *c.* THE ECGLOGES.—John Herforde. No date. Quarto.

“Here begynneth the Egloges of Alex. Barclay, Priest, whereof the first three containeth the Miseries of Courters and Courtes.” “Probably a reprint of Pynson's impression,” Dibdin. Contains only Eclogues I.-III. Herbert conjectures the date to be 1548; Corser, 1546; Hazlitt, 1545.

III. *d.* THE ECGLOGES.—Humfrey Powell. No date. Quarto. Black letter.

“Here begynneth the Egloges of Alexander Barclay, priest, whereof the first thre containeth the miseries of courters and courtes, of all Princes in general. . . In the whiche the interloqtors be, Cornix, and Coridon.” Concludes: “Thus endeth the thyrde and last Eglogue of the Misery of Courte and Courters, Composed by Alexander Barclay preest, in his youth. Imprinted at London by Humfrey Powell.” Contains only Eclogues I.—III. Collation: Title, A 1; sig. A to P2, in fours; 58 leaves not numbered.

This is an edition of extreme rarity. It is very well printed, and the title is surrounded with a woodcut border with ornamented pillars at the sides. Herbert conjectures the date to be 1549, the Bib. Anglo-Poetica, Lowndes, and Corser, 1548. There is a copy in the Cambridge University Library, and another in the possession of David Laing, Esq.

Prices: Inglis, £6. 2s. 6d.; Bright, 1845, £10. 10s.; Bib. Anglo-Poetica, £15.

III.e. CERTAYNE EGLOGES OF ALEXANDER BARCLAY  
PRIEST.—Cawood. 1570. Folio. Black letter.

Appended to Cawood's edition of the *Ship of Fools*. No title-page, cuts, or pagination. The above heading on a i.

Colophon: Thus endeth the fifth and last Egloge of Alexander Barclay, of the Citizen and the man of the countrey. Imprinted at London in Paules Church-yarde by Iohn Cawood, Printer to the Queenes Maiestie. Cum Priuilegio ad imprimendum solum.

Contains A—D, in sixes.

III.f. THE CYTEZEN AND UPLONDYSHMAN: an Eclogue [the fifth] by Alexander Barclay. Printed from the original edition by Wynkyn de Worde. Edited, with an Introductory Notice of Barclay and his other Eclogues, by F. W. Fairholt, F.S.A. London; printed for the Percy Society [vol. XXII.], 1847. 8vo. Pp. + 6, lxxiv., 47.

IV. THE INTRODUCTORY TO WRITE AND TO PRONOUNCE  
FRENCH. Coplande. 1521. Folio. Black letter.

'Here begynneth the introductory to wryte, and to pronounce Frenche compyled by Alexander Barclay compendiously at the commaudemēt of the ryght hye excellent and myghty prynce Thomas duke of Northfolke.' This title is over a large woodcut of a lion rampant, supporting a shield, containing a white lion in a border, (the same as that on the title of the *Sallust*, VI.), then follows a French ballad of 16 lines in two columns, the first headed, "R. Coplande to the whyte lyone, and the second, "¶ Ballade." On the recto of the last leaf, 'Here foloweth the maner of dauncynge of bace daūces after the vse of fraunce & other places translated out of frenche in englysshe by Robert coplande.' Col.: Jmprynted at London in the Fletestrete at the sygne of the rose Garlande by Robert coplande, the yere of our lorde. m.ccccc.xxi. ye xxii. day of Marche.' Neither folioed nor paged. Contains C 4, in sixes, 16 leaves.

In the edition of Palsgrave (see above, p. lxxiii.), published among the "Documents inédits sur l'histoire de France," the editor says of this work of Barclay's: "Tous mes efforts pour découvrir un exemplaire de ce curieux ouvrage ont été inutiles." There is a copy, probably unique, in the Bodleian; it was formerly Herbert's, afterwards Douce's.

All the parts of this treatise relating to French pronunciation have been carefully reprinted by Mr A. J. Ellis, in his treatise "On Early English Pronunciation" (published by the Philological Society), Part III., p. 804.



V, THE MYRROUR OF GOOD MANERS.—Pynson. No date.  
Folio. Black letter.

‘Here begynneth a ryght frutefull treatyse, intituled the myrroure of good maners, cōteynnyng the iiiii. vertues, callyd cardynall, compyled in latyn by Domynike Mancyn: And translate into englysshe: at the desyre of syr Gyles Alyngton, knyght: by Alexander Berclay prest: and monke of Ely. This title is over a cut, the same as at the head of Barclay’s preface to his translation of Sallust, a representation of the author in a monkish habit on his knees, presenting a book to a nobleman. The text begins on back of title. The original is printed in Roman letter in the margins.—Colophon in a square woodcut border: Thus endeth the ryght frutefull matter of the foure vertues cardynall: Jm-  
prynted by Rychard Pynson: prynter vnto the kynges noble grace: with his gracyous pryuylege the whiche boke I haue prynted, at the instance & request, of the ryght noble Rychard yerle of Kent. On the back, Pynson’s device, No. v. It has neither running titles, catch-words, nor the leaves numbered. Signatures; A to G, in sixes, and H, in eights; 100 pp.

In the British Museum, Grenville collection, from Heber’s collection. “This edition differs materially from that used by Herbert, which has led Dr Dibdin to the conclusion that there were two impressions.” So says a MS. note on the copy, (quoted in the Bib. Grenv.), but Dibdin does not commit himself to the conclusion, his words being these: “This description is given from a copy in the possession of Mr Heber; which, from its varying with the account of Herbert, Mr H. supposes, with justice, must be a different one from Herbert’s.” I have failed to discover the difference.

Prices: Perry, £9.; Roxburghe (last leaf wanting), £10. 10s.; Bibliotheca Anglo-Poetica, £12. 12s.; Sykes, £16. 16s.

To the above edition must belong the fragment entered in Bohn’s Lowndes under “Four,” thus: “Four Vertues Cardinal. Lond. R. Pynson, n.d. folio. Only a fragment of this Poem is known; it was printed at the request of Rychard Erle of Kent.”

V.a. THE MIRROR OF GOOD MANERS.—Cawood. 1570.  
Folio. Black letter.

Appended to Cawood’s edition of the Ship of Fools. No title page, pagination, or cuts. The above heading on A 1. The Latin original printed in Roman by the side of the English.

Contains A—G, in sixes.

It may be useful to give here the bibliography of the other English translations of Mancyn.

Mancinus de quattuor Virtutibus. [The englysshe of Mancyne upon the foure cardynale vertues.] No place, printer's name, or date, but with the types of Wynkyn de Worde, circa 1518. 4to, a—d, in eights. Bodleian.

Following the title occurs: Petri Carmeliani exasticon in Dominici Mancini de quattuor cardineis virtutibus libellum. The Latin portion is in verse, printed in Roman letter, with marginal notes in black letter, of a very small size, and the English in prose.

The English part, in black letter, is entitled: The englysshe of Mancyne upon the foure cardynale vertues, n.p. or d. This portion has a separate title and signatures; the title is on A 1. On sign. F ii. occurs, "The correccion of the englysshe," and on the verso of the same leaf is printed, "The correccion of the texte." A, B, C, and D, 8 leaves each; E, 6 leaves; and F, 4 leaves; 42 leaves altogether. A copy of this is in the British Museum. Only two perfect copies are known.

A Plaine Path to Perfect Vertue: Deuised and found out by Mancinus, a Latine Poet, and translated into English by G. Turberuile, Gentleman.

Ardua ad virtutem via.

Imprinted at London in Knightrider-strete, by Henry Bynneman, for Leonard Maylard. Anno. 1568. 8vo., 72 leaves. Black letter, in verse. Dedicated "To the right Honorable and hys singular good Lady, Lady Anne, Cōtësse Warwicke." There is also a metrical address to the reader, and 8 4-line stanzas by James Sanford in praise of the translator.

Freeling, 1836, No. 911, £7., bought for Mr Corser: now in the British Museum. Supposed to be unique.

## VI. CRONYCLE compyled in Latyn, by the renowned Sallust.—Pynson. No date. Folio.

"Here begynneth the famous cronycle of the warre, which the romayns had agaynst Jugurth, vsurper of the kyngdome of Numidy, which cronycle is compyled in latyn by the renowned romayne Salust. And translated into englysshe by syr Alexander Barclay preest, at cōmaundement of the right hye and mighty prince: Thomas duke of Northfolke." There are two editions by Pynson of this book.

I. In this edition the lower half of the title page has a square enclosed by double lines containing the Norfolk arms, a lion rampant, holding a shield in his paws, on which is another lion, a cut which also appears on the title of *The Introductory*. There is a full page cut of the royal arms with portcullis, &c., on the back, followed by five pages of Table. The preface to his patron, in English,—together with a Latin dedication to Bishop Veysy, in parallel columns,—begins on the verso of signature A iiii, under a cut of the author presenting his

book to him, the same as that which appears on the title of *The myrrour of good maners*. [See the cut prefixed to the *Notice of Barclay's life*, which is confined however to a reproduction of the two principal figures only, two other figures, evidently of servants, and some additional ornamentation of the room being omitted.] At the end of this preface is another cut of the author, writing at a desk; also on the back of the leaf is a cut of the disembarking of an army. There are no other cuts, but the volume is adorned throughout with very fine woodcut initials. Catchwords are given irregularly at the beginning, but regularly towards the end, at the bottom of the left hand page only, but the preface has them to every column. Colophon:—“ Thus endeth the famous cronycle of the war. . . imprinted at London by Rycharde Pynson printer vnto the kynges noble grace: with priuylege vnto hym graüted by our sayd souerayne lorde the kyng.” On the back of the last leaf is Pynson's device, No. v. The date is erroneously conjectured in *Moss's Classical Bib.* to be 1511. It was probably 1519, certainly between 1519 and 1524. Contains 92 numbered leaves, and one leaf unnumbered, besides eight leaves of preliminary matter: numbering quite regular: signatures; a 8, A—O, 6 s, P, Q, 4 s. In the British Museum, Grenville Collection, the Bodleian, and the Public Library at Cambridge.

Prices: Roxburghe, £23, 12s.; Sykes, £8, 12s.; Heber, £5, 15s. 6d.; Sotheby's, 1857, £10.

II. In this edition, the title page is the same as in the other with the exception of a semicolon for a full point after *Numidy*, the succeeding which having an e added, and *romayne* being without the e, but on the back instead of a cut of the royal arms *The table* commences; the preface begins on the recto of sign. a 4, under the cut of the author presenting his book to the Duke of Norfolk, and ends without the leaf of woodcuts which is appended to the preface of the first edition. Pynson's device at the end of the book is also wanting in this edition. It contains only fol. lxxxvi., with six leaves of preliminary matter; the pagination is a little irregular, xxi. and xxii. are wanting but xxiii. is given three times, and lxxvii. is repeated for lxxviii.; the British Museum copy is deficient in folios lxii. and lxv.: signatures; a 6, A—N, 6 s, and O, P, 4 s. The initials are the same as those in the first edition in the great majority of cases, but appear much more worn. There are catch-words only at the end of every signature throughout the book, except to the preface, which has them to every column. In the British Museum, and the Public Library, Cambridge.

Both editions have the Latin in Roman letter in the margins, and running-titles. Ames mentions an edition with cuts, which must be the same as the first of these.

VI.a. CRONICLE OF WARRE. Compiled in Laten by Saluste. Corrected by Thomas Paynell. Waley, 1557. Quarto.

“Here begynneth the famous Cronicle of warre, whyche the Romaynes hadde agaynst Jugurth vsurper of the kyngedome of Numidie : whiche Cronicle is compiled in Laten by the renommed Romayne Saluste : and translated into englyshe by syr alexander Barklaye prieste. And nowe perused and corrected by Thomas Paynell. Newly Imprinted in the yere of oure Lorde God M.D.L vij.” On the verso of the title begins Paynell’s dedication—“To the ryghte honorable Lorde Antonye Vycounte Mountegue, Knyghte of the ryghte honorable order of the garter, and one of the Kyng and Queenes Magesties pryue counsayle.” “The prologue” begins on a 1. Barclay’s preface and dedication are omitted, as well as the Latin of Sallust. Col. : “Thus endeth the famous Cronicle of the warre. . . against Jugurth. . . translated. . . by syr Alexander Barkeley, prieste, at commaundemente of. . . Thomas, duke of Northfolke, And imprinted at London in Foster lane by Jhon Waley.” Signatures ; H h, 4 s, besides title and dedication, two leaves : the pagination commences on a 4, at “The fyrste chapter,” the last folio being cxx. ; xxi. is repeated for xxii., xxiii. for xxiv., xix., stands for xxix., lvii. is repeated, and lxxiv. is repeated for lxxv.

This edition forms the second part of a volume having the following general title page : The Conspiracie of Catiline, written by Constancius Felicius Durantinus, and translated bi Thomas Paynell : with the historye of Jugurth, written by the famous Romaine Salust, and translated into Englyshe by Alexander Barcklaye.

VII. ALEX. BARCLAY HIS FIGURE OF OUR MOTHER HOLY CHURCH OPPRESSED BY THE FRENCH KING. Pynson. Quarto.

This is given by Herbert on the authority of Maunsell’s Catalogue, p. 7.

VIII. THE LYFE OF THE GLORIOUS MARTYR SAYNT GEORGE. Translated by Alexander Barclay, while he was a monk of Ely, and dedicated to N. West, Bp. of Ely. Pynson [Circa 1530.] Quarto. [Herbert, 289].

IX. THE LYFE OF SAYNTE THOMAS. Pynson. No date.  
Quarto. Black letter.

“¶ Here begynneth the lyfe of the blessed martyr saynte Thomas.”  
This title is the headline of this little treatise; at the beginning of which is indented a small woodcut of a man in armour, striking at the bishop, with his cross-bearer before him. It begins “The martir saynte Thomas was son to Gylberde Bequet a burgeys of the Cite of London. And was borne in y<sup>e</sup> place, whereas now standeth the churche called saynte Thomas of Akers.” It concludes, “¶ Thus endeth the lyfe of the blessed martyr saynt Thomas of Caunturbury. Jmprinted by me Rycharde Pynson, prynter vnto the kynges noble grace.” Contains eight leaves. There is a copy in the British Museum. Assigned to Barclay on the authority of Wood.

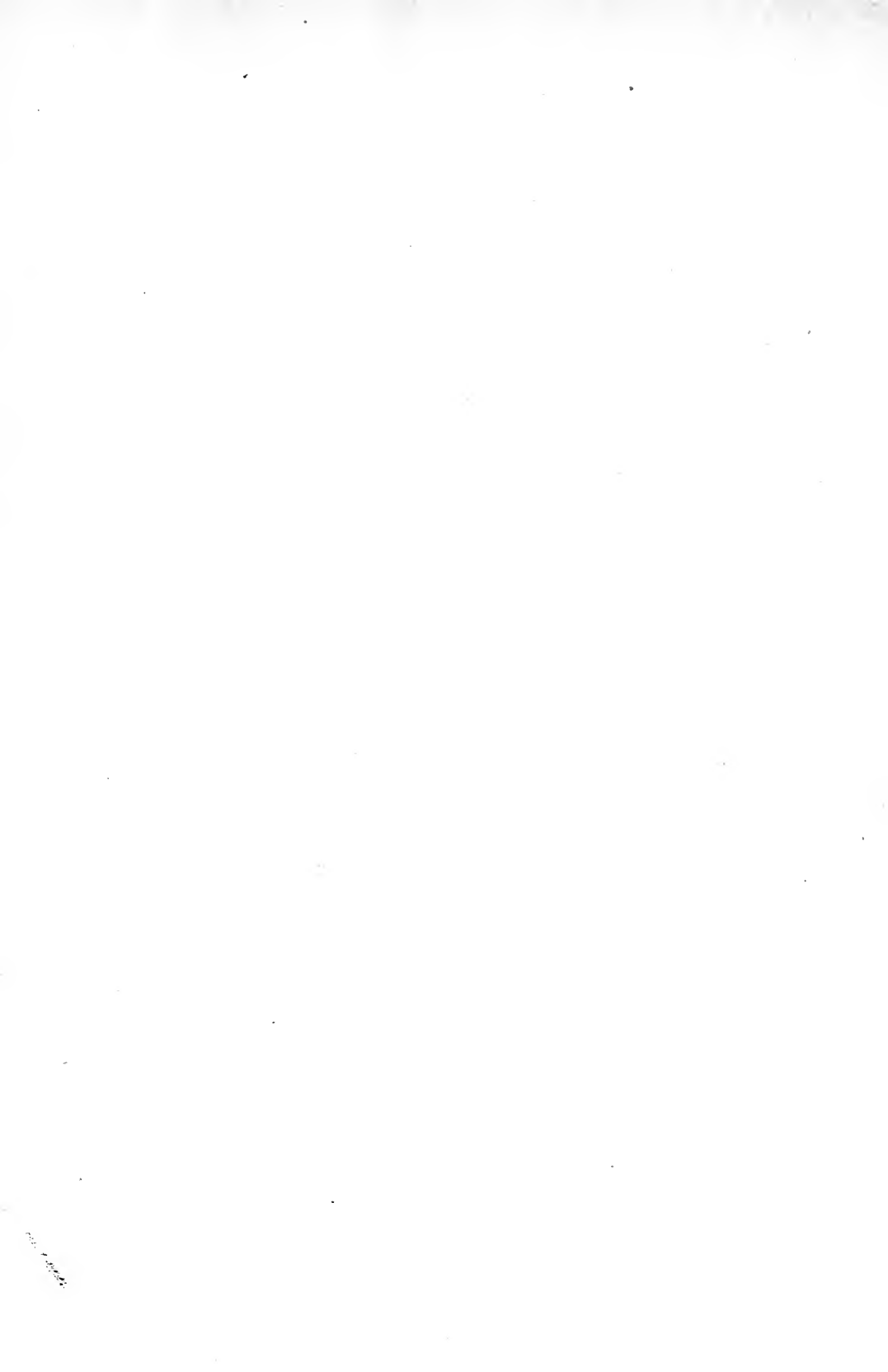
X. HAYTHON'S CRONYCLE. PYNSON. No date. Folio.  
Black letter.

“Here begynneth a lytell Cronycle, translated & imprinted at the cost & charge of Rycharde Pynson, by the cōmaundement of the ryght high and mighty prince, Edwarde duke of Buckingham, yerle of Gloucestre, Staffarde, and of Northampton,” over a large woodcut. Colophon: “Here endeth, [¶] Imprinted by the sayd *Richarde Pynson*, printer unto the Kinges noble grace.” Date conjectured to be between 1520 and 1530. Pynson's device, No. 5, at the end. Collation: A—E, and H, in sixes; F and G, and I, in fours; forty-eight leaves.

On the verso of fol. 35, “Here endeth y<sup>e</sup> boke of thistoris of thoriēt partes copyled by a relygious man frere Hayton frere of Premōstre order, sōtyme lorde of court & cosyn german to the kyng of Armeny vpon y<sup>e</sup> passage of the holy lande. By the cōmaūdemēt of y<sup>e</sup> holy fader y<sup>e</sup> apostle of Rome Clemēt the V. in y<sup>e</sup> cite of Potiers which boke I Nicholas Falcon, writ first in French . . . I haue trāslated it in Latyn for our holy father y<sup>e</sup> pope. In the yere of our lorde god m.ccc.vii. in y<sup>e</sup> moneth of August. Deo grās.”

“The travels of Hayton into the Holy Land and Armenia, and his history of Asia, is one of the most valuable of the early accounts of the east. The present is the only translation into English, and from the circumstances of its being printed by Pynson and having been (when in Mr Heber's collection) bound with two other works (*Mirror of good Maners and Sallust*) both translated by Barclay, was probably also translated by him. It is a book of extraordinary rarity, no perfect copy that can be traced having previously occurred for sale.” (*Bibliotheca Grenvilliana*, vol. I.)

Heber's copy (the one above mentioned), £40. 9s. 6d.



THE SHIP OF FOOLS.

# Stultifera Navis



**Marragonice pfectōnis nunq̄**  
 satis laudata Navis: per Sebastianū Brant: vernaculo vul-  
 garisq; sermone & rhythmo / p cūctoꝝ mortaliū fatuitatis  
 semitas effugere cupiētū directiōe / speculo / cōmōdoq; &  
 salute: proq; inertis ignauq; stultitię ppetua infamia / exe-  
 cratione / & confutatione / nup fabricata: Atq; iampridem  
 per Iacobum Locher / cognomēto Philomusum: Sueuū in  
 latinū traducta eloquiū: & per Sebastianū Brant: denuo  
 seduloq; reuisa / & noua quadā exactaq; emēdatōe eliminata  
 atq; sup additis qbusdā nouis / admirādisq; fatuoꝝ generi-  
 bus suppleta: fœliciter exorditur princīpio.

.1498.

Nihil sine causa.

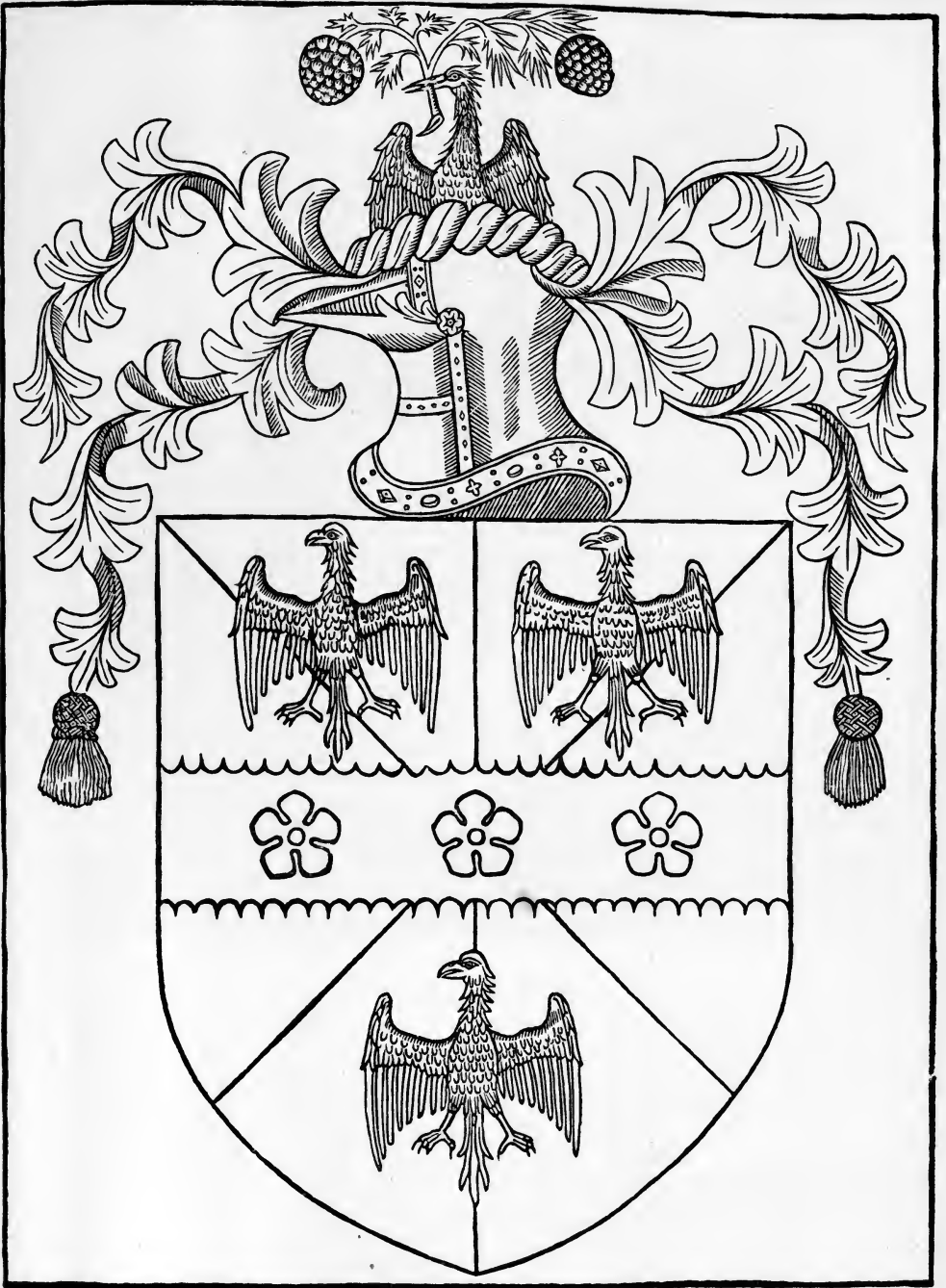
.Io. de Olpe.

42 BRANDT (Sebastian). Stulti-  
 fera Navis. Narragonice Protectionis  
 nonqua satis laudata Navis  
 per Iacobum Locher in Latinum  
 traducta eloquium, et per Sebastianum  
 Brandt, denuo seduloque revisa et  
 nova quada exactaq. emedatoe elimi-  
 nata, etc.; 117 fine woodcuts, small  
 4to., in contemporary stamped pigskin  
 binding, with metal fasteners, wants  
 one leaf of index at end, £12 10s.  
 Basilæ: Jo. Bergman de Olpe, 1498.

A reproduction of this page of this rare work  
 appears on the front cover of catalogue. A copy sold  
 in London a few weeks ago fetched £17 10s.

supra p. ix







*Venerandissimo in Christo Patri ac Domino : domino Thome  
Cornissbe Tenenensis pontifici ac diocesis Badonensis  
Suffraganio vigilantissimo, sue paternitatis Capellanus  
humilimus Alexander Barclay suiipsius recommenda-  
tionem cum omni summissione, et reuerentia.*

*Tametsi crebris negocijs : varioque impedimentorum genere  
fatigatus paulo diutiùs quàm volueram a studio reuulsus eram.  
Attamen obseruandissime presul : Stultiferam classem (vt sum  
tue paternati pollicitus) iam tandem absolui et impressam ad te  
destinaui. Neque tamen certum laborem pro incerto premio  
(humano. s.) meis impossuissem humeris : nisi Seruianum illud  
dictum (longe anteaquam inceperam) admonuisset. Satius esse  
non incipere quàm inceptum minus perfectum relinquere.  
Completo tamen opere : nec quemquam magis dignum quàm  
tua sit paternitas existimaui cui id dedicarem : tum quia salu-  
berrima tua prudentia, morum grauitas, vite sanctitas doc-  
trineque assiduitas : errantes fatuos mundanis ab illecebris ad  
virtutis tramites : difficiles licet : possint reducere : tum vero :  
quia sacros ad ordines per te sublimatus et promotus, multisque  
aliis tuis beneficiis ditatus non potui tibi meum obsequium non  
coartare. Opus igitur tue paternitati dedicaui : meorum  
primicias laborum qui in lucem eruperunt Atque vt tua  
consulerit paternatis : autoris carmina cum meis vulgaribus  
rithmicis vnâ alternatim coniunixi : et quantum a vero car-  
minum sensu errauerim, tue autoritatis iudicium erit. Fateor  
equidem multo plura adiecisse quam ademisse : partim ad*

*vicia que hac nostra in regione abundantius pullulant mordacius carpenda: partimque ob Rithmi difficultatem. Adieci etiam quasdam Biblie aliorumque autorum concordancias in margine notatas quo singula magis lectoribus illucescant: Simul ad inuidorum caninos latratus pacandos: et rabida ora obstruenda: qui ubi quid facinorum: quo ipsi scatent: reprobensum audierint. continuo patulo gutture liuida euomunt dicta. scripta dilacerant. digna scombris ac thus carmina recensent: sed hi si pergant maledicere: ut stultiuagi comites classem insiliant. At tu venerande Presul Discipuli tui exiguum munusculum: bilari fronte accipito, Classemque nostram (si quid vagum, si quid erroneum: si quid denique superfluum emineat: optimam in partem interpretando: ab inuidorum faucibus: tue auctoritatis clipeo tuearis. Vale. Ex Impressoria officina Richardi Pynson. iij. Idus Decembris.*

**T**his present Boke named the Shyp of folys of the worlde was translated in the Colledge of saynt mary Otery in the counte of Deuonshyre: out of Laten, frenche, and Doche into Englysshe tonge by Alexander Barclay Preste: and at that tyme Chaplen in the sayde Colledge. translated the yere of our Lorde god. M. cccc. viii. Inprentyd in the Cyte of London in fletestre at the signe of Saynt George. By Rycharde Pynson to hys Coste and charge: Ended the yere of our Sauour. M. d. ix. The. xiiii. day of December.

1509

f. xviii supra

## T A B U L A.

¶ THE REGYSTER OR TABLE OF THIS PRESENT BOKE IN  
ENGLYSSHE.

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## Alexander Barclay excusynge the rudenes of his translacion.

Go Boke : abasshe the thy rudenes to present.  
 To men auanced to worshyp, and honour.  
 By byrthe or fortune : or to men eloquent.  
 By thy submyssion excuse thy Translatour.  
 But whan I remember the comon behauour  
 Of men : I thynke thou ought to quake for fere  
 Of tunges enuyous whose venym may the dere

Tremble, fere, and quake, thou ought I say agayne.  
 For to the Redar thou shewest by euydence  
 Thy selfe of Rethoryke pryuate and barayne  
 In speche superflue : and fruteles of sentence.  
 Thou playnly blamest without al difference  
 Bothe hye and lowe sparinge eche mannes name.  
 Therefore no maruayle thoughe many do the blame.

2 *An exhortacion of Alexander Barclay.*

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But if thou fortune to lye before a State  
As Kynge or Prince or Lordes great or smal.  
Or doctour diuynе or other Graduate  
Be this thy Excuse to content theyr mynde withal  
My speche is rude my termes comon and rural  
And I for rude peple moche more conuenient.  
Than for Estates, lerned men, or eloquent.

But of this one poynt thou nedest not to fere  
That any goode man : vertuous and Just.  
Wyth his yl speche shal the hurt or dere.  
But the defende. As I suppose and trust.  
But suche Unthriftes as sue theyr carnal lust  
Whome thou for vyce dost sharply rebuke and blame  
Shal the dysprayse : emperisshinge thy name.

An exhortacion of Alexander Barclay.

But ye that shal rede this boke : I you exhorte.  
And you that ar herars therof also I pray  
Where as ye knowe that ye be of this sorte :  
Amende your lyfe and expelle that vyce away.  
Slomber nat in syn. Amende you whyle ye may.  
And yf ye so do and ensue Vertue and grace.  
Wythin my Shyp ye get no rowme ne place.

## Barclay the translatour tho the Foles.

To Shyp galantes the se is at the ful.  
The wynde vs calleth our sayles ar displayed.  
Where may we best aryue? at Lyn or els at Hulle?  
To vs may no hauen in Englonde be denayd.  
Why tary we? the Ankers ar vp wayed.  
If any corde or Cabyl vs hurt, let outhr hynder.  
Let slyp the ende, or els hewe it in sonder.

Retourne your syght beholde vnto the shore.  
There is great number that fayne wold be aborde.  
They get no rowme our Shyp can holde no more.  
Haws in the Cocke gyue them none other worde.  
God gyde vs from Rockes, quicsonde tempest and forde  
If any man of warre, wether, or wynde apere.  
My selfe shal trye the wynde and kepe the Stere.

But I pray you reders haue ye no dysdayne.  
'Thoughe Barclay haue presumed of audacite  
This Shyp to rule as chefe mayster and Captayne.  
Though some thynke them selfe moche worthyer than he.  
It were great maruayle forsoth syth he hath be.  
A scoler longe: and that in dyuers scoles  
But he myght be Captayne of a Shyp of Foles

But if that any one be in suche maner case.  
 That he wyl chalange the maystershyps fro me  
 Yet in my Shyp can I nat want a place.  
 For in euery place my selfe I oft may se.  
 But this I leue besechyng eche degre :  
 To pardon my youthe and to bolde interprise.  
 For harde is it duely to speke of euery vyce.

For yf I had tungen an hundreth : and wyt to fele  
 Al thinges natural and supernaturall  
 A thousand mouthes : and voyce as harde as stele.  
 And sene all the seuen Sciences lyberal.  
 Yet cowde I neuer touche the vyces all.  
 And syn of the worlde : ne theyr branches comprehend :  
 Nat thoughe I lyued vnto the worldes ende.

But if these vyces whiche mankynde doth incomber.  
 Were clene expellyd and vertue in theyr place.  
 I cowde nat haue gathered of fowles so great a nomber.  
 Whose foly from them out chaseth goddys grace.  
 But euery man that knowes hym in that case  
 To this rude Boke let hym gladly intende.  
 And lerne the way his lewdnes to amende.

## [The Prologe of James Locher.]

After that I haue longe mused by my self of the sore confounded and vncertayne cours of mannys lyfe, and thinges therto belonging: at the last I haue by my vigilant meditation found and noted many degrees of errours: wherby mankynd wandreth from the way of trowth I haue also noted that many wyse men and wel lettred haue writen right fruteful doctrines: wherby they haue heled these dyseses and intollerable perturbacions of the mynde: and the goostly woundes therof, moche better than Esculapius which was fyrst Inuentour of Phesyke and amonge the Gentyles worshypped as a God. In the contrey of Grece were stodyes fyrst founded and ordeyned in the which began and sprange holsom medycyne which gaue vnto infect myndes fruteful doctryne and norisshinge. Amonge whome Socrates that great begynner and honourer of wysdom began to dispute of ye maners of men. But for that he coude nat fynde certayne ende of goodnes and hiest felicite in naturall thinges: nor induce men to the same, he gaue the hye contemplacions of his mynde to moral vertues. And in so moche passed he al other in Philosophy moral that it was sayde that he called Philosophy down from the Imperial heuen. whan this Socrates perceyued the mindes of men to be prone, and extremely inclyned to viciousnes he had gret affeccion to subdue suche maners. Wherefore in comon places of the Cyte of Athenes he instruct and in-

fourmed the peple in such doctrynes as compasith the clere and immaculate welles of the moste excellent and souerayne gode. After the disces of Socrates succeded ye godly Plato whiche in moral Philosophy ouerpassed also a great part of his tyme And certaynly nat without a cause was he called godly. For by what stody myght he more holely or better socour mankynde than by suche doctrynes as he gaue. He wrote and ordeyned lawes moste egal and iust He edityed vnto the Grekes a comon welthe stable, quyet and commendable. And ordeyned the societe and company of them most iocund and amyable. He prepared a brydel to refrayne the lust and sensualyte of the body. And fynally he changed the yl ignorance feblenes and negligence of youth vnto dylygence, strength and vertue. In tyme also of these Phylosophers sprange the florissyhng age of Poetes : whiche amonge lettred men had nat smal rowme and place. And that for theyr eloquent Rétoryke and also for theyr mery ficcions and inuencions. Of the whiche Poetes some wrote in moste ornate termes in ditees heroycal wherin the noble actes and lyues both of dyuyne and humayne creatures ar wont to be noted and writem. Some wrote of tylling of the grounde. Some of the Planetes, of the courses of ye sterres : and of the mouynge of the heuyn and fyrmament. Some of the Empyre and shameful subieccion of disordred loue. And many other of the miserable ruyne and fal of Kynges and princes for vice : as Tragedies. And some other wrote Comedyes with great libertye of speche : which Comedies we cal Interludes. Amonge whome Aristophanes Eupolis and Cratinus mooste laudable Poetes passed al other. For whan they sawe the youth of Athenes and of al the remanent of

Grece inclyned to al ylles they toke occasion to note suche myslyuinge. And so in playne wordes they repreued without fauour the vices of the sayd yl disposyd peple of what condicion or order they were: Of this auncient wrytinge of Comedyes our laten Poetes deuysed a maner of wrytinge nat inelegant. And fyrst Lucilius composed one Satyre in the whiche he wrote by name the vices of certayne princes and Citezyns of Rome And that with many bourdes so y<sup>t</sup> with his mery speche myxt with rebukes he correct al them of the cyte that disordredly lyued. But this mery speche vsed he nat in his writing to the intent to excercyse wanton wordes or vnrefrayned lascyuyte, or to put his pleasour in suche dissolute langage: but to ye intent to quenche vices and to prouoke the commons to wysdome and vertue, and to be asshamed of theyr folly and excessyfe luyng. of hym all the Latyn poetes haue takyn example, and begynnyng to wryte Satyrs whiche the grekes named Comedyes: As Fabius specifyeth in his X boke of institucions. After Lucilius succeded Horacius, moche more eloquent in wrytyng whiche in the same deseruyd great laude: Persius also left to vs onely one boke by the whiche he commytted his name and laude to perpetuall memory. The last and prynce of all was Juuenall whiche in his iocunde poemys comprehendyd al that was wryten most eloquent and pleasaunt of all the poetis of that sorte afore his tyme: O noble men, and diligent hertes and myndes, o laudable maners and tymes, these worthy men exyled ydelnes, wherby they haue obtayned nat small worshyp and great commodityte example and doctryne left to vs theyr posteryours why begyn we nat to vnderstonde and perceyue. Why worshyp nat the people of our tyme

these poetis why do nat they reuerence to ye interpretours of them do they nat vnderstonde: that no poetes wryte, but outhere theyr mynde is to do pleasure or els profyte to the reder, or ellys they togyther wyll doo bothe profyte and pleasure why are they dyspysed of many rude carters of nowe a dayes which vnderstonde nat them, And for lacke of them haue nat latyn to vtter and expresse ye wyl of their mynde. Se whether poetes ar to be dispised. they laude vertue and hym that vseth it rebukyng vices with the vsers therof, They teche what is good and what is euyll: to what ende vyce, and what ende vertue bringeth vs, and do nat Poetis reuyle and sharply byte in their poemys all suche as ar vnmeke, Prowde, Couetous, Lecherous, Wanton, delycious, Wrathfull glotons, wasters, Enuyours, Enchauntours, faythebrakers, rasshe, vnauysed, malapert, drunken, vntaught foles, and suche lyke. Shulde theyr wrytyng that suche thinges disprays and reuyle be dyspised of many blynde Dotardes y<sup>t</sup> nowe lyue whiche enuy that any man shulde haue or vnderstonde ye thyng whiche they knowe nat. The Poetes also wyth great lawdes commende and exalt the noble folowers of vertue ascrybyng to euery man rewardes after his merytes. And shortly to say, the intencion of al Poetes hath euer ben to repreue vyce: and to commende vertue. But syns it is so that nowe in our dayes ar so many neglygent and folysshe peple that they ar almost innumerable whiche despisyng the loue of vertue: folowe the blyndenes and vanyte of this worlde: it was expedient that of newe some lettred man, wyse, and subtil of wyt shulde awake and touche ye open vices of foles that now lyue: and blame theyr abhomynable lyfe. This fourme and lybertye of wrytinge, and charge hathe taken



vpon hym the Right excellent and worthy Mayster Sebastian Brant Doctour of both the Lawes and noble Oratour and Poete to the comon welthe of al people in playne and comon speche of Doche in the contrey of Almayne : to the ymytacion of Dant Florentyne: and Francis Petrarche Poetes heroycal which in their maternal langage haue composed maruelous Poemes and ficcions. But amonge diuers inuencions composed of the sayde Sebastian brant I haue noted one named ye Shyp of Foles moche expedient and necessary to the redar which the sayd Sebastian composed in doche langage. And after hym one called James Locher his Disciple translated the same into Laten to the vnderstandinge of al Christen nacions where Laten is spoken. Than another (whose name to me is vnknownen) translated the same into Frenche. I haue ouersene the fyrst Inuencion in Doche and after that the two translations in Laten and Frenche whiche in blaminge the disordred lyfe of men of our tyme agreeth in sentence : threfolde in langage wherfore wylling to redres the errours and vyces of this oure Royalme of Englonde: as the foresayde composer and translatoours hath done in theyr Contrees I haue taken vpon me: howbeit vnworthy to drawe into our Englysshe tunge the sayd boke named ye shyp of folys as nere to ye sayd thre Langages as the parcyte of my wyt wyll suffer me. But ye reders gyue ye pardon vnto Alexander de Barklay If ignoraunce negligence or lacke of wyt cause hym to erre in this translacion his purpose and synguler desyre is to content youre myndes. And sothely he hathe taken vpon hym the translacion of this present Boke neyther for hope of rewarde nor lawde of man : but onely for the holsome instruccion commodyte and Doctryne of wysdome, and to clense the

vanyte and madnes of folysshe people of whom ouer great nombre is in the Royalme of Englonde. Therefore let euery man beholde and ouerrede this boke: And than I doute nat but he shal se the errours of his lyfe of what condycyon that he be. in lyke wyse as he shal se in a Myrroure the fourme of his countenaunce and vysage: And if he amende suche fautes as he redeth here wherein he knoweth hymself gylty, and passe forth the resydue of his lyfe in the order of good maners than shall he haue the fruyte and auantage wherto I haue translatyd this boke.

## Here begynneth the prologe.

Amonge the people of euery regyon  
And ouer the worlde, south north eest and west  
Soundeth godly doctryne in plenty and foyson  
Wherin the grounde of vertue and wysdome doth rest  
Rede gode and bad, and kepe the to the best  
Was neuer more plenty of holsome doctryne  
Nor fewer people that doth therto encline

We haue the Bybyll whiche godly doth expresse  
Of the olde testament the lawes mysticall  
And also of the newe our erour to redresse  
Of phylosophy and other artes liberall  
With other bokes of vertues morall  
But thoughe suche bokes vs godly wayes shewe  
We all ar blynde no man wyll them ensue

Banysshed is doctryne, we wander in derknes  
Through all the worlde : our selfe we wyll not knowe  
Wysdome is exyled, alas blynde folysshenes  
Mysgydeth the myndes of people hye and lowe  
Grace is decayed, yll governaunce doth growe  
Both prudent Pallas and Minerua are slayne  
Or els to heuyn retourned are they agayne

Knowledge of trowth, Prudence, and iust Symplicite  
 Hath vs clene left : For we set of them no store.  
 Our Fayth is defyled loue, goodnes, and Pyte :  
 Honest maners nowe ar reputed of : no more.  
 Lawyers ar lordes : but Justice is rent and tore.  
 Or closed lyke a Monster within dores thre.  
 For without mede : or money no man can hyr se.

Al is disordred : Vertue hathe no rewarde.  
 Alas, Compassion : and Mercy bothe ar slayne.  
 Alas, the stony hartys of pepyl ar so harde  
 That nought can constrayne theyr folyes to refrayne  
 But styl they procede : and eche other meyntyayne.  
 So wander these foles : incresinge without number.  
 That al the worlde they vtterly encomber.

Blasphemers of Chryst ; Hostlers ; and Tauerners :  
 Crakars and bosters with Courters auenterous,  
 Bawdes and Pollers with comon extorcioners  
 Ar taken nowe adayes in the worlde moste glorious.  
 But the gyftes of grace and al wayes gracious  
 We haue excluded. Thus lyue we carnally :  
 Utterly subdued to al lewdnes and Foly.

Thus is of Foles a sorte almost innumerable.  
 Defilynge the worlde with syn and Vylany.  
 Some thynkinge them self moche wyse and commendable  
 Though al theyr dayes they lyue vnthryftely.  
 No goodnes they perceyue nor to no goode aplye.  
 But if he haue a great wombe, and his Cofers ful  
 Than is none holde wyser bytwene London and Hul.

But to assemble these Foles in one bonde.  
And theyr demerites worthely to note.  
Fayne shal I Shyppes of euery maner londe.  
None shalbe left : Barke, Galay, Shyp, nor Bote.  
One vessel can nat brynge them al aflote.  
For yf al these Foles were brought into one Barge  
The bote shulde synke so sore shulde be the charge.

The sayles ar hawsed, a pleasant cole dothe blowe.  
The Foles assembleth as fast as they may dryue.  
Some swymmeth after : other as thicke doth rowe  
In theyr small botes, as Bees about a hyue  
The number is great, and eche one doth stryue  
For to be chefe as Purser and Capytayne  
Quarter mayster, Lodesman or els Boteswayne.

They ron to our shyp, eche one doth greatly fere  
Lyst his slacke paas, sholde cause hym byde behynde  
The wynde ryseth, and is lyke the sayle to tere  
Eche one enforseth the anker vp to wynde  
The se swellyth by planettes well I fynde  
These obscure clowdes threteneth vs tempest  
All are nat in bed whiche shall haue yll rest

We are full lade and yet forsoth I thynke  
A thousand are behynde, whom we may not receyue  
For if we do, our nauy clene shall synke  
He oft all lesys that coueytes all to haue  
From London Rockes almyghty god vs saue  
For if we there anker, outhere bote or barge  
There be so many that they vs wyll ouercharge

Ye London Galantes, arere, ye shall nat enter  
 We kepe the streme, and touche nat the shore  
 In Cyte nor in Court we dare nat well auenter  
 Lyst perchaunce we sholde displeasure haue therfore  
 But if ye wyll nedes some shall haue an ore  
 And all the remenaunt shall stande afar at large  
 And rede theyr fautes paynted aboute our barge.

Lyke as a myrroure doth represent agayne  
 The fourme and fygyure of mannes countenaunce  
 So in our shyp shall he se wrytyn playne  
 The fourme and fygyure of his mysgouernaunce  
 What man is fautles, but outhere ignoraunce  
 Or els wylfulnes causeth hym offende :  
 Than let hym nat disdayne this shyp, tyll he amende.

And certainly I thynke that no creature  
 Lyuyng in this lyfe mortall in transytory  
 Can hym self kepe and stedfastly endure  
 Without all spot, as worthy eternall glory  
 But if he call to his mynde and memory  
 Fully the dedys both of his youthe and age  
 He wyll graunt in this shyp to kepe some stage

But who so euer wyll knowlege his owne foly  
 And it repent, lyuyng after in symplynnesse  
 Shall haue no place nor rowme more in our nauy  
 But become felawe to pallas the goddesse  
 But he that fyxed is in suche a blyndnesse  
 That thoughe he be nought he thynketh al is well  
 Suche shall in this Barge bere a babyll and a bell

These with other lyke may eche man se and rede  
Eche by themselfe in this small boke ouerall  
The fautes shall he fynde if he take good hede  
Of all estatis as degres temporall  
With gyders of dignytees spirituall  
Bothe pore and riche, Chorles and Cytezyns  
For hast to lepe a borde many bruse theyr shynnyes

Here is berdles youth, and here is crokyd age  
Children with theyr faders that yll do them insygne  
And doth nat intende theyr wantones to swage  
Nouther by worde nor yet by discyplene  
Here be men of euery science and doctryne  
Lerned and vnlerned man mayde chylde and wyfe  
May here se and rede the lewdenes of theyr lyfe.

Here ar vyle wymen : whome loue Immoderate  
And lust Venereall bryngeth to hurt and shame.  
Here ar prodigal Galantes : wyth mouers of debate.  
And thousandes mo : whome I nat wel dare name.  
Here ar Bacbyters whiche goode lyuers dyffame.  
Brakers of wedlocke, men proude : and couetous :  
Pollers, and pykers with folke delicious.

It is but foly to rehers the names here  
Of al suche Foles : as in one Shelde or targe.  
Syns that theyr foly dystynctly shal apere  
On euery lefe : in Pyctures fayre and large.  
To Barclays stody : and Pynsones cost and charge  
Wherefore ye redars pray that they both may be saued  
Before God, syns they your folyes haue thus graued.

But to thentent that euery man may knowe  
The cause of my wrytynge : certes I intende  
To profyte and to please both hie and lowe  
And blame theyr fautes wherby they may amende  
But if that any his quarell wyll defende  
Excusynge his fautes to my derysyon  
Knowe he that noble poetes thus haue done.

Afore my dayes a thousande yere ago  
Blamyng and reuyllynge the inconuynce  
Of people, wyllynge them to withdrawe therfro  
Them I ensue : nat lyke of intellygence  
And though I am nat to them lyke in science  
Yet this is my wyll mynde and intencion  
To blame all vyce lykewyse as they haue done.

To tender youth my mynde is to auayle  
That they eschewe may all lewdenes and offence  
Whiche doth theyr myndes often sore assayle  
Closynge the iyen of theyr intellygence  
But if I halt in meter or erre in eloquence  
Or be to large in langage I pray you blame nat me  
For my mater is so bad it wyll none other be.



## [ The Argument. ]

Here after foloweth the Boke named the Shyp of Foles of the world : translated out of Laten, French and Doche into Englysse in the Colege of saynt Mary Otery By me Alexander Barclay to the felicite and moste holsom instruction of mankynde the whiche conteyneth al suche as wandre from the way of trouth and from the open Path of holsom vnderstondynge and wysdom : fallynge into dyuers blyndnesses of ye mynde, folysshe sensualitytees, and vndlawful delectacions of the body. This present Boke myght haue ben callyd nat inconuenyently the Satyr (that is to say) the reprehencion of foulysshnes, but the newelye of the name was more plesant vnto the fyrst actour to call it the Shyp of foles: For in lyke wyse as olde Poetes Satyriens in dyuers Poesyes conioyned repreued the synnes and ylnes of the peple at that tyme lyuynge : so and in lyke wyse this our Boke representeth vnto the iyen of the redars the states and condicions of men : so that euery man may behold within the same the cours of his lyfe and his mysgouerned maners, as he sholde beholde the shadowe of the fygure of his visage within a bright Myrrour. But concernynge the translation of this Boke: I exhort ye reders to take no displeour for y<sup>t</sup> it is nat translated word by worde acordinge to ye verses of my actour. For I haue but only drawn into our moder tunge, in rude langage the sentences of the verses as nere as the parcyte of my wyt wyl suffer me, some tyme addynge, somtyme detractinge and takinge away suche thinges a semeth me necessary and superflue. wherfore I desyre of you reders pardon of my presumptuous audacite

trustynge that ye shall holde me excused if ye consyder ye scarsnes of my wyt and my vnexpert youthe. I haue in many places ouerpassed dyuers poetical digressions and obscurenes of Fables and haue concluded my worke in rude langage as shal apere in my translacion. But the speciyl cawse that mouethe me to this besynes is to auoyde the execrable inconuenyences of ydilnes whyche (as saint Bernard sayth) is moder of al vices: and to the vtter derision of obstynat men delitynge them in folyes and mys gouernance. But bycause the name of this boke semeth to the redar to procede of derysion: and by that mean that the substance therof shulde nat be profitable: I wyl aduertise you that this Boke is named the Shyp of foles of the worlde: For this worlde is nought els but a tempestous se in the whiche we dayly wander and are caste in dyuers tribulacions paynes and aduersitees: some by ignoraunce and some by wilfulnes: wherefore suche doers ar worthy to be called foles. syns they gyde them nat by reason as creatures resonable ought to do. Therefore the fyrst actoure willynge to deuyde suche foles from wysemen and gode lyuers: hathe ordeyned vpon the se of this worlde this present Shyp to contayne these folys of ye worlde, whiche ar in great nomber. So that who redeth it perfytely consyderynge his secrete dedys, he shall not lyghtly excuse hym selfe out of it, what so euer good name y<sup>t</sup> he hath outwarde in the mouth of the comontye, And to the entent y<sup>t</sup> this my laboure may be the more pleasaunt vnto lettred men, I haue adioyned vnto the same ye verses of my Actour with dyuerse concordaunces of the Bybyll to fortyfy my wrytynge by the same, and also to stop the enuyous mouthes (If any suche shal be) of them that by malyce shall barke ayenst this my besynes.

Here begynneth the foles and first  
inprofytable bokes.



I am the firste fole of all the hole nauy  
To kepe the pompe, the helme and eke the sayle  
For this is my mynde, this one pleasoure haue I  
Of bokes to haue grete plenty and aparayle  
I take no wysdome by them : nor yet auayle  
Nor them preceyue nat: And then I them despise  
Thus am I a foole and all that sewe that guyse

That in this shyp the chefe place I gouerne  
 By this wyde see with folys wanderynge  
 The cause is playne, and easy to dyscerne  
 Styll am I besy bokes assemblynge  
 For to haue plenty it is a plesaunt thyng  
 In my conceyt and to haue them ay in honde  
 But what they mene do I nat vnderstonde

But yet I haue them in great reuerence  
 And honoure sauynge them from fylth and ordure  
 By often brusshynge, and moche dylygence  
 Full goodly bounde in plesaunt couerture  
 Of domas, satyn, or els of veluet pure  
 I kepe them sure ferynge lyst they sholde be lost  
 For in them is the connyng wherin I me bost.

But if it fortune that any lernyd men  
 Within my house fall to disputacion  
 I drawe the curtyns to shewe my bokes then  
 That they of my cunnyng sholde make probacion  
 I kepe nat to fall in altercacion  
 And whyle they comon my bokes I turne and wynde  
 For all is in them, and no thyng in my mynde.

Tholomeus the riche causyd longe agone  
 Ouer all the worlde good bokes to be sought  
 Done was his commaundement anone  
 These bokes he had and in his stody brought  
 Whiche passyd all erthly treasoure as he thought  
 But neuertheles he dyd hym nat aply  
 Unto theyr doctryne, but lyued unhappely.

Lo in lyke wyse of bokys I haue store  
But fewe I rede, and fewer understande  
I folowe nat theyr doctryne nor theyr lore  
It is ynoughe to bere a boke in hande  
It were to moche to be it suche a bande  
For to be bounde to loke within the boke  
I am content on the fayre couerynge to loke

Why sholde I stody to hurt my wyt therby  
Or trouble my mynde with stody excessyue  
Sythe many ar whiche stody right besely  
And yet therby shall they neuer thryue  
The fruyt of wysdom can they nat contryue  
And many to stody so moche are inclynde  
That utterly they fall out of theyr mynde

Eche is nat lettred that nowe is made a lorde  
Nor eche a clerke that hath a benefyce  
They are nat all lawyers that plees doth recorde  
All that are promotyd are nat fully wyse  
On suche chaunce nowe fortune throwys hir dyce  
That thoughe one knowe but the yresshe game  
Yet wolde he haue a gentyllmannys name

So in lyke wyse I am in suche case  
Thoughe I nought can I wolde be callyd wyse  
Also I may set another in my place  
Whiche may for me my bokes excercyse  
Or else I shall ensue the comon gyse  
And say concedo to euery argument  
Lyst by moche speche my latyn sholde be spent

I am lyke other Clerkes whiche so frowardly them gyde.  
 That after they ar onys come vnto promocion  
 They gyue them to plesour theyr stody set asyde.  
 Theyr Auaryce couerynge with fayned deuocion.  
 Yet dayly they preche : and haue great derysyon  
 Against the rude Laymen : and al for Couetyse.  
 Though theyr owne Conscience be blynded w<sup>t</sup> that vyce.

But if I durst trouth playnely vtter and expresse.  
 This is the special cause of this Inconuenyence.  
 That greatest foles, and fullest of lewdnes  
 Hauynge least wyt : and symplest Science  
 Ar fyrst promoted : and haue greatest reuerence  
 For if one can flater, and bere a hawke on his Fyst  
 He shalbe made Person of Honyngton or of Clyst.

But he that is in Stody ay ferme and diligent.  
 And without al fauour prechyth Chrystys lore  
 Of al the Comontye nowe adayes is sore shent.  
 And by Estates thretened to Pryson oft therfore.  
 Thus what auayle is it, to vs to Stody more :  
 To knowe outhr scripture, trouth, wysedom, or vertue  
 Syns fewe, or none without fauour dare them shewe.

But O noble Doctours, that worthy ar of name :  
 Consyder our olde faders : note wel theyr diligence :  
 Ensue ye theyr steppes : obtayne ye such fame,  
 As they dyd lyuyng : and that by true Prudence.  
 Within theyr hartys they planted theyr scyence  
 And nat in plesaunt bokes. But nowe to fewe suche be.  
 Therefore in this Shyp let them come rowe with me.

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THE ENVOY OF ALEXANDER BARCLAY TRANSLATOUR  
EXORTYNGE THE FOLES ACCLOYED WITH THIS VICE  
TO AMENDE THEYR FOLY.

Say worthy doctours and Clerkes curious :  
What moueth you of Bokes to haue such number.  
Syns dyuers doctrines throughe way contrarious.  
Doth mannys mynde distract and sore encomber.  
Alas blynde men awake, out of your slomber  
And if ye wyl nedys your bokes multyplye  
With diligence endeuer you some to occupye.

Of euyll Counsellours, Juges and  
men of lawe.



He that Office hath and hyghe autorite.  
To rule a Royalme : as Juge or Counsellour  
Which seyng Justice, playne ryght and equyte  
Them falsly blyndeth by fauour or rigour  
Condemnyng wretches gyltles. And to a Transgressour  
For mede shewing fauour. Suche is as wyse a man  
As he that wolde seeth a quycke Sowe in a Pan.



Right many labours nowe, with hyghe diligence  
For to be Lawyers the Comons to counsayle.  
Therby to be in honour had and in reuerence  
But onely they labour for theyr pryuate auayle.  
The purs of the Clyent shal fynde hym apparayle.  
And yet knowes he neyther lawe good counsel nor Justice.  
But speketh at auenture: as men throwe the dyce.

Suche in the Senate ar taken oft to counsayle  
With Statys of this and many a other region.  
Whiche of theyr maners vnstable ar and frayle  
Nought of Lawe Ciuyl knowinge nor Canon.  
But wander in derknes clerenes they haue none.  
O noble Rome thou gat nat thy honours  
Nor general Empyre by suche Counsellours.

Whan noble Rome all the worlde dyd gouerne  
Theyr councellers were olde men iust and prudent  
Whiche egally dyd euery thyng descerne  
Wherby theyr Empyre became so excellent  
But nowe a dayes he shall haue his intent  
That hath most golde, and so it is befall  
That aungels worke wonders in westmyenster hall.

*aungel the ordi  
fice*

*theuison*  
There cursyd coyne makyth the wronge seme right  
The cause of hym that lyueth in pouertye  
Hath no defence, tuycion, strength nor myght  
Suche is the olde custome of this faculte  
That colours oft cloke Justyce and equyte  
None can the mater fele nor vnderstonde  
Without the aungell be weyghty in his honde

Thus for the hunger of syluer and of golde  
 Justyce and right is in captyuyte  
 And as we se nat gyuen fre, but solde  
 Nouthere to estates, nor sympell comonte  
 And though that many lawyers rightwysnes be  
 Yet many other dysdayne to se the ryght  
 And they ar suche as blynde Justycis syght

There is one and other alleged at the barre  
 And namely suche as chrafty were in glose  
 Upon the lawe : the clyentis stande afarre  
 Full lytell knowynge howe the mater goose  
 And many other the lawes clene transpose  
 Folowynge the example, of lawyers dede and gone  
 Tyll the pore Clyentis be etyn to the bone

It is not ynough to conforme thy mynde  
 Unto the others faynyd opynyon  
 Thou sholde say trouthe, so Justyce doth the bynde  
 And also lawe gyueth the commysyon  
 To knowe hir, and kepe hir without transgressyon  
 Lyst they whome thou hast Jugged wrongfully  
 Unto the hye Juge for vengeaunce on the crye.

Perchaunce thou thynkest that god taketh no hede  
 To mannes dedys, nor workes of offence  
 Yes certaynly he knowes thy thought and dede  
 No thyng is secrete, nor hyd from his presence  
 Wherefore if thou wylt gyde thee by prudence  
 Or thou gyue Jugement of mater lesse or more  
 Take wyse mennys reade and goød counsayle before

Loke in what Balance, what weyght and what mesure  
Thou seruest other. for thou shalt serued be  
With the same after this lyfe I the ensure.  
If thou ryghtwysly Juge by lawe and equyte  
Thou shalt haue presence of goddes hyghe maiesty  
But if thou Juge amys : than shall Eacus  
(As Poetis sayth) hell Juge thy rewarde discusse

God is aboue and regneth sempiternally.  
Whiche shall vs deme at his last Jugement,  
And gyue rewardes to echone egally  
After suche fourme as he his lyfe hath spent  
Than shall we them se whome we as violent  
Traytours : haue put to wronge in worde or dede  
And after our deserte euen suche shall be our mede

There shall be no Bayle nor treatynge of maynpryse  
Ne worldly wysdome there shall no thyng preuayle  
There shall be no delayes vntyll another Syse  
But outhere quyt, or to infernall Gayle.  
Ill Juges so iuged, Lo here they trauayle  
Worthely rewarded in wo withouten ende.  
Than shall no grace be graunted ne space to amende.

THE ENVOY OF ALEXANDER BARCLAY

THE TRANSLATOUR.

Therefore ye yonge Studentes of the Chauncery :  
(I speke nat to the olde the Cure of them is past)  
Remember that Justyce longe hath in bondage be

Reduce ye hir nowe vnto lybertye at the last.  
Endeuer you hir bondes to louse or to brast  
Hir raunsome is payde and more by a thousande pounce  
And yet alas the lady Justyce lyeth bounde.

Thoughe your fore Faders haue take hir prysoner  
And done hir in a Dongeon nat mete for hir degre  
Lay to your handes and helpe hir from daungere  
And hir restore vnto hir lybertye  
That pore men and monyles may hir onys se  
But certaynly I fere lyst she hath lost hir name  
Or by longe prysonment shall after euer be lame.

Of Auaryce or Couetyse and prodygalyte.



Ye that ar gyuen ouer moche to Couetyse  
Come nere, a place is here for you to dwel  
Come nere ye wastfull people in lyke wyse  
Youre rowme shall be hye in the Topcastell  
Ye care for no shame, for heuen nor for hell  
Golde is your god, ryches gotten wrongfully  
Ye dame your soule, and yet lyue in penury.

He that is besy euery day and houre  
 Without mesure, maner, or moderacion  
 To gather riches and great store of treasure  
 Therof no ioy takinge, confort nor consolacion.  
 He is a Fole: and of blynde and mad opynyon  
 For that which he getteth and kepeth wrongfully  
 His heyre often wasteth moche more vnthryftely.

While he here lyueth in this lyfe caduke and mortal.  
 Ful sore he laboureth: and oft hungry gothe to bed  
 Sparinge from hymselfe: for hym that neuer shal  
 After do hym goode. thoughe he were harde bested.  
 Thus is this Couetous wretche so blyndly led  
 By the fende that here he lyueth wretchydly  
 And after his deth damned eternally.

There wandreth he in dolour and derknes  
 Amonge infernall flodes tedyous and horryble  
 Let se what auayleth than all his ryches  
 Ungracyously gotyne, his paynes ar terryble  
 Than wolde he amende but it is inpossyble  
 In hell is no order nor hope of remedy  
 But sorowe vpon sorowe, and that euerlastyngly.

Yet fynde I another vyce as bad as this  
 Whiche is the vyce of prodygalyte  
 He spendyth all in ryot and amys  
 Without all order, pursuynge pouertye  
 He lyketh nat to lyue styll in prosperite  
 But all and more he wastyth out at large  
 (Beware the ende) is the leste poynt of his charge.

But of the couetous somewhat to say agayne  
Thou art a fole thy soule to sell for riches  
Or put thy body to labour or to payne  
Thy mynde to fere, thy herte to heuynesse  
Thou fole thou fleest no maner cruelnesse  
So thou may get money, to make thy heyr a knyght  
Thou sleest thy soule where as thou saue it myght

Thou hast no rest thy mynde is euer in fere  
Of mysauenture, nor neuer art content  
Deth is forgotten, thou carest nat a here  
To saue thy soule from infernall punysshement  
If thou be dampned, than art thou at thy stent  
By thy ryches which thou here hast left behynde  
To thy executours, thou shalt small comforte fynde

Theyr custome is to holde fast that they haue  
Thy pore soule shall be farthest fro theyr thought  
If that thy carkes be brought onys in the graue  
And that they haue thy bagges in handes cought  
What say they, than (by god the man had nought)  
Whyle he here lyuyd he was to lyberall  
Thus dampned is thy soule, thy ryches cause of all

Who wyll denay but it is necessary  
Of riches for to haue plenty and store  
To this opynyon I wyll nat say contrary  
So it be ordred after holy lore  
Whyle thy selfe leuest departe some to the pore  
With thy owne hande trust nat thy executours  
Gyue for god, and god shall sende at all houres

Rede Tullius warkes the worthy Oratour.  
 And writen shalt thou fynde in right fruteful sentence  
 That neuer wyseman loued ouer great honour.  
 Nor to haue great riches put ouer great diligence  
 But onely theyr mynde was set on Sapience  
 And quyetyly to lyue in Just symplycite.  
 For in greatest honour is greatest ieoperdye.

He that is symple, and on the grounde doth lye  
 And that can be content with ynoughe or suffisaunce  
 Is surer by moche than he that lyeth on hye.  
 Nowe vp nowe downe vnsure as a Balaunce.  
 But sothly he that set wyll his plesance  
 Onely on wysdom and styl therfore labour.  
 Shal haue more goode than all erthly tresour.

Wysdom techeth to eschewe al offence.  
 Gydyngge mankynde the ryght way to vertue.  
 But of couetyse Comys all Inconuenyence.  
 It cawseth man of worde to be vntrue.  
 Forswerynge and falshode doth it also ensue.  
 Brybery and Extorcion, murder and myschefe.  
 Shame is his ende : his lyuyinge is reprefe.

By couetyse Crassus brought was to his ende.  
 By it the worthy Romayns lost theyr name.  
 Of this one yl a thousand ylles doth descende.  
 Besyde enuy, Pryde, wretchydnes and Shame.  
 Crates the Philosopher dyd Couetyse so blame :  
 That to haue his mynde vnto his stody fre.  
 He threwe his Tresour all hole into the see.



But shortly to conclude. Both bodely bondage.  
And gostly also: procedeth of this couetyse.  
The soule is damned the body hath damage  
As hunger, thyrst, and colde with other preiudice.  
Bereft of the ioyes of heuenly Paradyse.  
For golde was theyr god and that is left behynde  
Theyr bodyes beryed the soule clene out of mynde

THE ENUOY OF ALEXANDER BARCLAY TRANSLATOUR.

Therefore thou couetouse thou wretch I speke to the.  
Amende thy selfe ryse out of this blyndenes.  
Content the wyth ynoughe for thy degre.  
Dam nat thy soule by gatheringe frayle riches  
Remembre this is a Uale of wretchednes.  
Thou shalt no rest nor dwellynge place here fynde.  
Depart thou shalt and leue it al behynde.

Of newe fassions and disguised Garmentes.



Who that newe garmentes loues or deuyses,  
Or weryth by his symple wyt, and vanyte  
Gyuyth by his foly and vnthryfty gyses  
Moche yl example to yonge Comontye,  
Suche one is a Fole and skant shal euer thee  
And comonly it is sene that nowe a dayes  
One Fole gladly folowes anothers wayes.

Drawe nere ye Courters and Galants disguised  
Ye counterfayt Caytifs. that ar nat content  
As god hath you made: his warke is despysed  
Ye thynke you more crafty than God onipotent.  
Unstable is your mynde: that shewes by your garment.  
A fole is knowen by his toyes and his Cote.  
But by theyr clothinge nowe may we many note.

Aparayle is apayred. Al sadness is decayde  
The garmentes ar gone that longed to honestye.  
And in newe sortes newe Foles ar arayede  
Despisyng the costom of good antiquyte.  
Mannys fourme is disfigured with euey degre  
As Knyght Squyer yeman Jentilman and knaue,  
For al in theyr goynge vngoodely them behaue

The tyme hath ben, nat longe before our dayes  
Whan men with honest ray coude holde them self content.  
Without these disguised: and counterfayted wayes.  
Wherby theyr goodes ar wasted, loste, and spent.  
Socrates with many mo in wysdom excellent.  
Bycause they wolde nought change that cam of nature  
Let growe theyre here without cuttinge or scissure.

At that tyme was it reputed to lawde and great honour.  
To haue longe here: the Beerde downe to the brest  
For so they vsed that were of moste valour.  
Stryuyng together who myht be godlyest  
Saddest, moste clenely, discrettest, and moste honest.  
But nowe adayes together we contende and stryue.  
Who may be gayest: and newest wayes contryue.

### 36 *Of newe fassions and disgisid garmentes.*

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Fewe kepeth mesure, but excesse and great outrage  
In theyr aparayle. And so therin they procede  
That theyr goode is spent: theyr Londe layde to morgage.  
Or solde out right: of Thryft they take no hede.  
Hauinge no Peny them to socour at theyr nede.  
So whan theyr goode by suche wastefulnes is loste.  
They sel agayne theyr Clothes for half that they coste.

A fox furred Jentelman: of the fyrst yere or hede.  
If he be made a Bailyf a Clerke or a Constable.  
And can kepe a Parke or Court and rede a Dede  
Than is Ueluet to his state mete and agreeable.  
Howbeit he were more mete to bere a Babyll.  
For his Foles Hode his iyen so sore doth blynde  
That Pryde expelleth his lynage from his mynde.

Yet fynde I another sort almoste as bad as thay.  
As yonge Jentylnen descended of worthy Auncetry.  
Whiche go ful wantonly in dissolute aray.  
Counterfayt, disgisid, and moche vnmanerly  
Blasinge and garded: to lowe or else to hye.  
And wyde without mesure: theyr stuffe to wast thus gothe  
But other some they suffer to dye for lacke of clothe

Some theyr neckes charged with colers, and chaynes  
As golden withttthes: theyr fyngers ful of rynges:  
Theyr neckes naked: almoste vnto the raynes  
Theyr sleues blasinge lyke to a Cranys wynges  
Thus by this deuysinge suche counterfayted thinges  
They dysfourme that figure that god hymselfe hath made  
On pryde and abusion thus ar theyr myndes layde

Than the Courters careles that on theyr mayster wayte  
Seinge hym his Uesture in suche fourme abuse  
Assayeth suche Fassion for them to counterfayte.  
And so to sue Pryde contynually they muse.  
Than stele they; or Rubbe they. Forsoth they can nat chuse.  
For without Londe or Labour harde is it to mentayne.  
But to thynte on the Galows that is a careful payne.

But be it payne or nat : there many suche ende.  
At Newgate theyr garmentis ar offred to be solde.  
Theyr bodies to the Jebet solely ascende.  
Wauynge with the wether whyle theyr necke wyl holde.  
But if I shulde wryte al the ylles manyfolde.  
That procedeth of this counterfayt abusion  
And mysshapen Fassions : I neuer shulde haue done.

For both States, comons, man, woman, and chylde  
Ar vtterly inclyed to this inconuenyence.  
But namely therwith these Courters are defyled.  
Bytween mayster and man I fynde no dyfference.  
Therefore ye Courters knowledge your offence.  
Do nat your errour mentayne, support nor excuse.  
For Fowles ye ar your Rayment thus to abuse.

To Shyp Galauntes come nere I say agayne.  
Wyth your set Busshes Curlynge as men of Inde.  
Ye counterfayted Courters come with your fleinge brayne  
Expressed by these variable Garmentes that ye fynde.  
To tempt chast Damsels and turne them to your mynde  
Your breste ye discour and necke. Thus your abusion  
Is the Fendes bate. And your soules confusion.

38 *Of newe fassions and disgised garmentes.*

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Come nere disgysed foles : receyue your Foles Hode.  
And ye that in sondry colours ar arayde.  
Ye garded galantes wastinge thus your goode  
Come nere with your Shertes brodered and displayed.  
In fourme of Surplys. Forsoth it may be sayde.  
That of your Sort right fewe shal thryue this yere.  
Or that your faders werith suche Habyte in the Quere.

And ye Jentyl wymen whome this lewde vice doth blynde  
Lased on the backe : your peakes set a loft.  
Come to my Shyp. forget ye nat behynde.  
Your Sadel on the tayle : yf ye lyst to sit soft.  
Do on your Decke Slut : if ye purpos to come oft.  
I mean your Copyntanke : And if it wyl do no goode.  
To kepe you from the rayne. ye shall haue a foles hode.

By the ale stake knowe we the ale hous  
And euery Jnne is knowen by the sygne  
So a lewde woman and a lehcrous  
Is knowen by hir clothes, be they cours or fyne  
Folowyng newe fassions, not graunted by doctryne  
The bocher sheweth his flesshe it to sell  
So doth these women dampnyng theyr soule to hell

What shall I more wryte of our enormyte  
Both man and woman as I before haue sayde  
Ar rayde and clothyd nat after theyr degre  
As nat content with the shape that god hath made  
The clenlynes of Clergye is nere also decayed.  
Our olde apparale (alas) is nowe layde downe  
And many prestes asshamed of theyr Crowne.

Unto laymen we vs refourme agayne  
As of chryste our mayster in maner halfe asshamed  
My hert doth wepe : my tunge doth sore complayne  
Seing howe our State is worthy to be blamed.  
But if all the Foly of our Hole Royalme were named  
Of mys apparayle of Olde, young, lowe, and hye,  
The tyme shulde fayle : and space to me denye.

Alas thus al states of Chrysten men declynes.  
And of wymen also disfourmynge theyr figure.  
Wors than the Turkes, Jewes, or Sarazyns.  
A Englonde Englonde amende or be thou sure  
Thy noble name and fame can nat endure  
Amende lyst god do greuously chastyce.  
Bothe the begynners and folowes of this vyce.

THE ENUOY OF ALEXANDER BARCLAY YE TRANSLATOUR.

Reduce courters clerly vnto your remembrance  
From whens this disgysyng was brought wherein ye go  
As I remember it was brought out of France.  
This is to your plesour. But payne ye had also.  
As French Pockes hote ylles with other paynes mo.  
Take ye in good worth the swetnes with the Sour.  
For often plesour endeth with sorowe and dolour.

But ye proude Galaundes that thus yourselfe disguise  
Be ye asshamed. beholde vnto your Prynce.  
Consyder his sadnes : His honestye deuysed  
His clothyng expresseth his inwarde prudence  
Ye se no Example of suche Inconuenyence  
In his hyghnes : but godly wyt and grauyte.  
Ensue hym : and sorowe for your enormyte.

40 *Of newe fassions and disgised garmentes.*

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Away with this pryde, this statelynes let be  
Rede of the Prophetis clothyng or vesture  
And of Adam firste of your ancestrye  
Of Johnn the Prophete, theyr clothyng was obscure  
Uyle and homly, but nowe what creature  
Wyll then eusue, sothly fewe by theyr wyll  
Therefore suche folys my nauy shall fulfyll



Of old folys that is to say the longer they  
lyue the more they ar gyuen to foly.



Howe beit I stoup, and fast declyne  
Dayly to my graue, and sepulture  
And though my lyfe fast do encline  
To pay the trybute of nature  
Yet styll remayne I and endure  
In my olde synnes, and them nat hate  
Nought yonge, wors olde, suche is my state.

The madnes of my youthe rotyd in my age  
 And the blynde foly of my iniquite  
 Wyll me nat suffer to leue myne old vsage  
 Nor my fore lyuyng full of enormyte  
 Lame ar his lymmys, and also I can nat se  
 I am a childe and yet lyuyd haue I  
 An hundreth wynter, encresyng my foly.

But though I myght lerne my wyll is nat therto  
 But besy I am and fully set my thought  
 To gyue example to children to mysdo  
 By my lewde doctryne bryngyng them to nought  
 And whan they ar onys into my daunce brought  
 I teche them my foly wysdome set asyde  
 My selfe example, begynner, and theyr gyde.

My lewde lyfe, my foly and my selfwylyd mynde  
 Whiche I haue styll kept hytherto in this lyfe  
 In my testament I leue wryten behynde  
 Bequethyng parte both to man childe and wyfe  
 I am the actour of myschefe and of stryfe  
 The foly of my youth and the inconuenyence  
 In age I practyse, techynge by experyence

I am a fole and glad am of that name  
 Desyryng lawde for eche vngracious dede  
 And of my foly to spred abrode the same  
 To showe my vyce and synne, as voyde of drede  
 Of heuen or hell. therefore I take no hede  
 But as some stryue disputyng of theyr cunnyng  
 Right so do I in lewdnes and myslyuyng.

Somtyme I bost me of falshode and dysceyt  
Somtyme of the sede that sawyn is by me  
Of all myschefe, as murder flatery debate  
Couetyse bacbytynge theft and lechery  
My mynde is nat to mende my iniquyte  
But rather I sorowe that my lyfe is wore  
That I can nat do as I haue done before

But syns my lyfe so sodaynly dothe apeyre  
That byde I can nat styll in this degre  
I shall infourme and teche my sone and heyre  
To folowe his fader, and lerne this way of me  
The way is large, god wot glad shall he be  
Lernynge my lore with affeccion and desyre  
And folowe the steppys of his vnthryfty syre

I trust so crafty and wyse to make the lad  
That me his father he shall pas and excell  
O that my herte shall than be wonder glad  
If I here of may knowe, se, or here tell  
If he be false faynynge sotyll or cruell  
And so styll endure I haue a speciall hope  
To make hym scribe to a Cardynall or Pope.

Or els if he can be a fals extorcyoner  
Fasyng and bostynge to scratche and to kepe  
He shall be made a comon costomer  
As yche hope of Lyn Calays or of Depe  
Than may he after to some great offyce crepe  
So that if he can onys plede a case  
He may be made Juge of the comon place.

Thus shall he lyue as I haue all his dayes  
 And in his age increas his folysshenes  
 His fader came to worshyp by suche ways  
 So shall the sone, if he hym selfe address  
 To sue my steppes in falshode and lewdnes  
 And at leste if he can come to no degre  
 This shyp of folys shall he gouerne with me

BARKLAY TO THE FOLYS.

Awake age alas what thynkest thou be  
 Awake I say out of thy blynde derkenes  
 Remembrest thou nat that shortly thou shalt dye  
 Aryse from synne amende thy folysshenes  
 Though thy youth reted were in vyciousnes  
 Aryse in age is full tyme to leue it  
 Thy graue is open thy one fote in the pyt

Leue thy bostynge of that thou hast done amys  
 Bewayle thy synnes, sayeng with rufull mone  
 Delicta iuuentutis mee deus ne memineris  
 Amende the or thy youth be fully gone  
 That sore is harde to hele that bredes in the bone  
 He that is nought yonge, procedynge so in age  
 Shall skant euer his vyciousnes asswage

What thinge is more abhomynable in goddes syght.  
 Than vicious age: certaynly no thyng.  
 It is eke worldly shame, whan thy corage and mycht  
 Is nere decayed, to kepe thy lewde luyunge.  
 And by example of the, thy yonge children to brynge.  
 Into a vicious lyfe: and all goodnes to hate.  
 Alas age thus thou art the Fendes bate.

Of the erudicion of neglygent faders  
anenst theyr chyltren.



That fole that suffreth his Chylde for to offende  
Wythout rebukyng, blame, and correccion.  
And hym nat exhorteth, hymselfe to amende.  
Of suche fawtes as by hym ar done.  
Shal it sore repent : god wote howe sone  
For oft the faders foly, fauour, and neglygence  
Causeth the Chylde for to fall to great offence

A miserable Fole euermore shal he be.  
 A wretche vnaused, and a Catyf blynde.  
 Whiche his chyldren fawtes forseth nat to see  
 Hauynge no care for to induce theyr mynde  
 To godly vertue : and vyce to leue behynde.  
 For whyle they ar yonge fereful and tender of age  
 Theyre vyce and foly is easy to asswage.

Two dyuers sortes of these foles may we fynde.  
 By whome theyr chyldren ar brought to confusion.  
 The one is neglygent. the other is starke blynde.  
 Nat wyllynge to beholde his childes yl condicion.  
 Whyle he is in youthe : But for a conclusion  
 He is a Fole that wyl nat se theyr vyce.  
 And he that seyth : and wyl it nat chastyce.

Alas thou art a cursed counselloure  
 To wanton youth that tender is of age  
 To let them wander without gouernoure  
 Or wyse mayster, in youthes furious rage  
 Get them a mayster theyr foly to asswage  
 For as a herdles flocke strayth in Jopardy  
 So children without gyde wandreth in foly.

To moche lyberty pleasoure and lycence  
 Gyuen vnto youth, whether it be or age  
 Right often causyth great inconuenyence  
 As ryot mysrule with other sore damage  
 Theyr londe and goodes solde or layde to gage  
 But thou folysshe father art redy to excuse  
 Thy yonge children of theyr synne and abuse

Thou sayst they ar ouer tender to eschewe  
Theyr folysshe maners and they haue no skyl  
To knowe the wayes of goodnes or vertue  
Nor to discern what is gode, what is yll  
Thou blynde dodart these wordes holde thou styll  
Theyr youth can nat excuse thy folysshenes  
He that can yll as well myght lerne goodnes

A yonge hert is as apt to take wysdome  
As is an olde, and if it rotyd be  
It sawyth sede of holy lyfe to come  
Also in children we often tymes se  
Great aptness outwarde and syne of grauyte  
But fyll an erthen pot first with yll lycoure  
And euer after it shall smell somewhat soure

So youth brought vp in lewdnes and in sin  
Shall skant it shrape so clene out of his mynde  
But that styll after some spot wyll byde within  
A lytell twygge plyant is by kynde  
A bygger braunche is harde to bowe or wynde  
But suffer the braunche to a byg tre to growe  
And rather it shall brake than outhere wynde or bowe

Correct thy childe whyle he is lyke a twygge  
Soupyll and plyant, apt to correccion  
It wyll be harde forsoth whan he is bygge  
To brynge his stubron herte to subieccion  
What hurtyth punysshement with moderacion  
Unto yonge children, certaynely no thyng  
It voydeth vyce, gettyng vertue and cunnyng

Say folysshe fader haddest thou leuer se  
Thy sonnes necke vnwrested wyth a rope.  
Than with a rod his skyn shulde brokyn be.  
And oft thou trustest : and hast a stedfast hope  
To se thy son promoted nere as hye as is the Pope  
But yet perchaunce mourne thou shalt ful sore.  
For his shameful ende: fortunéd for lacke of lore.

Some folowe theyr chyldrens wyl and lewde plesour  
So grauntinge them theyr mynde: that after it doth fal  
To theyr great shame: they sorowe and dolour  
As dyd to Priamus a Kynge Imperial  
Whiche suffred his men: his son chefe of them al  
By force from Grece to robbe the fayre Helayne.  
Wherby both Fader and son were after slayne.

With noble Hector and many thousandes mo.  
The Cyte of Troy vnto the ground clene brent.  
I rede in the Cronycles of the Romayns also  
Howe Tarquyne the proude had shame and punysshment :  
For rauysshyng chaste Lucre agaynst hyr assent.  
Wherfore hyrselfe she slewe hyr seyng thus defiled.  
For the which dede this Tarquyn was exiled.

From Rome: wandryng in the Costes of Italy.  
Dyd nat the traytour Catelyne also conspyre  
And many mo sworne to his cruel tyranny  
Agaynst the Romans to oppresse theyr Impyre,  
But he and all his were murdred for theyr hyre,  
And nat vnworthely. Beholde wherto they come  
Which ar nat enfourmed in youth to ensue wysdom.



The son oft foloweth the faders behauour  
And if the fader be discrete and vertuous.  
The son shal suche wayes practyse both day and hour.  
But if that the fader be lewde and vicious  
By falshode lyuyng: and by wayes cautelous.  
The son also the same wayes wyl ensue  
And that moche rather than goodnes or vertue

Therefore it nedeth that better prouysion.  
Were founde for youthe by sad and wyse counsayle  
Far from theyr faders of this condicion.  
And other lewde gydes which myght theyr myndes assayle  
Greuously wyth syn. So were it theyr auayle  
From theyr faders frawde and falshode to declyne  
And them submyt to some lawdable mannys doctryne.

Peleus, somtyme a noble and worthy kynge  
Subdued Achylles vnto the doctryne  
Of phenix whiche was both worthy and cunnyng  
Wherfore Achyllys right gladly dyd enclyne  
With his hert and mynde vnto his disciplyne  
Wherby his name so noble was at the last  
That all Asy in worthynes he past

Ryght so Philippus a kynge worthy of name  
Ouer all Grece made great iniquicion  
To fynde one wyse, sad and laudable of fame  
To Alexander his sonne for to gyue Instruccion  
Founde was great Aristotyl at the conclusion  
Disciple of Plato. whiche in euery Science.  
Infourmed this chylde with parfyte diligence.

Whiche Alexander afterward had so great dignyte.  
What by his strength, his cunnyng, and boldenes.  
That he was lorde both of Londe and See.  
And none durst rebel aganst his worthynes.  
Lo here the lawde, the honour, and nobles.  
Which dothe procede of vertue and doctryne  
But few ar the faders that nowe hereto inclyne.

Fewe ar that forceth nowe adayes to se  
Theyr chyldren taught : or to do any cost  
On som sad man, wyse, and of auctorite :  
Al that is theron bestowed thynke they loste.  
The folyssh Fader oft tymes maketh great boste.  
That he his son to habundant riches shal auance  
But no thynge he speketh of vertuous gouernance.

The feder made but smal shyft or prouysion.  
To induce his Son by vertuous doctryne.  
But whan he is dede and past : moche les shal the son  
To stody of grace his mynde or hert inclyne.  
But abuse his reason : and from al good declyne.  
Alas folysshe faders gyue your aduertence  
To Crates complaynt comprysed in this sentence.

If it were graunted to me to shewe my thought  
Ye follysshe faders Caytifis I myght you cal  
Whiche gather riches to brynge your chylde to nought.  
Gyuyng him occasion forto be prodigal.  
But goode nor cunnyng shewe ye hym none at all.  
But whan ye drawe to age, ye than moste comonly.  
Sorowe for your suffrance. But without remedy.

An olde sore to hele is oft halfe incurable  
Ryght so ar these Chyldren roted in myschefe  
Some after euer lyueth a lyfe abhomynable  
To all theyr Kyn great sorowe and reprefe.  
The one is a murderer the other a fereles thefe,  
The one of god nor goode man hath no fors ne care.  
Another so out wasteth that his frendes ar ful bare.

Some theyr londe and lyuelode in riot out wasteth,  
At cardes, and, tenys, and other vnlawful gamys.  
And some wyth the Dyce theyr thryft away casteth.  
Some theyr soule damnes, and theyr body shames.  
With fleshly lust : which many one dyffamys.  
Spendynge the floures of youth moche vnthryftely.  
On dyuers Braunches that longe to Lechery.

Another delyteth hymselfe in Glotony.  
Etynge and drynkyng without maner, or mesure :  
The more that some drynke : the more they wax drye.  
He is moste Galant whyche lengest can endure.  
Thus without mesure ouercharge they theyr nature.  
So that theyr Soule is loste theyr body and goode is spent.  
For lacke of doctryne, Norture and punysshment.

Se here playne prose, example and euydence  
Howe youthe which is nat norysshed in doctryne.  
In age is gyuen vnto al Inconuenyence.  
But nought shall make youthe soner forto inclyne.  
To noble maners : nor Godly dyscipline :  
Than shal the doctryne of a mayster wyse and sad :  
For the rote of vertue and wysdome therby is had.

Without dout Noblenes is moche excellent  
Whiche oft causeth youth to be had in great honour.  
To haue the name, and lawde they ar content.  
Thoughe it be nat gotten by theyr owne labour.  
But what auayleth them this lewde obscure errour  
Of suche hye byrthe them self to magnify.  
Sythe they defyle it with vice and Uilany.

Why art thou proude thou foul of that nobles  
Whyche is nat gotten by thyne owne vertue.  
By thy goode maners, wyt nor worthynes :  
But this forsothe oft tymes fynde I true  
That of a goode beste, yl whelpes may weshewe.  
In lyke wyse of a Moder that is bothe chast and goode.  
Often is brought forth a ful vngracious Brode.

But though the childe be of lewde condicion  
And of his nature frowarde and varyable  
If the fader be slacke in the correccion  
Of his childe, he onely is culpable  
Whiche wyll nat teche hym maners commendable  
Thus is the fader a fole for his suffraunce  
And the sone also for his mysgouernaunce

THE ENVOY.

Auoyd faders your fauour and suffraunce  
Anenst your children in theyr faute and offence  
Reduce ye clerely vnto your remembraunce  
That many a thousande inconuenyence  
Haue children done by theyr faders negligence  
But to say trouth brefely in one clause  
The fader's fauour onely is the cause

Of tale berers, fals reporters, and  
prometers of stryfes.



Of folys yet fynde I another maner sorte  
Whiche ar cause of brawlynge stryfe and deuysion  
Suche ar dowble tongyd that lesyngys reporte  
Therby trustyng to come to great promosion  
But suche lewde caytyfes at the conclusion  
Bytwene two mylstones theyr legges puttes to grynde  
And for rewarde, theyr confusyon shall they fynde.

Some ar that thynke the pleasoure and ioy of theyr lyfe  
 To brynge men in brawlynge to discorde and debate  
 Enioynge to moue them to chydyng and to stryfe  
 And where loue before was to cause mortall hate  
 With the comonty, and many great estate  
 Suche is moche wors than outhur murderer or thefe  
 For ofte of his talys procedeth grete myschefe

Within his mouth is venym Jeperdous and vyle  
 His tonge styll laboryth lesynges to contryue  
 His mynde styll museth of falshode and on gyle  
 Therwith to trobyll suche as gladly wolde nat stryue  
 Somtyme his wordes as dartis he doth dryue  
 Agaynst good men : for onely his delyte.  
 Is set to sclauder to diffame and bachyte.

And namely them that fautles ar and innocent.  
 Of conscience clene, and maners commendable  
 These dryuyls sclauder, beyng full dilygent.  
 To deuyde, louers that ar moste agreable  
 His tonge Infect his mynde abhomynable  
 Infectyth loue and ouertourneth charyte  
 Of them that longe tyme haue lyuyd in amyte

But he that accused is thus without all faute  
 And so sclaudred of this caytyf vnthryfty  
 Knowyth nought of this ieoperdous assaute  
 For he nought dwteth that is no thyng fauty  
 Thus whyle he nought feryth comyth sodaynly  
 This venemous doloure distaynyng his gode name  
 And so gyltles put to rebuke, and to shame.

Thus if one serche and seke the worlde ouerall  
Than a backbyter nought is more peryllous  
His mynde myscheuous, his wordys ar mortall  
His damnable byt is foule and venemous  
A thousande lyes of gyles odyous  
He castyth out where he wolde haue debate  
Engendrynge murder whan he his tyme can wayt

Where as any frendes lyueth in accorde  
Faythfull and true : this cowarde and caytyf  
With his fals talys them bryngeth to dyscorde  
And with his venym kepeth them in stryfe  
But howe beit that he thus pas forth his lyfe  
Sawynge his sede of debate and myschefe  
His darte oft retourneth to his own reprefe

But nat withstandynge, suche boldely wyl excuse  
His fals dyffamynges : as fautles and innocent.  
If any hym for his dedes worthely accuse  
He couereth his venym : as symple of intent.  
Other ar whiche flater : and to euery thyng assent.  
Before face folowynge the way of adulacion,  
Whiche afterwarde sore hurteth by detraction.

The worlde is nowe alle set on dyffamacion.  
Suche ar moste cherisshed that best can forge a tale.  
Whych shulde be moste had in abhomynacion.  
And so they ar of wyse men without fayle.  
But suche as ar voyde of wysdom and counsaile  
Inclyneth theyr erys to sclander and detraction,  
Moche rather than they wolde to a noble sermon.

But euery Sclanderer, and begynner of stryfe.  
 Lousers of loue, and infecters of Charite.  
 Unworthy ar to lyue here at large in this lyfe.  
 But in derke Dongeon they worthy ar to be.  
 And there to remayne in pryson tyl they dye.  
 For with there yl tungen they labour to destroy  
 Concorde : whiche cause is of loue and of ioy.

An olde quean that hath ben nought al hyr dayes.  
 Whiche oft hath for money hyr body let to hyre  
 Thynketh that al other doth folowe hyr olde wayes.  
 So she and hyr boul felawes syttinge by the fyre.  
 The Boule about walkynge with theyr tungen they conspyre  
 Agaynst goode peple, to sclander them wyth shame.  
 Than shal the noughty doughter lerne of the bawdy dame.

By his warkes knowen is euery creature  
 For if one good, louynge, meke and charitable be.  
 He labours no debates amonge men to procure.  
 But coueyteth to norysse true loue and charite.  
 Where as the other ful of falshode and iniquyte  
 Theyr synguler plesour put to ingender variaunce.  
 But oft theyr folysshe stody retournes to theyr myschaunce

Therefore ye bacbyters that folke thus dyffame  
 Leue of your lewdnes and note wel this sentence.  
 Which Cryst hymself sayd : to great rebuke and shame  
 Unto them that sclandreth a man of Innocence.  
 Wo be to them whych by malyuolence  
 Slandreth or dyffameth any creature.  
 But wel is hym that wyth pacience can indure.



Of hym that wyll nat folowe nor ensue  
good counsell, and necessary.



Of folys yet another sorte doth come  
Vnto our shyp rowynge with great trauayle  
Whiche nought perceyue of doctryne nor wysdome  
And yet dysdayne they to aske wyse counseyll  
Nor it to folowe for theyr owne auayle  
Let suche folys therat haue no dysdayne  
If they alone endure theyr losse and payne

He is a fole that dothe coueyt and desyre  
 To haue the name of wysdome and prudence  
 And yet of one sought thorough a cyte or a shyre  
 None coude be founde of lesse wysdome nor science  
 But whyle he thynketh hym full of sapiencie  
 Crafty and wyse, doutles he is more blynde  
 Than is that fole whiche is out of his mynde

But though he be wyse, and of myght meruaylous  
 Endued with retoryke and with eloquence  
 And of hym selfe both ware and cautelous  
 If he be tachyd with this inconuenyence  
 To dysdayne others counseyll and sentence  
 He is vnwyse, for oft a folys counsayle  
 Tourneth a wyse man to confort and auayle

But specially the read and auysement  
 Of wyse men, discrete, and full of grauyte  
 Helpeth thyne owne, be thou never so prudent  
 To thy purpose gyuyng strength and audacyte.  
 One man alone knowys nat all polycye  
 Thoughe thou haue wysdome cunnyng and scyence  
 Yet hath another moche more experience

Some cast out wordes in paynted eloquence  
 Thynkyng therby to be reputed wyse  
 Thoughe they haue neyther wysdome nor science  
 Suche maner folys them self do exercyse  
 A plughe and teame craftely to deuysse  
 To ere the path that folys erst hath made  
 The trouth vnder glose of suche is hyd and layde

For why, they trust alway to theyr owne mynde  
And furour begon whether it be good or yll  
As if any other, no wyser read coude fynde  
Thus they ensue theyr pryuate folysshe wyll  
Oft in suche maters wherin they haue no skylle  
As did Pyrrus whiche began cruell Batayle  
Agaynst Orestes refusynge wyse counsayle

But folowyd his owne rasshe mynde without auayle  
As blynde and obstynat of his intencion  
Wherfore he was disconfyted in Batayle  
Hymselfe slayne, his men put to confusyon  
If that the Troyans in theyr abusyon  
With false Parys, had confourmed theyr intent  
To Helenns counsayle Troy had nat ben brent.

For that Priamus his mynde wolde nat aply  
To the counseyll of Cassandra Prophetes  
The grekys distroyed a great parte of Asy  
Hector also by his selfwyllydnes  
Was slayne with Peyn for all his doughtynes  
Of Achylles in open and playne Batayle  
For nat folowyng of his faders counsayle

If Hector that day had byddyn within Troy  
And vnto his fader bene obedient  
Perchaunce he sholde haue lyuyd in welth and ioy  
Longe tyme after and come to his intent  
Whereas his body was with a spere through rent  
Of the sayd Achyllys cruell and vnkynde  
Alas for suyng his owne selfwyllyd mynde

I rede of Nero moche cursed and cruell  
 Whiche to wyse counsayle hymself wolde nat agre  
 But in all myschef all other dyd excell  
 Delytynge hym in synne and crueltye  
 But howe dyde he ende forsoth in myserye  
 And at the last as wery of his lyfe  
 Hymselfe he murdred with his owne hand and knyfe

The Bybyll wytnessyth howe the prophete Thoby  
 Gaue his dere sone in chefe commaundement  
 That if he wolde lyue sure without ieoperdy  
 He sholde sue the counsayle of men wyse and prudent  
 The story of Roboam is also euydent  
 Whiche for nat suyng of counseyll and wysdome  
 Lost his Empyre, his scepter and kyngdome

If that it were nat for cawse of breuyte  
 I coude shewe many of our predecessours  
 Whiche nat folowyng counceyll of men of grauyte  
 Soone haue decayed from theyr olde honours  
 I rede of Dukes, Kynges, and Emperours  
 Whiche dispysynge the counsayle of men of age  
 Haue after had great sorowe and damage.

For he suerly whiche is so obstynate  
 That onely he trusteth to his owne blyndnes  
 Thynkyng all wysdome within his dotyng pate  
 He often endyth in sorowe and dystres  
 Wherefore let suche theyr cours swyftly adress  
 To drawe our Plough, and depe to ere the ground  
 That by theyr laboure all folys may be founde.

THE ENVOY OF ALEXANDER BARCLAY THE TRANSLATOUR.

O man vnauysed, thy blyndnes set asyde  
Knowledge thy owne foly thy statelynes expel  
Let nat for thy eleuate mynde nor folysshe pryde.  
To order thy dedes by goode and wyse counsel  
Howbeit thou thynke thy reason doth excel  
Al other mennys wyt. yet oft it doth befall.  
Anothers is moche surer : and thyn the worst of all.

Of disordred and vngoodly maners.



Drawe nere ye folys of lewde condicion  
Of yll behaoure gest and countenance  
Your proude lokys, disdayne and derysyon  
Expresseth your inwarde folysse ignoraunce  
Nowe wyll I touche your mad mysgoueraunce  
Whiche hast to foly, And folysse company  
Treylynge your Baybll in sygne of your foly

In this our tyme small is the company  
That haue good maners worthy of reuerence  
But many thousandes folowe vylany  
Prone to all synne and inconuenyence  
Stryuyng who sonest may come to all offence  
Of lewde condicions and vnlefulnesse  
Blyndnes of yll, and defylyd folysshenesse

All myserable men alas haue set theyr mynde  
On lothsome maners clene destytute of grace  
Theyr iyen dymmyd, theyr hertes are so blynde  
That heuenly ioy none forceth to purchase  
Both yonge and olde procedeth in one trace  
With ryche and pore without all dyfference  
As bonde men subdued to foly and offence

Some ar busshed theyr bonetes, set on syde.  
Some waue theyr armys and hede to and fro  
Some in no place can stedfastly abyde  
More wylde and wanton than outhur buk or do  
Some ar so proude that on fote they can nat go  
But get they must with countenaunce vnstable  
Shewyng them folys, frayle and varyable

Some chyde that all men do them hate  
Some gygyll and lawgh without grauyte  
Some thynkes, hymselfe a gentylman or state  
Though he a knaue caytyf and bonde churle be  
These folys ar so blynde them self they can nat so  
A yonge boy that is nat worth an onyon  
With gentry or presthode is felowe and companyon.

Brybours and Baylyes that lyue upon towlynge  
 Are in the world moche set by nowe a dayes  
 Sergeauntis and Catchpolls that lyue upon powlynge  
 Courters and caytyfs begynners of frayes  
 Lyue styll encreasyng theyr vnhappy wayes  
 And a thousande mo of dyuers facultyes  
 Lyue auautyng the of theyr enormytees.

Within the chirche and euery other place  
 These folys use theyr lewde condicions  
 Some starynge some cryeng some haue great solace  
 In rybawde wordes, some in deuysyons  
 Some them delyte in scornes and derysons  
 Some pryde ensueth and some glotony.  
 Without all norture gyuen to vylany

Theyr lyfe is folysse lothsome and vnstable  
 Lyght brayned, theyr herte and mynde is inconstant  
 Theyr gate and loke proude and abhomynable  
 They haue nor order as folys ignorant  
 Chaungyng theyr myndes thryse in one instant  
 Alas this lewdnes and great enormyte  
 Wyll them nat suffer theyr wretchydnes to se

Thus ar these wretchyd caytyfes fully blynde  
 All men and wymen that good ar doth them hate  
 But he that with good maners endueth his mynde  
 Auoydeth this wrath hatered and debate  
 His dedes pleaseth both comonty and estate  
 And namely suche as ar good and laudable  
 Thynketh his dedes right and commendable



As wyse men sayth : both vertue and cunnyng  
Honoure and worshyp grace and godlynes  
Of worthy maners take theyr begynnyng  
And fere also asswagyth wantones.  
Subduynge the furour of youtnes wyfulnes  
But shamefastnes trowth constance and probyte  
Both yonge and olde bryngeth to great dignyte.

These foresayde vertues with charite and peas.  
Together assembled stedfast in mannys mynde.  
Cawseth his honour and worthynes to encreas.  
And his godly lyfe a godly ende shal fynde  
But these lewde caytyfs which doth theyr myndes blynde  
With corrupt maners lyuyng vnappely.  
In shame they lyue and wretchedly they dye.

Of brekyng and hurtyng of amyte and  
frendshyp.



He that iniustyce vseth and greuance  
Agaynst all reason lawe and equyte  
By vyolent force puttynge to vtterauce  
A symple man full of humylyte  
Suche by his lewdnes and iniquyte.  
Makyth a graue wherin hym selfe shall lye.  
And lewdly he dyeth that lyueth cruellye.

A Fole frowarde cruell and vntrewe  
Is he whiche by his power wrongfully  
His frendes and subiectes laboures to subdewe  
Without all lawe, but clene by tyranny  
Therefore thou Juge thy erys se thou aply  
To right Justyce and set nat thyne intent  
By wrath or malyce to be to vyolent.

It is nat lawfull to any excellent  
Or myghty man, outhur lawyer or estate  
By cruelnes to oppresse an innocent  
Ne by pryde and malyce Justyce to violate  
The law transposynge after a frowarde rate  
With proude wordes defendynge his offence  
God wot oft suche haue symple conscience

O that he cursed is and reprouable  
Whiche day and nyght stodyeth besely  
To fynde some meanes false and detestable  
To put his frende to losse or hurte therby  
Our hertes ar fully set on vylany  
There ar right fewe of hye or lowe degre  
That luste to norysshe trewe loue and amyte

Alas exyled is godly charyte  
Out of our Royalme we all ar so vnkynde  
Our folys settyth gretter felycyte  
On golde and goodes than on a faythfull frynde  
Awake blynde folys and call vnto your mynde  
That though honest ryches be moche commendable  
Yet to a true frende it is nat comparable

Of all thynges loue is moste profytable  
 For the right order of lowe and amyte  
 Is of theyr maners to be agreable  
 And one of other haue mercy and pyte  
 Eche doynge for other after theyr degre  
 And without falshode this frendeshyp to mayntayne  
 And nat departe for pleasour nor for payne

But alas nowe all people haue dysdayne  
 On suche frendshyp for to set theyr delyte  
 Amyte we haue exyled out certayne  
 We lowe oppressyon to sclaunder and bacbyte  
 Extorcyon hath strength, pyte gone is quyte  
 Nowe in the worlde suche frendes ar there none  
 As were in Grece many yeres agone.

Who lyst thystory of Patroclus to rede  
 There shall he se playne wryten without fayle  
 Howe whan Achyllys gaue no force nor hede  
 Agaynst the Troyans to execute batayle  
 The sayd Patroclus dyd on the aparayle  
 Of Achylles, and went forth in his steade  
 Agaynst Hector: but lyghtly he was dede.

But than Achylles seyng this myschaunce.  
 Befallen his frende whiche was to hym so true.  
 He hym addressyd shortly to take vengeaunce.  
 And so in Batayle the noble Hector slewe  
 And his dede cors after his charot drewe.  
 Upon the grounde traylynge ruthfully behynde  
 Se howe he auengyd Patroclus his frende.

The hystory also of Orestes dothe expresse  
Whiche whan agamenon his fader was slayne  
By egystus whiche agaynst rightwysnes  
The sayde Orestis moder dyd meyntayne  
The childe was yonge wherfore it was but wayne  
In youth to stryue, but whan he came to age  
His naturall moder slewe he in a rage

And also Egystus whiche had his fader slayne  
Thus toke he vengeaunce of both theyr cruelnes  
But yet it grewe to his great care and payne  
For sodaynly he fell in a madnesse  
And euer thought that in his furiousnes  
His moder hym sued flamynge full of fyre  
And euer his deth was redy to conspyre

Orestes troubled with this fereful vysyon  
As franatyke and mad wandred many a day  
Ouer many a countrey londe and regyon  
His frende Pylades folowyng hym alway  
In payne nor wo he wolde hym nat deny  
Tyll he restoryd agayne was to his mynde  
Alas what frynde may we fynde nowe so kynde.

Of dymades what shall I lawde or wryte.  
And Pythias his felawe amyable  
Whiche in eche other suche loue had and delyte  
That whan Denys a tyrant detestable  
And of his men some to hym agreable  
Wolde one of them haue mordred cruelly  
Echone for other offred for to dye

Ualerius wrytyth a story longe and ample  
Of Lelius and of worthy Cipio.  
Whiche of trewe loue hath left vs great example  
For they neuer left in doloure wele nor wo  
I rede in thystory of Theseus also :  
Howe he (as the Poetes fables doth tell)  
Folowyd his felawe perothus in to hell.

And serchyng hym dyd wander and compas  
Those lothsome flodys and wayes tenebrous  
Ferynge no paynes of that dysordred place  
Nor obscure mystes or ayres odyous  
Tyll at the laste by his wayes cautelous  
And Hercules valyaunt dedes of boldnesse  
He gat Perothus out of that wretchydnesse.

Alas where ar suche frendes nowe a dayes  
Suerly in the worlde none suche can be founde  
All folowe theyr owne profyte and lewde wayes  
None vnto other coueytys to be bounde  
Brekers of frendshyp ynough ar on the grounde  
Whiche set nought by frendshyp so they may haue good  
All suche in my shyp shall haue a folys hode

THE ENVOY OF BARKLAY TO THE FOLYS.

Ye cruell folys full of ingratitude.  
Aryse be asshamyd of your iniquyte  
Mollyfy your hertes vnkynde stuberne and rude  
Graffynge in them true loue and amyte  
Consyder this prouerbe of antyquyte  
And your vnkyndnes weray ban and curse  
For whether thou be of hy or lowe degre  
Better is a frende in courte than a peny in purse

Of contempt, or dispisyng of holy  
scripture.



He that gyueth his erys or credence  
To euery folys talys or talkyng  
Thynkyng more wysdome and fruytfull sentence  
In theyr vayne talys than is in the redyng  
Of boke whiche shewe vs the way of godly lyuyng  
And soulys helth : forsoth suche one is blynde  
And in this shyp the anker shall vp wynde.

Suche as dispyseth auntyent scripture  
 Whiche prouyd is of great auctoryte  
 And hath no pleasoure felycyte or cure  
 Of godly Prophetis whiche wrote of veryte  
 A fole he is for his moste felycyte  
 Is to byleue the tales of an olde wyfe  
 Rather than the doctryne of eternall lyfe

The holy Bybyll grounde of trowth and of lawe  
 Is nowe of many abiect and nought set by  
 Nor godly scripture is nat worth an hawe  
 But talys ar louyd grounde of rybawdry  
 And many blynddyd ar so with theyr foly  
 That no scripture thynke they so true nor gode  
 As is a folysshe yest of Robyn hode.

He that to scripture wyll not gyue credence  
 Wherin ar the armys of our tucion  
 And of our fayth fundacion and defence  
 Suche one ensueth nat the condycion  
 Of man resonable, but by abusyon  
 Lyuyth as a best of consyence cruell  
 As saue this worlde were neyther heuen nor hell.

He thinketh that there is no god aboue  
 Nor nobler place than is this wretchyd grounde  
 Nor goddes power suche neyther fere nor loue  
 With whom all grace and mercy doth aboude  
 Whiche whan hym lyst vs wretches may confoude  
 Alas what auayleth to gyue instruccion  
 To suche lewde folys of this condycion.



It nought auayleth vnto them to complayne  
Of theyr blyndnes, nor enfourme them with vertue  
Theyr cursed lyfe wyll by no mean refrayne  
Their viciousnes, nor their erreure eschewe  
But rather study theyr foly to renewe  
Alas what profytis to suche to expresse.  
The heuenly ioy, rewarde of holynesse.

Alas what auayleth to suche to declare  
The paynes of hell, wo dissolate and derke  
No wo nor care can cause suche to beware  
From their lewde lyfe corrupt and synfull warke  
What profyteth sermons of any noble clarke  
Or godly lawes taught at any Scolys  
For to reherse to these myscheuous folys.

What helpeth the Prophetis scripture or doctryne  
Unto these folys obstynate and blynde  
Their hertis ar harde, nat wyllynge to encline  
To theyr preceptis nor rote them in theyr mynde  
Nor them byleue as Cristen men vnkynde  
For if that they consydred heuen or hell  
They wolde nat be so cursed and cruell

And certaynly the trouth apereth playne  
That these folys thynke in theyr intent  
That within hell is neyther car nor payne  
Hete nor colde, woo, nor other punysshement  
Nor that for synners is ordeyned no turment  
Thus these mad folys wandreth euery houre  
Without amendement styll in theyr blynde erreure

Before thy fete thou mayst beholde and se  
 Of our holy fayth the bokys euident  
 The olde lawes and newe layde ar before the  
 Expressynge christes tryumphe right excellent  
 But for all this set is nat thyne intent  
 Theyr holy doctryne to plant within thy brest  
 Wherof shold procede ioy and eternall rest

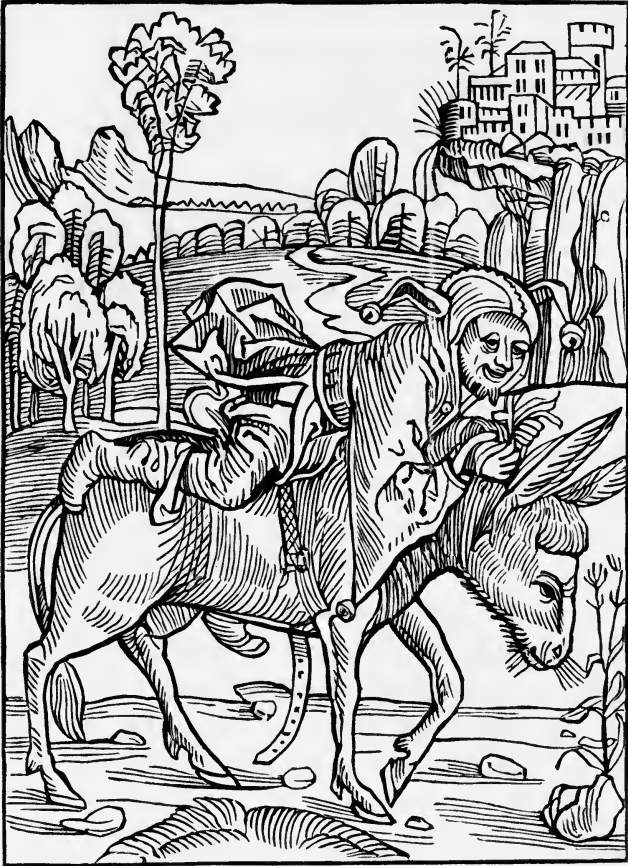
Trowest thou that thy selfe wylyd ignoraunce  
 Of godly lawes and mystycall doctryne  
 May cense or excuse thy blynde mys gouernaunce  
 Or lewde erreure, whiche scorne hast to inclyne  
 To theyr preceptis: and from thy synne declyne  
 Nay nay thy cursed ignoraunce sothly shall  
 Drowne thy soule in the depe flodes infernall

Therefore let none his cursydnes defende  
 Nor holy doctryne, nor godly bokes dispyse.  
 But rather stody his fawtes to amende  
 For god is aboue all our dedes to deuyse  
 Whiche shall rewarde them in a ferefull wyse  
 With mortall wo that euer shall endure  
 Whiche haue dyspysyd his doctryne and scripture

BARCLAY TO THE FOLYS.

Out of your slomber folys I rede you ryse.  
 Scripture dyuyne, to folowe and inbrace  
 Be nat so bolde it to leue nor dispyse  
 But you enforce it to get and purchase  
 Remember mannys confort and solace.  
 Is holy closyd within the boke of lyfe  
 Who that it foloweth hath a speciall grace  
 But he that doth nat a wretche is and caytyfe

Of folys without prouysyon.



He is a fole forsoth and worse  
That to his saddyll wolde lepe on hye  
Before or he haue gyrt his horse  
For downe he comys with an euyl thee  
But as great a fole forsoth is he  
And to be lawghed to derysion.  
That ought begynneth without prouysyon

Of other folys yet is a moche number  
 Whom I wolde gladly brynge to intellygence  
 To auoyde their blyndnes which sore doth incomber  
 Theyr mynde and herte for lackynge of science  
 Suche ar vnware and gyuen to neglygence  
 Mad and mysmyndyd pryuete of wysdome  
 Makynge no prouysyon for the tyme to come.

If any mysfortune aduersyte or wo  
 As often hapnyth, to suche a fole doth fall  
 Than sayth he I thought it wolde nat haue be so  
 But than ouer late is it agayne to call  
 It is nat ynough thou fole to say I shall  
 For this one daye prouyde me by wysdome  
 A wyse man seyth peryll longe before it come

He is vnwyse and of prouysyon pore  
 That nought can se before he haue damage  
 Whan the stede is stolyn to shyte the stable dore  
 Comys small pleasoure profyte or vantage  
 But he that can suche folysshenes asswage  
 Begynnyng by counsayll, and fore prouydence  
 Is sure to escape all inconuenyence

Whan Adam tastyd the appyll in Paradyse.  
 To hym prohybyte by dyuine commaundement  
 If he had noted the ende of his interpryse  
 To Eue he wolde nat haue ben obedyent  
 Thus he endured right bytter punysshement  
 For his blynde erreure and improuydence  
 That all his lynage rue sore for his offence.

Hymselfe dryuyn out from Paradyce all bare  
With Eue, into this vale of wretchydnes  
To get theyr lyuyng with laboure payne and care  
And also if Jonathas by errour and blyndnes  
Had nat receyued the gyftis of falsnes  
Unto hym gyuen of Tryphon by abusyon  
He sholde haue escapyd great confusyon

If that he before had notyd craftely  
His enemyes gyftis of frawde full and of treason  
He myght haue sauyd hymselfe from ieoperdy  
And all his people by prouydence and reason  
Where as he blynde was as at that season  
And to a cyte broughte in by a trayne  
Where he was murdred and all his people slayne

Julius Cesar the chefe of conquerours  
Was euer warre and prudent of counsayle  
But whan he had obteyned great honours  
And drewe to rest as wery of Batayle  
Than his vnwarnes causyd hym to wayle  
For if he had red with good aduysement  
The letter whiche to the counsellous was sent

He had nat gyuen his owne iugement  
As he dyd by his foly and neglygenc  
For whiche he murdred was incontynent  
Without respect had vnto his excellence  
Alas se here what inconuenyence  
Came to this Emperour hye and excellent  
For nat beyng wyse dyscrete and prouydent

If Nichanor before had noted well  
 The ende of his dedes he had nat be slayne  
 By Judas and the children of Israell  
 His hande and tunge cut of to his great payne  
 And than his hede, as the bybyll sheweth playne  
 Thus may all knowe that wyll therto entende  
 Wherto they come that caryth nat the ende

But he that begynneth by counsayll and wysdome  
 Alway procedynge with good prouysyon  
 Notynge what is past and what is for to come  
 Suche folowys godly scripture and monycion  
 In happy wayes without transgressyon  
 Of goddes lawes, and his commaundement  
 And often tymes comys to his intent.

Thus it appereth playne and euydent  
 That wyse prouysyon, profe and good counsayle  
 Are moche laudable, and also excellent  
 And to mankynde great profyte and auayle.  
 Where as those folys haue often cause to wayle  
 For theyr mysfortune, in sorowe vexed sore  
 Whiche ought begyn nat prouydyd before

THE ENVOY OF ALEXANDER BARCLAY.

O man remember thou canste nat abyde  
 Styll in this lyfe therefore moste specially  
 For thy last ende thou oughtest to prouyde.  
 For that prouysion forsoth is most godly  
 And than next after thy mynde thou ought aply  
 To fle offence, and bewayle thyne olde synne  
 And in all workes and besynes worldly  
 What may be the ende marke well or thou begynne

Of disordred loue and veneryous.



Here drawe we folys mad together bounde  
Whom Uenus caught hath in hyr net a snare  
Whose blynde hertes this forour doth confounde  
Theyr lyfe consumyng in sorowe shame and care  
Many one she blyndeth alas fewe can beware  
Of hyr dartes hedyd with shame and vylany  
But he that is wondyd can skant ynde remedy

O cruel Uenus forsoth who doth insue  
Thy flaterynge gylys and proude commaundement  
And hastyth nat the dartis to eschewe  
Of blynde Cupido but folowys his intent  
Suche folys endure moche sorowe and turment  
Wastyng their goodes dishonestyng their name  
As past fere of god and sekyng after shame

Howe many yllys, what inconuenyence  
Howe great vengeaunce, and howe bytter punysshement  
Hath god oft takyn for this synne and offence  
Howe many Cytees hye and excellent  
Hath Uenus lost, destroyed, and alto brent  
What lordes and howe many a great estate  
Hath loue lost, murdred, or els brought in debate

The noble Troyans murdred ar and slayne  
Their cyte brent, decayde is their kyngdome  
Their kynge pryant by pyrrus dede and slayne  
And all this by Parys vnhappy loue is come  
Whiche voyde of grace and blynde without wysdome  
To fyll his lust, from Grece rubbyd Helayne,  
But this one pleasour was grounde of moche payne

Also Marcus a Prynce of the Romayns  
Called Antonius by another name  
After that he had ouercome the persyans  
To Rome retournyd with tryumphe lawde and fame  
And there (whiche after was to his great shame)  
With cleopatra in loue was take so in blyndnes  
That he promysyd to make hir empresse



So this blynde loue to fyll his interpryse  
Caused his men two hondred shyppes ordayne  
And toke the see wenyng in suche fourme and wyse  
His lewde desyre : to perfourme and obteyne  
But shortly after was he ouercome and slayne  
Of Cesar : and whan he this purpose vnderstode  
He bathed his Corse within his lemmans blode

For two serpentis that venemus were and fell  
Were set to the brestis of fayre Cleopatray  
So this cruell purpose had punysshement cruell  
For theyr intendynge theyr countrey to betray  
And worthy they were, what man can it deny  
Thus it apereth playne by euydence  
That of false loue cometh great inconuenyence

For he that loueth is voyde of all reason  
Wandryng in the worlde without lawe or mesure  
In thought and fere sore vexed eche season  
And greuous dolours in loue he must endure  
No creature hym selfe may well assure  
From loues soft dartis : I say none on the grounde  
But mad and folysshe bydes he whiche hath the wounde

Aye rennyng as franatyke no reason in his mynde  
He hath no constaunce nor ease within his herte  
His iyen ar blynde, his wyll alwaye inclnyed  
To louys preceptes yet can nat he departe  
The Net is stronge, the fole caught can nat starte  
The darte is sharpe, who euer is in the chayne  
Can nat his sorowe in vysage hyde nor fayne

Rede howe Phedra hir loue fixed so feruent  
On ypolitus in prohybyte auowtry.  
That whan he wolde nat vnto hir consent  
To hir husbonde she accused hym falsly  
As if he wolde hir tane by force to vylany  
Ipolitus was murdred for this accusation  
But Phedra for wo hanged hyrself incontynent

The lewde loue of Phasyphe abhomynable  
As poetis sayth) brought hir to hir confusyon  
Nero the cruell Tyrant detestable.  
His naturall mother knewe by abusyon  
Uenus and Cupido with their collusyon.  
Enflamyd Messalina in suche wyse  
That euery nyght hir selfe she wolde disgyse

And secretly go to the brothelhaus  
For to fulfyll hir hote concupyssence  
What shall I wryte the dedes vicious  
Of Julia or, hir cruell offence.  
What shall I wryte the inconuenyence  
Whiche came by Danythys cursed auowtry  
Syth that the bybyll it shewyth openly

What shall I wryte the greuous forfayture  
Of Sodom and Gomor syns the Bybyll doth tell  
Of their synnes agaynst god and nature  
For whiche they sanke alyue downe into hell.  
Thus it aperith what punysshement cruell.  
Our lorde hath taken both in the olde lawe and newe  
For this synne : whiche sholde vs moue it to eschewe

ALEXANDER BARKLAY TO THE FOLYS.

Ye folys inflamyd with loue inordynate.  
Note these examples, drawe from this vyce your mynde  
Remember that there is none so great estate  
But that false loue hym causeth to be blynde  
Our folysshe wymen may nat be left behynde  
For many of them so folowys in this way  
That they sell theyr soules and bodyes to go gay

The graceles galantes, and the aprentyce pore  
Though they nought haue, themselfe they set nought by  
Without they be acquaynted with some hore  
Of westmynster or some other place of rybawdry  
Than fall they to murder theft and robbery.  
For were nat proude clothynge, and also flesshely lust  
All the feters and gyues of Englonde shulde rust.

Therefore folys awake, and be no longer blynde  
Consyder that shame, seknes, and pouertye  
Of loue procedeth : and drawe from it your mynde  
Suffre not your soules damned and lost to be  
By vayne lust and carnall sensualyte  
For though the small pleasure do make the fayne  
The ende oft is worldly wo and myserye  
Or amonge the fendes eternall payne

Of them y<sup>t</sup> synne trustynge vpon the  
mercy of god.



Who that styll synneth without contricion  
Trustynge goddes mercy and benygnyte  
Bycause he sparyth our transgressyon  
And he that thynketh iustice and equyte  
Is nat in god as well as is petye  
Suche is forsoth without disressyon  
Syns he thus synneth vpon presumpcion

The wynde is up our Nauy is aflote  
A bande of Folyes a borde is come yet more  
Theyr cursed maners and mad I shall nowe note  
Whose herte for synne is neyther contryte ne sore  
Nat mornynge (as they ought to do) therefore  
Without fere styll luyng in theyr vyciousnes  
No thyng inclined to godly holynes

They thynke no thyng on goddes rightwysnes  
But grounde them all, on his mercy and pyte  
For that he redyer is vnto forgeuenesse  
Unto all people, than them punysshed to se  
Trowth it is that the great enormyte  
Of the worlde hathe nat aye worthy punysshement  
Nor he nat damnyd that doth his synne repent

Put case he gyuyth nat aye lyke ingement  
On mannys mysdede, nor yet mundayne offence  
And though he be gode meke and pacyent  
Nor shortly punyssheth our inconuenyence  
Put case also he gyue nat aduertence  
To all mundayne fawtes synne and fragylyte  
Yet none sholde synne in hope of his mercy

But these folys assembled in a companye  
Sayth eche to other that oft it is lafull  
To perseuerant synners luyng in iniquyte  
Yo trust in god syns he is mercyfull  
What nedeth vs our wyttis for to dull  
Labourynge our synne and foly to refrayne  
Syns synne is a thyng naturall and humayne

Than sayth another forsooth thou sayst playne  
 And also our fore Faders and progenitours  
 Before our dayes offendyd haue certayne.  
 As well as we, in many blynde errors  
 But syns they haue escapyd all paynes and dolours  
 Of hell; and nowe in heuyn ar certayne  
 What nede haue we to fere infernall payne.

Than comys in an other with his dotysshe brayne  
 By god sayth he I knowe it without fable  
 That heuyn was made neyther for gose nor crane  
 Nor yet for other bestes vnresonable  
 Than of the Scripture doth he Chat and bable  
 Alleggyng our forefaders whiche haue mysdone  
 Saynge that no synne is newe in our season

A miserable men destytute of reason.  
 That thus on hope do synne vnhappely  
 Remember the synne of our forefaders done  
 Haue neuer ben left vnpunysshed fynally  
 And that somtyme, full sharpe and bytterly  
 For euer more all synne hath had a fall  
 With sorowe here, or els wo infernall

The synne of Sodom foule and nat natural  
 The Pryde of rome, whiche was so excellent  
 The offence of Dauyd Prophete and kyng royal  
 The furour of Pharao fyers and violent  
 Haue nat escaped the rightwyse punysshment  
 Of God aboue, the celestial and highe Justice  
 Which fyrst, or last punyssheth euery vyce.

Remember Richarde lately kynge of price  
In Englonde raynynge vnrightwisely a while.  
Howe he ambycion, and gyleful Couetyse  
With innocent blode his handes dyd defyle  
But howbeit that fortune on hym dyd smyle  
Two yere or thre: yet god sende hym punysshment  
By his true seruant the rede Rose redolent.

Therefore remember that god omnypotent  
Oft suffreth synners in theyr iniquyte  
Grauntynge them space and tyme of amendement  
And nat to procede in their enormyte  
But those synners that byde in one degre  
And in this lyfe their synne wyll nat refrayne  
God after punyssheth with infernall payne

As I haue sayde (therfore) I say agayne  
Though god be of infynyte pety and mercy  
His fauour and grace passynge all synne mundayne  
Yet iustice is with hym eternally.

Wherefore I aduise the to note intently  
Though pyte wolde spare, iustyce wyll nat so  
But the here rewarde, els with infernal wo.

ALEXANDER BARKLAY TO THE FOLYS.

Syghe synners, syghe, for your mysgouernance.  
Lament, mourne, and sorowe for your enormyte.  
Away with these Clowdes of mysty ignorance  
Syn nat in hope of goddys hyghe petye  
And remember howe ye daily punysshed be  
With dyuers dyseases both vncouthe and cruel  
And all for your synne, but suche as escapeth fre  
And styl lyue in syn, may fere the peynes of helle

Of the folisse begynnyng of great  
bilynges without sufficient prouision.



Come nere folys and rede your ignorance  
And great losse procedyng of your owne folly  
Whiche without gode and discrete purueaunce  
Any great werke wyll bylde or edefye.  
All suche ar folys what man wyll it deny  
For he that wyll bylde before he count his cost  
Shall seldome well ende, so that is made is lost.



Who euer begynneth any worke or dede  
Of byldyng or of other thyng chargeable  
And to his costes before taketh no hede  
Nor tyme nat countyth to his worke agreable  
Suche is a fole and well worthy a babyll  
For he that is wyse wyll no thyng assay  
Without he knowe howe he well ende it may.

The wyse man counteth his cost before alway  
Or he begyn, and nought wyll take in honde  
Wherto his myght or power myght deny  
His costes confourmyng to the stynt of his londe  
Where as the fole that nought doth vnderstonde  
Begynneth a byldyng without aduysment  
But or halfe be done his money clene is spent.

Many haue begon with purpose dilygent  
To bylde great houses and pleasaunt mansyons  
Them thynkyng to finysse after theyr intent  
But nede disceyuyd hath theyr opynyons  
Their purpose nat worth a cowpyll of onyons  
But whan they se that they it ende nat can  
They curse the tyme that euer they it began

Of Nabugodosor that worthy man.  
What shall I wryte or the story to the tell  
Syth that the Bybyll to the expresse it can  
In the fourth chapter of the prophete Danyell  
Was he nat punysshed in paynes cruell  
For his great pryde and his presumption  
Whiche he toke it in the byldyng of Babylon

His golde and treasure he spendyd hole theron  
 Enioynge hym in his Cyte excellent  
 Right so Nemroth by his inuencion  
 'The towre of Babylon began for this intent  
 To saue hym, if the worlde agayne were drent  
 But the hye god consyderynge his blynde rage  
 His purpose let by confusyon of langage

His towre vnperfyte to his losse and damage  
 His people punysshed, hymselfe specyally  
 Thus it apereth what great disauauntage  
 On theyr hede falleth that byldeth in foly  
 Thus he is folysshe that wolde edefy  
 Any great worke without ryches in excesse  
 For great byldynges requyreth great rychesse

But many folys ar in suche a blyndnesse  
 That hereon nought they set their mynde ne thought  
 Wherefore to them oft commyth great distresse  
 And to great pouerty often ar they brought  
 Laughed to scorne, their purpose cometh to nought  
 And truely I fynde in bokes wryten playne  
 That our olde faders haue neuer set theyr brayne

On great byldyng, ne yet of them ben fayne:  
 It longeth to a lorde a Prynce or a Kyng  
 That lacke no treasure theyr werkes to mayntayne  
 To set theyr myndes on excellent buyldyng  
 Therefore who so euer wyll meddle with this thyng  
 Or any other, before let hym be wyse  
 That his myght and ryches therto may suffyse.

Lyst all men do mocke and scorne his interpryse  
For if he ought begyn without prouysyon  
And haue nat wherby his byldynge may up ryse  
All that is lost that is made and begon  
And better it is sothly in myn intencion  
Nought to begyn, and spare laboure and payne  
Than to begyn and than, leue of agayne

Who euer he be that so doth certayne  
He shall haue mockis mengled with his damage  
Therefore let suche folys sharpe theyr brayne  
And better intende to theyr owne auauantage  
Consyderynge that processe of tyme and age  
Theyr curyous byldynges shall at the lest confounde  
And Roufe and wallys make egall with the grounde.

BARKLAY TO THE FOLYS.

Ye folys blyndyd with curyosyte  
Whiche on great byldynge set so sore your mynde  
Remember ye nat that doutles ye shall dye  
And your gay byldynges and howses leue behynde  
Thynke ye your conforte alway in them to fynde  
Or whan ye dye, them hens with you to haue  
Nay nay the laste hous gyuen to mankynde  
Is the course grounde and walles of his graue.

## Of glotons and dronkardes.



That gloton or dronkarde, vyle in goddes sight  
Shall hardly escape the weyght of pouertye.  
Whiche drynketh and deuoureth both day and nyght  
Therin onely settinge all his felycyte  
His lothsome lust and his bestyalyte  
Shall brynge vnto destruccion fynally  
His soule, his godes and his wretchyd body.

Within our nauy he nedes shall haue a place.  
Whiche without mesure on lothsome glotony  
Setteth his pleasure and singuler solace  
His stomacke ouerchargynge, vyle and vngodely  
And to none other thyng his mynde doth he aply  
Saue depest to drynke, suche force nat of theyr soules  
But labore in rynsynge pecis cuppis and bowles

The madnes of dronkennes is so immoderate  
That greuous sores it ingendreth and sykenes  
It causeth often great foly and debate  
With soden deth and carefull heuynes  
In thynges no difference putteth dronkennes.  
It febleth the ioyntis and the body within  
Wastynge the brayne makynge the wyt full thyn

It engendreth in the hede infirmyte  
Blyndynge the herte wyt and discession  
The mynde it demynyssheth, coloure and beaute.  
Causynge all myschef, shame and abusyon  
It maketh men mad, and in conclusyon  
Causeth them lyue without lawe or mesure  
Suyng after syn defylynge theyr nature

The people that are acloyed with this synne.  
On no thyng els theyr myndes wyll aply :  
Saue to the wyne and ale stakes to renne  
And there as bestes to stryue and drynke auy  
Than ar they outhere gyuyn to rybawdry  
Or els to brawle and fight at euery worde  
Thus dronkennes is the chefe cause of discorde

But namely dronkennes and wretchyd glotony  
 By their excesse and superfluyte  
 Engendreth the rote of cursed Lechery  
 With murder, thefte and great enormyte  
 So bryngeth it many to great aduersyte  
 And with his furour the worlde so doth it blynde  
 That many it bryngeth to a shamfull ende

This vyce (alas) good maners doth confounde  
 And maketh man ouer besy of langage  
 And hym that in all ryches doth abounde  
 It ofte in pryson bryngeth and in bondage  
 It causeth man to his great sorowe and damage  
 Disclose his secrete and his preuey counsayle  
 Whiche causeth hym after sore to mourne and wayle

Nought is more lothsome, more vycious nor vyle  
 Than he that is subdued to this vyce  
 His lyfe shortynge his body he doth defyle  
 Bereuyng his soule the ioy of Paradyse  
 Howe many Cytees and lordes of great pryce  
 Hath ben destroyed by dronken glotony  
 And by his felawe, false loue, or lechery.

The sone of Thomyr had nat ben ouercome  
 Nor slayne by Cyrus for all his worthynes.  
 If he hym selfe had gydyd by wysdome  
 And the vyce auoydyd of blynde dronkennes  
 The great Alexander taken with this madnes  
 With his swerde, whan he was dronken slewe  
 Suche of his frendes as were to hym most trewe

I rede also howe this conquerour myghty  
Upon a season played at the Chesse  
With one of his knyghtes which wan ynally  
Of hym great golde treasoure and rychesse  
And hym ouercame, but in a furyousnes  
And lade with wyne, this conquerour vp brayde  
And to his knyght in wrath these wordes sayde

I haue subdued by strength and by wysdome  
All the hole worlde, whiche obeyeth to me  
And howe hast thou alone me thus ouercome  
And anone commaundyd his knyght hanged to be  
Than sayde the knyght by right and equyte  
I may apele. syns ye ar thus cruell  
Quod Alexander to whome wylt thou apell

Knowest thou any that is gretter than I  
Thou shalt be hanged thou spekest treason playne  
The knyght sayd sauynge your honour certaynly  
I am no traytoure, apele I woll certayne  
From dronken Alexander tyll he be sober agayne  
His lorde than herynge his desyre sounde to reason  
Differryd the iustyce as for that tyme and season

And than after whan this furour was gone  
His knyght he pardoned repentyng his blyndenes.  
And well considered that he shulde haue mysdone  
If he to deth had hym done in that madnesse  
Thus it apereth what great unhappynes  
And blyndnes cometh to many a creature  
By wyne or ale taken without measure.

Se here the inconuenyence manyfolde  
 Comynge of dronkennes as I wrytyn fynde.  
 Some ar so starynge mad that none can them holde  
 Rorynge and cryeng as men out of their mynde  
 Some fyghtyng some chydyng, some to other kynde  
 Nought lyuyng to them selfe : and some dotyng John  
 Beynge dronke thynketh hym as wyse as Salomon

Some sowe dronke, swaloyng mete without mesure  
 Some mawdelayne dronke, mournyng lowdly and hye  
 Some beyng dronke no lenger can endure  
 Without they gyue them to bawdy rybawdry  
 Some swereth armys nayles herte and body.  
 Teryng our lord worse, than the Jowes hym arayed  
 Some nought can speke, but harkenyth what is sayd.

Some spende all that they haue and more at wast  
 With reuell and reuell dasshe fyll the cup Joohn  
 Some their thryft lesyth with dyce at one cast  
 Some slepe as slogardes tyll their thryft be gone  
 Some shewe theyr owne counsell for kepe can they none  
 Some are Ape dronke full of lawghter and of toyes  
 Some mery dronke syngyng with wynches and boyes

Some spue, some stacker some vtterly ar lame *stagger*  
 Lyeng on the grounde without power to ryse  
 Some bost them of bawdry feryng of no shame  
 Some dumme, and some speketh. ix. wordes at thryse  
 Some charge theyr bely with wyne in suche wyse  
 That theyr legges skant can bere vp the body  
 Here is a sort to drowne a hole nauy.

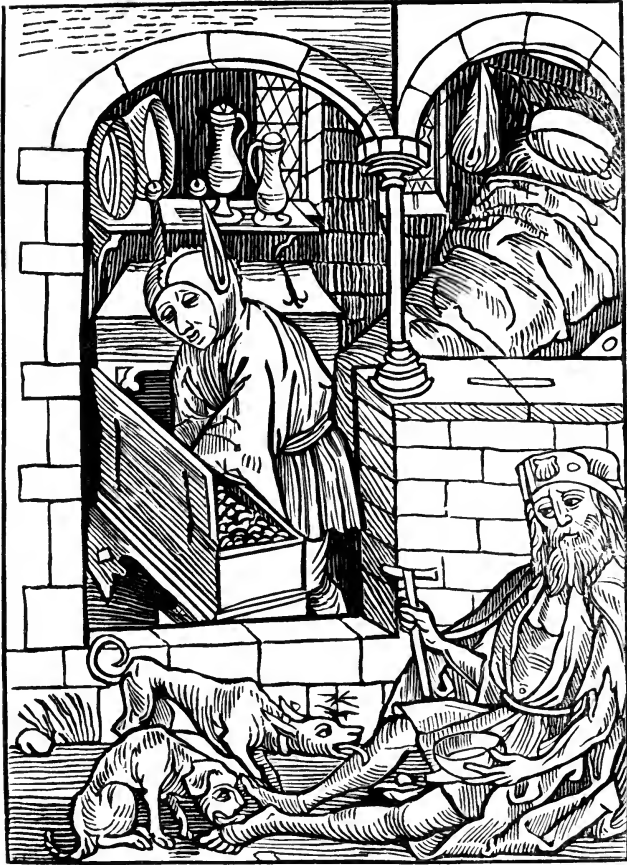


BARKLAYS TO THE FOLYS.

Alas mad folys howe longe wyll ye procede  
In this beestly lyuyng agayst humayne nature  
Cease of your Foly: gyue aduertence and hede  
That in eche thyng ought to be had measure  
Wyne ne ale hurteth no maner creature  
But sharpeth the wyt if it be take in kynde  
But if it be nat, than I the ensure  
It dulleth the brayne, blyndyng the wyt and mynde

Rede all bokes and thou shalt neuer fynde  
That dronkennes and wysdome may togyther be  
For where is dronkennes, there madnes is by kynde  
Gydyng the hauer to all enormyte  
And where as is madnes thou shalt neuer se  
Reason ne wysdome take theyr abydyng  
In one instant, wherfore lerne this of me  
That dronkennes is mortell enmy to cunnyng.

Of ryches vnprofytable.



*Riches and beggars.*

Yet fynde I folys of another sorte  
Whiche gather and kepe excessyfe ryches  
With it denyng their neyghbours to conforthe  
Whiche for nede lyueth in payne and wretchydnes  
Suche one by fortune may fall into distres  
And in lyke wyse after come to mysery  
And begge of other, whiche shall to hym deny.

It is great foly, and a desyre in vayne  
To loue and worshyp ryches to feruently  
And so great laboure to take in care and payne  
Fals treasoure to encrease and multiply  
But yet no wonder is it sertaynly  
Syth he that is ryche hath gretter reuerence  
Than he that hath sadnes wysdom and scyence

The ryche mannes rewardes stande in best degre  
But godly maners we haue set clene asyde  
Fewe loueth vertue, but fewer pouertye.  
Fals couetyse his braunches spreddeth wyde  
Ouer all the worlde, that pety can nat byde  
Among vs wretches banysshed is kyndnes  
Thus lyeth the pore in wo and wretchydnes

Without conforte and without auctoryte  
But he only is nowe reputed wyse  
Whiche hath ryches in great store and plente.  
Suche shall be made a sergeant or Justyce  
And in the Court reputed of moste pryse  
He shall be callyd to counseyll in the lawe  
Though that his brayne be skarsly worth a strawe

He shall be Mayre baylyfe or constable  
And he onely promotyd to honoure  
His maners onely reputed ar laudable  
His dedys praysyd as grettest of valoure  
Men laboure and seke to fall in his fauoure  
He shall haue loue, echone to hym shall sue  
For his ryches, but nought for his vertue

Se what rewardes ar gyuen to ryches  
 Without regarde had to mannys condycyon  
 A strawe for cunnyng wysdome and holynes  
 Of ryches is the first and chefe questyon  
 What rentes what londes howe great possessyon  
 What stuffe of housholde what store of grotz and pens  
 And after his gode his wordes hath credence.

His wordes ar trouth men gyue to them credence  
 Thoughe they be falsly fayned and sotell  
 But to the pore none wyll gyue aduertence  
 Though that his wordes be true as the gospell  
 Ye let hym swere by heuyn and by hell  
 By god and his sayntes and all that god made  
 Yet nought they beleue that of hym is sayde

They say that the pore men doth god dispysse  
 Thouhe they nought swere but trouth and veryte  
 And that god punyssheth them in suche wyse  
 For so dispysynge of his hye maiestye  
 Kepyng them for their synnes in pouerte  
 And theyr ryche exaltyth by his power and grace  
 To suche ryches, worldly pleasour and solace

The ryche ar rewarded with gyftis of dyuerse sorte  
 With Capons and Conyes delycious of sent  
 But the pore caytyf abydeth without confort  
 Though he moste nede haue : none doth hym present  
 The fat pygge is baast, the lene cony is brent  
 He that nought hathe, shall so alway byde pore  
 But he that ouer moche hath, yet shall haue more

The wolfe etis the shepe, the great fysshe the small  
The hare with the houndes vexed ar and frayde  
He that hath halfe nedes wyll haue all  
The ryche mannes pleasour can nat be denayde  
Be the pore wroth, or be he well apayde  
Fere causeth hym sende vnto the ryches hous  
His mete from his owne mouth, if it be delycious

And yet is this ryche caytyf nat content  
Though he haue all yet wolde he haue more.  
And though this gode can neuer of hym be spent  
With nought he departyth to hym that is pore  
Though he with nede harde vexed were and sore.  
O cursyd hunger o mad mynde and delyte.  
To laboure for that whiche neuer shall do profyte

Say couetous caytyfe what doth it the auayle  
For to haue all and yet, nat to be content  
Thou takest nat this sore laboure and trauayle  
To thy pleasoure but to thy great turment  
But loke therof what foloweth consequent  
Whan thou art dede and past this wretchyd lyfe  
Thou leuyest behynde brawlynge debate and stryfe

To many one ryches is moche necessary  
Whiche can it order right as it ought to be  
But vnto other is it vtterly contrary  
Whiche therwith disdayneth to socoure pouerte.  
Nor them relefe in theyr aduersyte  
Suche shall our lorde sore punysse fynally  
And his petycion rightwysly deny

## BARKLAY TO THE FOLYS.

Ye great estatis and men of dignyte  
To whome god in this lyfe hath sent ryches  
Haue ye compassion, on paynfull pouertye  
And them conforte in theyr carefull wretchydnes  
God hym loueth and shall rewarde doutles  
Whiche to the nedy for hym is charitable  
With heuenly ioy, whiche treasour is endeles  
So shall thy riches to the be profytable.

Of hym that togyder wyll serue  
two maysters.



A fole he is and voyde of reason  
Whiche with one hounde tendyth to take  
Two harys in one instant and season  
Rightso is he that wolde vndertake  
Hym to two lordes a seruaunt to make  
For whether, that he be lefe or lothe  
The one he shall displease, or els bothe.

A fole also he is withouten doute  
And in his porpose sothly blyndyd sore  
Whiche doth entende labour or go aboute  
To serue god, and also his wretchyd store  
Of worldly ryches : for as I sayde before  
He that togyder wyll two maysters serue  
Shall one displease and nat his loue deserue

For he that with one hownde wol take also  
Two harys togyther in one instant  
For the moste parte doth the both two forgo  
And if he one haue : harde it is and skant  
And that blynde fole mad and ignorant  
That draweth thre boltis atons in one bowe  
At one marke shall shote to hye or to lowe

Or els to wyde, and shortly for to say  
With one or none of them he strykyis the marke :  
And he that taketh vpon hym nyght or day  
Laboures dyuers to chargeable of warke.  
Or dyuerse offycis : suche wander in the darke  
For it is harde to do well as he ought  
To hym that on dyuerse thynges hath his thought

With great thoughtes he troubleth sore his brayne  
His mynde vnstable, his wyt alway wandrynge :  
Nowe here nowe there his body labours in payne  
And in no place of stedfast abydyng.  
Nowe workyng now musyng now renyng now rydyng  
Now on see nowe on londe, than to se agayne  
Somytyme to Fraunce, and nowe to Flaunders or Spayne



Thus is it paynfull and no thyng profytable  
On many labours a man to set his mynde  
For nouthur his wyt nor body can be stable  
Whiche wyll his body to dyuers chargis bynde  
Whyle one goth forwarde the other bydes behynde  
Therefore I the counseyll for thyne owne behoue  
Let go this worlde and serue thy lorde aboute

He that his mynde settyth god truly to serue  
And his sayntes : this worlde settinge at nought  
Shall for rewarde euerlastyng ioy deserue  
But in this worlde, he that settyth his thought  
All men to please, and in fauour to be brought  
Must lout and lurke, flater, lawde, and lye :  
And cloke a knaues counseyll, though it fals be

If any do hym wronge or iniury  
He must it suffer and pacyently endure  
A dowble tunge with wordes lyke hony  
And of his offycis if he wyll be sure  
He must be sober and colde of his langage  
More to a knaue, than to one of hys lynage

Oft must he stoupe his bonet in his honde  
His maysters backe he must oft shrape and clawe  
His breste anyntyng, his mynde to vnderstonde  
But be it gode or bad thereafter must he drawe  
Without he can Jest he is nat worth a strawe.  
But in the meane tyme beware that he none checke  
For than layth malyce a mylstone in his necke

He that in court wyll loue and fauour haue  
 A fole must hym fayne, if he were none afore  
 And be as felowe to euery boy and knaue  
 And to please his lorde he must styll labour sore  
 His manyfolde charge maketh hym coueyt more  
 That he had leuer serue a man in myserye  
 Than serue his maker in tranquylte

But yet whan he hath done his dyligence  
 His lorde to serue as I before haue sayde  
 For one small faute or neglygent offence  
 Suche a displeasoure agaynst hym may be layde  
 That out is he cast bare and vnpuruayde.  
 Whether he be gentyll, yeman grome or page  
 Thus worldly seruyce is no sure herytage

Wherefore I may proue by these examples playne  
 That it is better more godly and plesant  
 To leue this mondayne casualte and payne  
 And to thy maker one god to be seruaunt  
 Whiche whyle thou lyeest shall nat let the want  
 That thou desyrest iustly, for thy syruyce  
 And than after gyue the, the ioyes of Paradyse.

BARKLAY TO THE FOLYS.

Alas man aryse out of Idolatry.  
 Worshyp nat thy ryches nor thy vayne treasure  
 Ne this wretchyd worlde full of mysery.  
 But lawde thy maker and thy sauour  
 With fere, mekenes, fayth, glory, and honoure  
 Let thy treasure onely in his seruyce be  
 And here be content with symple behauoure  
 Hauynge in this lorde trust and felycyte

Of to moche spekyng or bablyng.



He that his tunge can temper and refrayne  
And asswage the foly of hasty langage  
Shall kepe his mynde from trowble, sadnes and payne  
And fynde therby great ease and auantage  
Where as a hasty speker falleth in great damage  
Peryll and losse, in lyke wyse as the pye  
Betrays hir byrdes by hir chatrynge and crye.

Ye blaberyngge folys superflue of langage  
Come to our shyp our ankers ar in wayde  
By right and lawe ye may chalange a stage  
To you of Barklay it shall nat be denyde  
Howe be it the charge Pynson hathe on me layde  
With many folys our Nauy not to charge.  
Yet ye of dewty shall haue a sympyll barge

Of this sorte thousandes ar withouten fayle  
That haue delyte in wordes voyde and vayne  
On men nat fawty somtyme vsynge to rayle  
On folysse wordes settinge theyr herte and brayne  
They often touche to theyr owne shame and payne  
Suche thynges to whiche none wyll theyr mynde aply  
(Saue suche folys) to theyr shame and enuy

Say besy fole art thou nat well worthy  
To haue enuy, and that echone sholde the hate  
Whan by thy wordes soundyngge to great foly  
Thou sore labrest to engender debate  
Some renneth fast thynkyngge to come to late  
To gyue his counsell whan he seeth men in doute  
And lyghtly his folysse bolt shall be shot out

Is it nat better for one his tunge to kepe  
Where as he myght (perchaunce) with honestee  
Than wordes to speke whiche make hym after wepe  
For great losse folowyngge wo and aduersyte  
A worde ones spokyn reuoked can nat be  
Therefore thy fynger lay before thy lypes  
For a wyse mannys tunge, without aduysement trypes

He that wyll answere of his owne folysshe brayne  
Before that any requyreth his counsayle  
Shewith hym selfe and his hasty foly playne  
Wherby men knowe his wordes of none auayle  
Some haue delyted in mad blaborynge and frayle  
Whiche after haue suffred bytter punysshement  
For their wordes, spoken without aduysement

Say what precedeth of this mad outrage  
But great mysfortune, wo and vnhappynesse  
But for all theyr chattyng and plenty of langage  
Whan to the preste they come them to confesse  
To shewe theyr lewde lyfe theyr synne and wretchydnes  
Whan they sholde speke, and to this poynt ar come  
Theyr tunges ar loste and there they syt as domme

Many haue ben whiche sholde haue be counted wyse  
Sad and discrete, and right well sene in scyence  
But all they haue defyled with this one vyse  
Of moche spekyng: o cursyd synne and offence  
Pyte it is that so great inconuenience  
So great shame, contempt rebuke and vylany  
Sholde by one small member came to the hole body

Let suche take example by the chatrynge pye.  
Whiche doth hyr nest and byrdes also betraye  
By hyr grete chatteringe, clamoure dyn and crye  
Ryght so these folys theyr owne foly bewraye.  
But touchyng wymen of them I wyll nought say  
They can nat speke, but ar as coy and styll  
As the horle wynde or clapper or a mylle

But that man or woman or any creature  
That lytell speketh or els kepeth sylence  
Ar euer of them selfe moste stedfast and sure  
Without enuy, hatred or malyuolence.  
Where as to suche comys moche inconuenyence  
Sorowe vpon sorowe, malyce and dysdayne  
Whiche wyll no tyme, his speche nor tunge refrayne  
Fayre speche is pleasaunt if it be moderate  
And spoken in season, conuenyente and dewe  
To kepe scylence, to pore man or estate  
Is a great grace, and synguler vertue  
Langage is lawdable whan it is god and true  
A wyse man or he speke wyll be wyse and ware  
What (to whome) why (howe) whan and where

## BARKLAYE TO THE FOLYS.

Ye bablyng brybours, endeuer you to amende  
Mytygat by mesure, your prowde hasty langage  
Kepe well your tungen so, shall ye kepe your frende  
For hasty speche ingendreth great damage  
Whan a worde is nat sayd, the byrde is in the cage  
Also the hous is surest whan the dorys be barryde  
So whan thy worde is spokyn and out at large  
Thou arte nat mayster, but he that hath it harde  
If thou take hede and set therto thy brayne  
In this world thou shalt fynde thynges thre  
Whiche ones past, can nat be callyd agayne.  
The firste is (tyme lost) by mannes symplycyte  
The seconde (youth) reuoked can nat be  
The thyrde (a worde spoken) it gooth out in the wynde  
And yet is the fourth, that is (virginyte)  
My forgetfull mynde, had lefte it nere behynde

Of them that correct other and yet them  
selfe do nought and synne worse than  
they whom they so correct.



He lacketh reason and vnderstandyng to  
Whiche to a towne or Cyte knoweth the way  
And shewyth other howe they may thether go  
Hym selfe wandryng aboute from day to day  
In myre and fen, though his iourney thether lay  
So he is mad whiche to other doth preche and tell  
The waye to heuyn, and hym selfe goth to hell.

Nowe to our Nauy, a sorte maketh asaute  
 Of folys blynde, mad Jugys and Iniust  
 Whiche lyghtly noteth another mannes faute.  
 Chastyng that synne, whiche they owne mynde doth rust  
 By longe abydyng, and increas of carnall lust  
 They cloke their owne vyce synne and enormyte  
 Other blamyng and chastyng with moche cruelte

They mocke and mowe at anothers small offence  
 And redy ar a faute in them to fynde  
 But of theyr owne folly and inconuencyence  
 They se no thyng, for fully ar they blynde  
 Nat notyng the vyce rotyd in theyr owne mynde  
 Theyr greuous woundes and secrete malady  
 For theyr owne yll they seke no remedy

The hande whiche men vnto a Crosse do nayle  
 Shewyth the way ofte to a man wandryng  
 Whiche by the same his right way can nat fayle  
 But yet the hande is there styll abydyng  
 So do these folys lewde of theyr owne luyng  
 To other men shewe mean and way to wynne  
 Eternall ioy themselfe bydyng in synne

He sertaynly may well be callyd a sote  
 Moche vnaused and his owne ennemy  
 Whiche in a nothers iye can spy a lytell mote  
 And in his owne can nat fele nor espye  
 A moche stycke, so is he certaynly.  
 Whiche noteth anothers small faute or offence  
 To his owne great synnes gyyng none aduertence



Many them selfe fayne as chaste as was saynt Johnn  
And many other fayne them meke and innocent  
Some other as iust, and wyse as Salomon  
As holy as Poule, as Job als pacyent  
As sad as senecke, and as obedyent  
As Abraham, and as martyn vertuous  
But yet is theyr lyfe full lewde and vycious

Some lokyth with an aungels countenance  
Wyse sad and sober lyke an heremyte  
Thus hydyng theyr synne and theyr mys gouernaunce.  
Under suche clokys lyke a fals ypcryte  
Let suche folys rede what Cicero doth wryte  
Whiche sayth that none sholde blame any creature  
For his faut, without his owne lyuyng be sure

Without all spot of synne faut or offence  
For in lyke fourme as a phesycyan.  
By his practyse and cunnyng or scyence  
The sekenes curyth of a nother man  
But his owne yll nor dyseas he nat can  
Relefe nor hele so doth he that doth blame  
Anothers synne: he styll lyuyng in the same

Many ar whiche other can counseyll craftely  
And shewe the peryll that may come by theyr synne  
But them selfe they counseyll nat: ne remedy.  
Nor take no waye whereby they heuyn may wynne  
But lye in that vyce that they rotyd ar in  
Leuyng the way that gydyth to ioy and rest  
Their owne sensualyte ensuyng as a beest

Wherefore ye prestis that haue the charge and cure.  
 To teche and enfourme the rude comonte.  
 In goddys lawes groundyd in scripture  
 And blame all synnes sparynge no degre  
 Whyle ye rebuke thus theyr enormyte  
 Lyue so that none may cause haue you to blame  
 And if ye do nat: it is to your great shame

For without doute it is great vylany  
 A man to speke agaynst any offence  
 Wherin he well knowyth hym owne selfe gylty  
 Within his mynde and secrete conscience  
 Agaynst hymselfe suche one gyueth sentence  
 Howe god ryght iuge, by rightwyse iugement  
 Shulde hym rewarde with worthy punysshement

THE ENUOY OF BARKLAY TO THE FOLYS.

Ye clerkes that on your shulders bere the shelde  
 Unto you graunted by the vnyuersyte.  
 Howe dare ye auenture to fyght in cristes felde  
 Agaynst synne, without ye clere and gyltles be  
 Consyder the Cocke and in hym shall ye se:  
 A great example, for with his wynges thryse  
 He betyth hym selfe to wake his owne bodye  
 Before he crowe, to cause other wake or ryse.

Of hym that fyndeth ought of another  
mannys it nat restorynge to the owner.



He that ought fyndyth outhr by day or nyght  
Usynge it as his owne, as thynge gottyn iustly  
And thynketh that he so may do by lawe and right  
Suche is disceyuyd, and thynketh wrongfully  
For why the deuyll our goostly enemy  
Doth hym so counseyll and in his erys blowe  
Disceyuynge in his bondes, as he doth many mo

The feruour of ryches and disordred loue  
 Whiche many haue, doth me bynde and constrayne.  
 Within my shyp them sharply to reprove  
 That pen nor hande, themselfe wyll not refrayne  
 Of couetyse nowe I wyll nat speke agayne  
 But of them that kepeth by force and by myght  
 That thyng wherto they haue nat come, by ryght

Some fyndeth treasours other mennys good  
 And in theyr owne vse suche good they occupy.  
 Whiche of theyr myndes ar so blynde and wode.  
 And so reted in theyr error and foly  
 That oft they say (say) ye and dare byde by  
 That some saynt whome they worshypped haue  
 Haue sende, them the same theyr honestee to saue

They haue no force nor care, nor they none haue wyll  
 To whome the ryches so loste dyde apertayne  
 That fortune hath gyuen they holde fast and kepe styll  
 Neuer hauynge mynde it to restore agayne  
 Suche folys fere no thyng euerlastynge payne  
 Nor note nat, that without true restytucion  
 It small auayleth to haue made confessyon.

Here me fole with thy immoderate mynde  
 Here me and do thy herte therto aply  
 If thou by fortune any ryches fynde  
 Callynge it thyne : thou lyst therein falsly  
 If thou haue wyt thou canst nat well deny  
 But that gode nat gyuen, nor gottyn by labour  
 Can nat be rightwyse : thus mende thy blynde erreure

If thou ought fynde that longeth nat to the  
Than is it anothers, the case is clere and playne  
Wherfor thou ought of lawe and of dewte  
Unto the owner it soone to yelde agayne  
But if he be dede, to whome it dyd attayne  
Thou ought nat yet to kepe it nere the more.  
But to his sectours or heyres it restore

Put case that they also be past and dede  
Yet ought thou nat to keep it styll with the.  
The lawe commaundyth, and also it is mede.  
To gyue it to suche as haue necessaryte.  
With it releuyng theyr paynfull pouertee  
And so shalt thou discharge thy conscyence.  
Helpynge the pore, and auoyde great offence

But he that others godes tourneth to his owne vse  
Spendynge and wastynge that thyng that neuer was his  
Suche certaynly his reason doth abuse  
And by this meane greuously doth amysse  
Wherby he lesyth eternall ioy and blysse  
His soule drownynge depe within hell flodes  
For his myspendynge of other mennys goodes

But to be shorte, and brefe in my sentence  
And sothe to saye playne as the mater is  
Forsoth I se nat right great difference  
Bytwene a thefe, and these folys couetys  
Both wrongly kepeth that thyng that is nat his  
Thynkynge that god doth nat therto aduerte  
Whiche notyth thy dedys, thy mynde thought and herte

Wherefore if thou haue a rightwyse conscience  
 Thou wylt nought kepe whiche longeth nat to the  
 The lawe so commaundeth in payne of great offence  
 For of gode that thou kepest agaynst equyte  
 Thou shalt make accompt after that thou shalt dye  
 To thy great payne in hell for euer more  
 If thou no restytucion make before.

Here myght I touche executours in this cryme.  
 Blamyng theyr dedys dysceyte and couetyse  
 If it were nat for wastynge of my tyme  
 For mende they wyll nat them in any wyse  
 Nor leue no poyntes of theyr disceytfull gyse  
 Let them take parte of that whiche I here note  
 And be partyng foles in this present bote.

THE ENVOY OF BARKLAY THE TRANSLATOUR TO THE  
 FOLYS.

Ye false executours whome all the worlde repreuys  
 And ye that fynde mennes goodes or treasures  
 I call you as bad as robbers or theuys  
 For ye by your falshode and manyfolde errors  
 Kepe falsly that thyng whiche is none of yours  
 And wast here the goodes of hym that is past  
 The soule lyeth in payne, ye take your pleasours.  
 With his ryches, damnyng your owne soule at the last

Of the sermon or erudicion of wysdome  
bothe to wyse men and folys.



He that delyteth in godly sapience  
And it to obtayne puttyth his besynes  
Aboute all folys shall haue preemynence  
And in this worlde haue honour and rychesse  
Or a worthy crowne in heuyns blyssydnesse  
Or els bothe welthe here, and after ioy and blysse  
Where as a fole of bothe the two shall mysse

Wysdome with voyce replete with grauyte  
 Callyth to all people, and sayth o thou mankynde  
 Howe longe wylt thou lyue in this enormyte  
 Alas howe longe shalt thou thy wyt haue blynde  
 Here my preceptis and rote them in thy mynde  
 Nowe is full tyme and season to clere thy syght:  
 Harkyn to my wordes, grounde of goodnes and ryght

Lerne mortall men, stodyenge day and nyght  
 To knowe me wysdome, chefe rote of chastyte  
 My holy doctryne thy herte shall clere and lyght  
 My tunge shall shewe the ryght and equyte  
 Chase out thy foly, cause of aduersyte.  
 And seke me wysdome whiche shall endewe thy mynde  
 With helth and welth wherby thou lyfe shalt fynde

Aryse I say agayne to the mankynde  
 And seke me wysdome that am well of goodnes  
 Let nat this worlde thy conscyence farther blynde  
 Nor to synne subdue for loue of false rychesse  
 Blynde nat thy herte with mondayne wretchednes  
 I am worth golde and worth all good mundayne:  
 And to mankynde counselloure souerayne

No maner Jowell is to me lyke certayne  
 Ne so profytable to mortall creature  
 I passe all ryches and cause a man refrayne  
 His mynde from synne, and of his ende be sure  
 There is no treasoure nor precious stone so pure  
 Carbuncle Ruby ne adamond in londe nor see  
 Nor other lapydary comparable to me:



And shortly to speke wysdome is more laudable  
Than all the worlde or other thyng mundayne  
There is no treasure: to wysdome comparable  
But it alone is a vertue moste souerayne  
Hauynge nought lyke in valoure nor worth certayne  
No folè is so ryche, nor hie of dignyte  
But that a wyse man pore is more worthy than he

Wysdome preserueth men in auctoryte  
Prynces promotynge by counseyll prouydent  
By it pore men somtyme, and of lowe degre  
Hath had the hole worlde to them obedynt  
It gydeth Cytees and countrees excellent  
And gouerneth the counseyll of prynce lorde and kyng  
Strengthyng the body the herte enlumynynge

It gydyth lordes and from bondage doth brynge  
Them whome folly hath brought in to captuyte  
Hir gyftys to mankynde frely offrynge  
Gydyng hir discyple from all aduersyte  
Wysdome stondynge vpon a stage on hie  
Cryeth to mankynde with lowde voyce in this wyse  
I trowth exalte : and vycious men dispyse

Lerne of me wysdome cast out your couetyse  
For by my myght craft and wyse prouysicion  
Kynge vnto their dygnyte dothe ryse  
Theyr septers gydyng by my monycion  
I gaue them lawes to gyde eche regyon  
In welthe defendynge and in prosperyte  
Them and their royalmes whyle they gyde them by me

All maner nacyons that doth to me inclyne  
 I gyde and gouerne by lawe and equyte  
 In me is right, godly wyt and doctryne  
 What blynde foly, and howe great aduersyte  
 Do they auoyde that gyde them selfe by me  
 And he that me louyth with worshyp and honour  
 Shall knowe my loue my grace and my fauour

He that me folowyth shall auoyde all dolour  
 I shall hym folowe promotyng in suche case  
 That none shall be before hym in valour  
 I godly ryches in my power inbrace  
 Whiche man by me may esely purchase  
 And he that wyll his way by me adresse  
 I shall rewarde with heuenly ioy endles

The father of heuen of infynyte goodnesse.  
 Me comprehendyth within his deyttee  
 Of hym my firste begynnyng is doutles.  
 And heuen and erth he create hath by me  
 And euery creature bothe on londe and se  
 The heuen imperyall all planetis and firmament  
 God neuer thyng made without my true assent

Therefore mankynde set thy mynde and intent  
 To me wysdome to be subiect and seruaunt  
 To my preceptis be thou obedyent  
 And heuenly ioy thou shalt nat lacke nor want  
 For doutles they ar mad and ignoraunt  
 And folys blyndyd who so euer they be  
 That wyll nat gladly be seruauntes vnto me

THE ENVOY OF BARKLAY TO THE FOLYS.

Aryse folys of myndes darke and blynde.  
Receyue the gyftes of godly sapyence  
Here hir perceptis and plant them in your mynde  
And rote out the gaffys of your olde offence.  
Call to your myndes what inconuenyence  
Howe sodayne fallys, what sorowe and turment  
Hath come to many a myghty lorde and prynce  
For nat folowyng of hir commaundement.

Of bostyng or hauynge confydence  
in fortune.



He is a fole whiche settyth confydence  
On frayle fortune vncertayne and mutable  
His mynde exaltinge in pryde and insolence  
Because that she somtyme is fauorable  
As if she wolde so be perdurable  
Suche folys oft when they thynke them most sure  
All sodaynly great mysfortune endure

Amonge our folys he ought to haue a place  
And so he shall for it is resonable  
Whiche thynketh hymselfe greatly in fortunes grace  
Bostynge that she to hym is fauorable  
As if hyr maner were nat to be mutable  
In this vayne hope suche theyr lyfe doth lede  
Tyll at the laste theyr hous borne oure theyr hede

He shakyth boost and oft doth hym auaunte  
Of fortunes faouere and his prosperyte  
Whiche suffreth hym nought of his wyll to wante  
So that he knoweth nought of aduersyte  
Nor mysfortune nor what thyng is pouertee.  
O lawles fole, o man blyndyd of mynde  
Say what suretye in fortune canst thou fynde

To what ende or vnto what conclusyon  
Shall fortune frayle vnrightwyse and vnure  
Lede the blynde fole by hyr abusyon.  
Howe darest thou the in hir blyndnes assure.  
Syns she vnstable is and can nat longe endure  
Hir gyftis changith, she is blynde and sodayne  
Thoughe she firste lawghe hir ende is vncertayne.

Thou shakest boste ofte of hir foly in vayne  
For he is most happy whiche can auoyde hir snare  
If she exalte some one vnto welth mundayne  
She bryngeth another to payne sorowe and care  
Whyle one is ladyd to the others backe is bare  
Whyle she a begger maketh in good abounde  
A lorde or state she throweth to the grounde

126 *Of hauynge confydence in fortune.*

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But nat withstandynge hir mutabylyte.  
Thou bostest thy gode and to moche abundaunce  
Thou bostest thy welth and thy prosperyte  
Thy good auenturs, and plentyfull pleasaunce  
Alas blynde fole amende thy ygnoraunce  
And in thy welthe to this saynge intende  
That fortune euer hath an incertayne ende

Fals fortune infect of countenaunce and of face  
By hir iyen cloudy and varyable vysage  
Hath many for a whyle taken to hir grace  
Whiche after by hir whele vnstable and volage  
Hath brought them to wo mysfortune and damage  
She ruleth pore and riche without difference  
Lewdnes exaltinge and damnyng innocence

Thus is that man voyde, of all intellygence  
Whom fortune fedyth, with chaunche fortunable  
If he therin haue ouer large confydence  
And thynke that sure that euer is mutable  
That fole is sonne, to the fende abhomynable  
That foloweth ryches, and fortune that is blynde  
His sauyour lefte, and clene out of mynde

Whan the foule fende, father of vnhappynes  
Pore man purposyth by falshode to begyle  
He sendeth hym welth worldly, and fals ryches  
And causeth fortune, awhyle on hym to smyle  
Whiche with hir blyndenes doth mankynde so defyle  
That whyle they trust in hir fauour to sore.  
They damme theyr soules in hell for euermore

By large examples thou eche day mayste se  
The chaunge of fortune and the ende vncertaine  
Wherfore to boste the of hyr commoditye  
It is great foly and also thyng in vayne  
From this lewdnes thy mynde therfore refrayne  
And be content with fortune moderate  
Nor boste the nat of thy welth or estate

This day thou art ryche and despysed the pore  
Yet so may it fall, that for thy lewde luyng  
To morowe thou beggest thy brede from dore to dore  
Therefore remembre that blynde fortune wandryng  
Hath nat in hyr handes power, nor gydyng  
The rewardes of welth, nor of felycyte  
But god them gydeth by his great maieste

And all thyng chaungeth as is to hym plesaunt  
His dedes to wysdome alway agreable  
Wherfore blynde fole be nat so ignoraunt  
To prayse fortune whiche is so varyable  
And of rewardes vnsure and chaungeable  
But thoughe she smyle trust nat to hir intent  
For amonge swete herbes ofte lurkyth the serpent

BARKLAY TO THE FOLYS.

Ye folys that haue in fortune confydence :  
And boste you of welth and of prosperyte  
Leue of your foly, and note by eydence :  
Hir cours vnure : and hir mutabylyte  
None in this lyfe can byde in one degre  
But somtyme hie, than after pore and lowe.  
Nowe nought set by, nowe in auctoryte  
Nowe full nowe voyde as waters ebbe and flowe

I am remembred that I haue often sene  
Great worldly ryches ende in pouertye  
And many one that hath in fauour ben :  
And hie promotyd in welth and dignyte.  
Hath sodaynly fallyn into calamyte  
Thus is it foly to trust in fortunes grace  
For whyle the Se floweth and is at Burdews hie  
It as fast ebbeth at some other place



Of the ouer great and chargeable  
curyosyte of men.



Unto mo folys here ordayne I a barge  
Whiche medlyth with euery manns besynes  
And nat intendeth to their owne losse and charge  
Great payne and wo suche folys oft oppresse  
And let them lerne with pacyent mekenes  
To suffer sorowe for why they shall none lacke  
Syns they alone, the hole worlde take on their backe

*W. M. W.*

He that wyll coueyt to bere more than he may  
And take on his sholders more than he can sustayne  
Suche is a fole, his dedys wyll not deny  
And with his owne wyll gooth to peryll and payne.  
He is vnwyse whiche is ioyous and fayne  
To offer his necke to bere that without fere  
Whiche were ynoughe for dyuers men to bere

That man that taketh vpon his backe alone  
The heuy weght of the large fyrmament  
Or any burdeyne whiche maketh hym to grone  
Whiche to sustayne his strength is ympotent  
No meruayle is if he fall incontynent  
And than whan he lowe on the grounde doth lye  
He oft repentyth his purpose and foly

We haue in storyes many examples great  
Shewynge the lewde ende of this curyosyte.  
I rede of Alexander that dyd often sweate  
In great peryls to augment his dignyte  
He was nat content with europe and asye  
Nor all the grounde under the fyrmament  
At the last ende, cowde nat his mynde content

As if all the erth were nat sufficyent  
For his small body by curyouse couetyse  
But at the last he must holde hym content  
With a small cheste, and graue nat of great pryce.  
Thus deth vs shewyth what thyng sholde vs suffyce  
And what is the ende of our curyosyte.  
For dethe is lyke to hye and lowde degre

What shall a kynge at his last endynge haue  
Of all his realme and infynyte treasure  
Saue onely his towmbe, and the grounde of his graue  
But thoughe it be of great pryce and voloure  
As is conuenient to his hie honoure.  
Yet lytell conforte to his soule shall it gyue  
But cause of bostynge to them that after lyue

Thus whan man vnto his last ende is come  
He nought with hym bereth of his dignytees  
Wherefore cynicus a man of great wysdome  
Lorde grettest of Grece in londes and Cytees  
Hathe lefte great example vnto all degrees  
For his great ryches his herte dyd neuer blynde  
But worldly pompe set clene out of his mynde

He forced of no castels nor excellent byldynge  
Dispysynge charges and besynes worldly  
But gaue his mynde to vertue and cunnyng  
And namely to the scyence of astronomy  
Consyderynge that great rest of mynde and of body  
With hym abydeth whiche with bolde herte is fayne  
To folowe vertue, and leue charges mundayne

He that so doth no weght doth vndertake  
Vpon his backe of so great a grauyte  
That his small strength must it gayne forsake.  
Where he that attempteth grettest thynges, and hie :  
Great weyght of charges and moche dignite  
Must lerne to suffer payne thought and vexacion  
By his great charges of perturbacion.

What auayle is it the worlde to obtayne  
In one manns power, and all other to excell  
To suffer trouble, and vayne charges sustayne  
And at the last his pore soule gooth to hell  
There toren and tourmented in paynes cruell  
It were moche better to kepe a quyet mynde  
And after our deth eternall rest to fynde

He that taketh thought for euery besynes :  
And caryth for that whiche doth nat apertayne  
Nor longe to his charge, he is full of blyndnes  
And no houre shall rest, but styll in thought and payne  
Care for thy owne charges, theron set thy brayne  
For he a fole is that caryth or doth intende  
For another manns charge whiche he can nat amende  
Therefore lyue in rest after thy degre.  
Nor on suche thynges do nat thy mynde aply  
Whiche ar no thyng apertaynynge vnto the  
If thou so do thou shalt fynde rest therby  
Auoyde thou the charge of worldly mysery  
For godes take no thought great care ne trauayle.  
Whiche after deth shall do the none auayle

BARKLAY TO THE FOLYS.

Fole clere thy iyen and of thy selfe beware  
Care moste for thy owne besynes and charge  
For other mennes take no great thought nor care  
If thou thy conscience mayst therof discharge  
A curyous man that of his tunge is large  
Talkynge or carynge of other, his place is best  
Hye in the fore top of our folysshe barge  
For in that place is small quyet or rest

Of them that ar alway borowynge.



A man that is besy both euyne and morowe  
With rauysshynge clawys and insaciabie  
Of his frendes and neyghbours to begge and to borow  
To the deuourynge wolfe is most lyke or semblable  
Suche in our shyp shall nat want a babyll  
For he that styll borowes shall skant hym quyte or redde  
And as a wretche the asse shall hym ouer tredde

That fole that hym selfe a dettour doth make  
 To dyuerse men, and is borowyngē alway  
 Right ponderous charges on hym doth take  
 Borowyngē of one another therwith to pay  
 Thoughe he be glad to haue longe terme and day  
 To hym assygned to make his payment  
 It nought auayleth, for soone the tyme is spent

But in the meane tyme deuouryngē vsurye  
 Spoylyth makyngē pore many a borewer  
 Where they two borewed they promys to pay thre  
 Their day of payment lenger to defarre.  
 Thus doth oft borowyngē many thousandes marre  
 Yet some get malyce for that gode that they len  
 And where they lent twenty gladly taketh ten.

I wyll nat say but that it is mede certayne  
 To lene frely to one that is in nede  
 And wyll be glade it to content agayne.  
 But he that lenyth to haue rewarde or mede  
 Or more than he lent, may of hell payne haue drede  
 And he that so boroweth gayne can haue none  
 Therby in this lyfe, but hell whan he is gone

Therefore in this satyre suche wyll I repreue  
 And none that borowe nor lene on amyte  
 The vsurers: fals cristen men in theyr byleue  
 Folowe the waren way of theyr iniquyte  
 Prohybyte by lawe iustyce and equyte  
 Theyr vnclene hertes, and mynde, vnhappely  
 On lucre settingē, comyngē by vsury

They hepe theyr synne in quantyte horryble  
Labouryng that lewde burthen gretter to make  
And that sore weght tedyose and terryble  
With a great rope vpon theyr shulders take  
The weyght vp taken all theyr hole ioyntes quake  
Thus these caytyfs with this rope and burthyn heuy  
Them selfe hange damnyng theyr soule eternally

A wretchyd man, alas make clere thy reason  
Remember thoughe god the suffer thus longe tyme  
He graunteth that space to amende the in season.  
And nat dayly to encreas thy synne and cryme  
Somtyme he punyssheth with infernall abhyme  
Shortly for synne, somtyme thoughe one mysdo  
He suffreth longe : but yet truste nat therto

The longer vnpunysshed, the sorer is the payne  
And if thou wylt nat gyue to me credence  
Of sodome and Gomor the Bybyll sheweth playne  
Howe God rightwysely ponysshed theyr offence  
And also Solym, towne of great excellence  
For vyciousnes god ponysshed bytterly  
Whiche sholde vs cause for to lyue rightwysely.

The rightwyse god also dyd sore chastyce  
The Nilicolians and them vtterly destroy  
For theyr contynuyng in theyr syn and vyce  
And theyr lynage longe kepte from welth and ioy  
In great trouble whiche dyd theyr hertis noy:  
Howe be it that they were good and innocent  
For theyr fathers faute they suffred punysshement

But to our purpose to retourne agayne.  
 He that ought boroweth whiche he can nat pay  
 Of a wolfe rauysshyngē foloweth the trayne  
 But though he all swolowe yet can he by no way  
 Deuoure the tyme nor the prefxed day  
 Wherefore if he than disceyue his credytour  
 He oft hym chastyth with iustyce and rygour

Ryght in lyke wyse our lorde omnipotent  
 In this worlde to lyue grauntyth vs tyme and space  
 Nat styll to synne, but vnto this intent  
 To leue our vyce, and folowe the way of grace  
 But if we styll contynue in one case  
 And haue done no good to pay hym at our day  
 In hell pryson he iustly shall vs lay

BARKLAY TO THE FOLYS.

Thou fole mysmyndyd to large of sconscyence  
 To the I speke that art a lewde dettour  
 Borowe thou no thyngē, noble grote ne pens.  
 More than thou mayst agayne pay thy credytour  
 Right so endeuē the to pay thy sauour  
 His right and dewty, with a glad wyll and fayne  
 That is true seruyce, with glory and honour  
 Than shalt thou surely escape infernall payne.



Of inprofytable and vayne prayers vowes  
and peticyons.



That man whose herte vnhappy synne doth blynde  
And prayth gasynge into the fymment  
Or he that setteth nat his herte and mynde  
Upon his wordes, theyr sentence or intent  
And he that desyreth thyng nat conuenient  
Suche folys shall nat theyr petition obtayne  
For without the herte the tonge laboureth in vayne

138 *Of inprofytable and vayne prayers.*

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Here we repreue (reperue) ye and reuyle.  
A sorte of folys lewde of condicions  
Whose herte and tunge theyr soules doth defyle  
By theyr blynde prayers and yll petitions  
Suche folowe no techynge nor gode monysyons  
For often many of them with tunge doth pray  
Theyr mynde, abstract nat knowynge what they say

Man oft desyreth with great affeccion  
That thyng of god, whiche thyng if god wolde graunt.  
Sholde be at last vnto thyer destruccyon  
Examples hereof thou canst nat lacke nor want  
The great Medas somtyme kynge tryumphant.  
Of Phrygye By his owne folysshe desyre  
With paynfull hunger, his lyfe breth dyd expyre

This kynge Mydas of whom I haue you tolde  
Of god desyred with prayer dylygent.  
That all that he touchyd tourne myght vnto golde  
His prayer was harde, he obteynyd his intent  
But nat to his welth, but mortall punysshement  
For whan he brede or drynke tast or touche sholde  
Incontynent was it tourned in to golde

Thus was his prayer to his owne damage  
For at the laste he dyed in wo and payne  
For no golde coude his sore hunger asswage  
Nor his desyre coude he nat call agayne.  
Thus his peticion desyred was in vayne:  
And where he wenyd great welth to get therby  
He dyed in shame hunger and mysery.

Some dayly pray with marueylous besynes  
Cryeng and syghynge to god omnypotent  
For to haue plenty of welth ioy and ryches  
And to be made ryche myghty and excellent.  
O cursyd lyuers, o blynde men of intent  
On suche desyres they set theyr mynde and thought  
Whiche thousandes vnto shamefull ende hath brought

What profyted the myghty edefyces :  
Of Lycynus, or lyuelode of excesse :  
What profyteth the money gotten in vyces  
Of riche Crassus, or cresus, great ryches  
They all ar dede by theyr vnhappynes  
And that lewdely, nat by deth naturall  
Theyr blynde desyres chefe rote and cause of all

Another whiche is in youthes prosperyte  
For strength and myght often to god doth pray  
Some of theyr lyfe to haue prolyxyte  
Desyreth god, and here to byde alway  
In riches welth, ioy and solempne aray  
But yet they in glotony take suche custome  
That they slea them selfe longe or theyr day be come

Alas mad fole why prayest thou for age  
Syns it so greuous is and ymportable  
Unstable and full of dolour and damage  
Odyous to youth and intollerable  
Say folysshe man whiche art of mynde vnstable  
Is it nat great foly to any creature  
To pray for that thyng, whiche he can nat endure

Peleus, and Nestor and many other mo  
As Itackes and laertes, sore haue complayned  
For to longe age, euer full of payne and wo  
Wherwith theyr bodyes sore haue ben constrayned  
And with great sorowes and dyuers often payned :  
And to conclude breffly in one sentence  
Oft to age falleth moche inconuenyence

Yet ar mo folys whiche ought repleued be  
And they ar suche whiche styll on god doth call  
For great rowmes, offyces and great dignyte  
No thynge intyndyng to theyr greuous fall  
For this is dayly sene, and euer shall  
That he that coueytys hye to clym aloft  
If he hap to fall, his fall can nat be soft

Some other pray for bewty and fayrnes  
And that to a cursyd purpose and intent  
Wherby they lese the heuenly blyssydnes :  
Theyr soule subduynge to infernall turment  
O ye mad folys of myndes ympotent  
Pray your Pater noster with deuoute herte and mynde  
For therin is all that is nedefull to mankynde

Our sauour criste whyle he was on this grounde  
Amonge vs synners in this vale of mysery  
Taught his disciples this prayer whiche doth sounde  
Nere to this sentence, nor greatly doth nat vary  
(Our father wiche art in heuen) eternally  
Thy name be halowyd (graunt that to thy kyngdome)  
All we thy seruautis worthely may come

In heuen and erth thy wyll be done alway  
And of thy great grace and thy benygnyte  
Our dayly brede graunt vnto vs this day  
Forgyuynge our synnes and our iniquyte :  
As we forgyue them that to vs detters be  
And to auoyde temptacion thy grace vnto vs len  
And vs delyuer from euery yll amen.

Whan thou hast clensyd thy mynde from syn before  
And sayd this prayer to thy maker deuoutly  
Thou nedyst nat of hym to desyre more  
Yet mayst thou pray and desyre rightwysly  
For helthe of soule within thy hole body  
For stedfast fayth and yll name to eschewe.  
And chastely to lyue (by his help) in vertue

Thus sholde thou pray thou wretche both day and nyght  
With herte and mynde vnto thy creatoure :  
And nought by foly to asshe agaynst right  
To hurte or losse to thy frende or neyghboure  
Nor to thy fo by yll wyll or rygoure  
But if god to thy prayers alway sholde encline  
Oft sholde come great sorowe to the and to all thyne

THE ENVOY OF BARKLAY TO THE FOLYS.

Man clere thy mynde or thou begyn to pray  
Els though thy prayer be iust it is but vayne  
And kepe togyther thy hurte and tonge alway  
Or els doutles thou ledest all thy payne  
From lewde petitions thy mynde thou ought refrayne  
If thou desyre yll to thy fo by malyce  
At thy petition god shall haue dysdayne  
For though thou be wrothe god is nat in lyke wyse

## Of vnprofytable stody.



He that vayne stody doth haunt or exercyse  
And lesyth his tyme, of fruyte voyde and barayne  
Resortynge to ryot whiche cunnyng doth dispysse  
And that of doctryne (in maner) hath disdayne  
Suche shall in age of his madnes complayne  
And seyng that he lesyth his tyme thus in foly  
Let hym come to our folysshe company.

Nowe in this Nauy many them selfe present  
Of this our roylame and from beyond the see  
Whiche in theyr stody or lewde and neglygent  
Lesynge theyr tyme at the vnyuersyte  
Yet count they them selfe of great auctoryte  
With theyr proude hodes on theyr neckes hangynge  
They haue the lawde : but other haue the cunnynge

They thynke that they haue all scyence perfytely  
Within theyr hertes bostynge them of the same  
Though they therto theyr mynde dyd neuer aply  
Without the thyng, they ioy them of the name  
But suche mad folys to theyr great losse and shame  
Whyle they sholde norysse theyr myndes with science  
They seke theyr pleasour, gyuen to neglygence

They wander in euery inconuenyence  
From strete to strete, from tauerne to tauerne  
But namely youth, foloweth all offence  
No thyng intendynge the profyte to dyscerne  
Nor fruyte of cunnynge wherby they myght gouerne  
Them selfe by reason, but suche thynges they ensue  
Wherby they neyther get good maners nor vertue

But he that intendeth to come to the science  
And godly wysdome of our elders : certayne.  
He must sore stody, for without dilygence  
And besy laboure no man can it obtayne  
None ought to cesse: though it firste be a payne.  
In good perseueraunce getteth great ryches  
Where no good cometh by sleuthfull ydelnes.

But moste I marueyll of other folys blynde  
 Whiche in dyuers scyencis ar fast laborynge  
 Both daye and nyght with all theyr herte and mynde  
 But of gramer knowe they lytyll or no thyng  
 Whiche is the grounde of all lyberall cunnyng  
 Yet many ar besy in Logyke and in lawe  
 Whan all theyr gramer is skarsly worth a strawe

If he haue onys red the olde dotrinall  
 With his diffuse and vnparfyte breuyte  
 He thynketh to haue sene the poyntis of grammer all.  
 And yet of one errour he maketh two or thre  
Precyan or sulpice disdayneth he to se  
 Thus many whiche say that they theyr grammer can  
 Ar als great folys as whan they firste began

One with his speche rounde tournynge lyke a whyle  
 Of logyke the knottis doth lows and vndo  
 In hande with his sylogysimes, and yet doth he fele  
 No thyng what it menyth, nor what longeth therto  
 Nowe sortes currit: Nowe is in hande plato  
 Another comyth in with bocardo and pheryson  
 And out goeth agayne a fole in conclusyon

There is nought else but Est and non est  
 Blaberynge and chydyng, as it were beawlys wyse  
 They argue nought els but to proue man a beest  
 Homo est Asinus is cause of moche stryfe  
 Thus passe forth these folys the dayes of theyr lyfe  
 In two syllabis, not gyyunge aduertence  
 To other cunnyng doctryne, nor scyence.



I wyll nat say but that it is expedyent  
The to knowe of Logyke the chrafte and connynge  
For by argument it maketh euydent  
Moche obscurenes, somtyme enlumynnge  
The mynde : and sharpynge the wyt in many a thyng  
But oft yet by it a thyng playne bryght and pure  
Is made diffuse, vnknowne harde and obscure

It is ynoughe therof to knowe the grounde  
And nat therin to wast all thy lyfe holly  
Styll grutchynge lyke vnto the frogges sounde  
Or lyke the chaterynge of the folysshe pye  
If one afferme the other wyll deny  
Sophestry nor Logyke with their art talcatyfe  
Shewe nat the way vnto the boke of lyfe

With suche folyes tender youth is defylyd  
And all theyr dayes on them they set delyte  
But godly doctryne is from theyr myndes exylyd  
Whiche sholde the body and soule also profyfe  
They take no layser, pleasur nor respyte  
To other scyences, pleasaunt and profytable  
But without ende in one thyng chat and bable

One rennyth to almayne another vnto fraunce  
To parys padway Lumbardy or spayne  
Another to Bonony, Rome or orleance  
To cayne, to Tolows, Athenys or Colayne  
And at the last retournyth home agayne  
More ignorant, blynder and gretter folys  
Than they were whan they firste went to the scolys

One bostynge the name of a lawer or deuyne  
 His proude hode hye vpon his stately necke :  
 Thus muste a gode clerke vnto a foule enclayne  
 Lowt with the body and with obedyence becke  
 And thoughe it tourne to theyr rebuke and checke  
 Yet nowe a dayes ouer many suche there be.  
 Whiche in stede of cunnyng vseth audacyte

The hode must answere for the follysshe student  
 Theyr tyme hath ben lost frutles and barayne.  
 Theyr frendes godes on suche folyes ar spent  
 To their damage thought hunger and payne :  
 Thus to conclude : me thynke it is but vayne  
 The frendes to labour the dayes of theyr lyue  
 To spare for suche scolers whiche shall neuer thryue

The great foly, the pryde, and the enormyte  
 Of our studentis, and theyr obstynate errour  
 Causeth me to wryte two sentences or thre  
 More than I fynde wrytyn in myne actoure  
 The tyme hath ben whan I was conductoure  
 Of moche foly, whiche nowe my mynde doth greue  
 Wherfor of this shyp syns I am gouernoure.  
 I dare be bolde myne owne vyce to repreue

Howe be it I knowe my wordes shall suche greue  
 As them selfe knoweth fawty and culpable  
 But if they be wroth : take they me by the sleue  
 For they shall bere the hode and I wyll the bable :  
 But firste ye studentis that ar of mynde vnstable  
 Ye wasters and getters by nyght in felde or towne  
 Within my Nauy wolde I set you to a cable  
 If I not fered lyst ye your selfe wolde drowne

Also I fere lyst my shyp sholde synke for syn  
If that Cupido and Uenus seruytours  
On the vnsure se my shyp entred within  
Or all the folys promotyd to honours  
I none receyue can of hye progenytours  
My shyp is nat dressyd for them conuenient  
And to I fere lyst theyr cruell rygours:  
Sholde rayse to my shyp some tempest or tourment

THENUOY OF BARKLAY TO THE FOLYS.

Fy studentis clens your myndes of this cryme  
Gyue ones your hertis to parfyte dylygence  
Howe longe in Idelnes, wyll ye lese your tyme  
In pryde and ryot, with all other offence  
Alas what profyte get ye by neglygence  
But spende your goodes in all iniquyte  
And where your frendes thynke, ye labour for scyence:  
Ye lese your tyme bryngynge them to pouertee

Leue of suche stody as is vnprofytable  
Without fruyte outhr godly discyplyne  
And gyue your myndes to scyences lawdable  
Where ye may your herte set and inclyne:  
To Arystotyls or Platoys doctryne  
And nat alway on logyke or Sophestry  
I wyll nat say but it is a thyng dyuyne  
And moche worth to knowe Phylosophy

Of them that folysshly speke agaynst  
the workes of god.



Here note we fowlys whiche can nat be content  
With goddes worke, and ordynaunce dyuine  
Thynkyng their owne wyll moche more expedyent  
Nat wyllynge their myndes to his wyll to enclyne  
But suche folysh often sholde come to ruyne  
And wo with sorowe and losse sholde they fynde  
If god sholde conforme his workes to their mynde

He is a fole and laboreth in vayne :  
Whiche with small brondes of fyre flamynge bryght  
Entendyth with laboure besynes and payne  
Of the shynynge sonne for to encrease the lyght  
Suche one assayeth a thyng passynge his myght  
And is a fole to set thought or delyte  
To mende that thyng whiche god hath made perfyte

But yet is he a moche gretter fole truely  
Whiche wyll correct that thyng whiche god hath done  
And doth nat his herte his wyll and mynde aply  
To goddes workes and deuyne prouysyon  
Of all other maddest is his condycion  
And more frantyfe forsoth I may hym call  
Than they that ar vext with furies infernall :

(Thou fole) the myght of god omnipotent  
In vertue and wysdome so largely doth extende  
His maiesty, and power is so excellent  
His glorious godhede his workes doth defende  
So that no mortall man can them amende  
Wenest thou mad fole that thou amende cannest ought  
That he hath done : whiche made all thyng of nought

He that hath made the heuen and firmament  
The londe, the se, and euery other thyng  
Is so discrete, so wyse, and prouydent  
Before his presence parfytely seyng  
All thyng to come that neuer hath had beyng  
His workes and dedys ar so perfyte and ryght  
That none can increas nor yet decreas his myght

He doth all thynges dispose moderate and dispence  
Knowyng our mynde, and what is to vs most mete  
All thynges is open and playne in his presence  
Our inwarde thought must he nedes knowe and wete  
And euery fortune is playne before his fete  
He hath all thynges by lawe and order drest  
And doth no thynges but it is for the best

Therefore whether he gyue thunder snowe or rayne  
Wynde or wether, tempest or tourment  
Frost lyghtnynges, fayre wether, outhere storme sodayne  
Mystes or clowdes, yet man sholde be content  
And nat with worde nouthere inwarde intent  
Agaynst god grutches, but euery day and houre  
Magnyfye the dedys of god his creatoure

It were moche better thou fole that thou were dome  
Than to cast lewde wordes agaynst thy lorde in vayne  
Thou fole he worketh no thynges but by wysedome  
And yet art thou nat content but dost complayne  
Thou sekest vengeance (for thy synne) and payne  
In hell for euer, thynkynges thy selfe so wyse  
To teche thy god, and his warke to dispuse

It is nat lawfull for any, hye nor lowe  
To be so bolde so blynde or so cruell  
Grutchynges wordes agaynst his god to throwe  
Thughe to theyre plaseour a thynges nat fortune well  
Take example by the children of Israell  
Whiche oft for this synne suffred great payne and wo  
Slayne and destroyed, so haue ben many mo

Many a lewde body without wysdome or rede  
Grutche in theyr myndes, and openly do blame  
Almyghy god, whan they children ar dede  
Where rather they ought to enioye of the same  
For it myght fortune that great rebuke and shame  
Myght to theyr frendes haue come by theyr synne and cryme  
Soone after: if they had nat dyed at that tyme

Wherefore this one clause is my conclusyon  
That god our maker is wyse and prouydent  
Blame nat his workes by thyne abusyon  
For all that he doth is for the best intent  
But if that god sholde alwaye assent  
To our desyres and euer perfourme our wyll  
Our owne requestis sholde tourne vs to great yll

ALEXANDER BARKLAY TO THE FOLYS.

O ye mad myndes that no thyng vnderstonde  
O man presumptuous and vnobedyent  
Howe darest thou be so bolde to take on honde  
To repreue the workes of god omnipotent  
Wylt thou hym teche, as more wyse and prouydent  
Than he is (whiche made all thyng of nought)  
Leue of this thy foly, and holde thy selfe content  
For thou art a fole to set theron thy thought

Of them that gyue iugement on other.



Who that reputyth hym selfe iust and fawtles  
Of maners gode, and of lyuynge commendable.  
And iugeth other (parchaunce that ar gyltles)  
To be of a condicion reprobable  
Hymselfe nat notyng, thoughe that he were culpable  
He is a fole, and onys shall haue a fall  
Syns he wyll other iuge, hym selfe yet worst of all.



Many fallyth in great peryll and damage  
And greuous deth by the vyce of folysshnes  
Perseuerantly bydyng in theyr outrage  
Theyr soule infect with synne and viciousnes  
And though that deth hym alway to them addres  
Yet hope they in longe lyfe and prosperyte  
And neuer asswageth theyr blynde iniquyte

The tyme passeth as water in a ryuere  
No mortall man can it reuoke agayne  
Dethe with his dartis vnwarely doth apere  
It is the ende of euery man certayne  
The last of all ferys and ende of worldly payne  
But though we knowe that we all must haue an ende  
We slepe in synne disdaynyng vs to amende

Some thinke them gode, iust and excellent  
Myghty stronge and worthy of preemynence :  
Charitable, chast, constant and innocent  
Nat doutyng deth nor other inconuenyence  
But yet ar they wrappyd sore in synne and offence  
And in a vayne hope, contynue in suche wyse  
That all the worlde (saue them selfe) they dispysse

They take on them the workes of god omnipotent  
To iuge the secrete of mannys mynde and thought  
And where no sygne is sene playne and euydent  
They iuge a man saynge, his lyfe is nought  
And if deth one hath vnto his last ende brought  
(As mad) they mende nat theyr mys gouernaunce  
Nat thynkyng that they ensue must the same daunce

Suche folys fayne causes and often tymes say :  
 That he that is dede vsed ryot and moche foly  
 Whiche causyd hym to dye before his day  
 And that he was feble, or full of malancoly  
 Ouer sad, or prowde, disceytfull and pope holy  
 Uiciously lyuyng in couetyse and gyle  
 Wherefore god suffred hym lyue the shorter whyle

Lo these blynde folys saciat with vyce  
 Jugeth hym that perchaunce dyd nat amys  
 Whyle he here lyuyd, and is in paradyce  
 Rewardyd for his workes in endles ioy and blys  
 Where as this lewde Juger, here in this worlde is  
 Styll lyuyng in synne, suffryng great payne and wo  
 And though he thynke hym gode shall neuer come therto

He that in synne here lyeth fettered fast  
 And iugeth the deth of his frende or neyboure  
 Whiche from this lyfe is departed and past.  
 Let hym beware, for onys come shall the houre  
 That he must fele dethis dolorouse rygoure.  
 And after that endure infernall punysshement  
 For iugyng and mysdemyng of people innocent

The terme and day, of deth is moche vnsure  
 The deth is sure, the houre is vncertayne  
 Deth is generall to euery creature  
 Theder we must all, be it pleasour or payne  
 Wherefore wysdome wyll that we shulde refrayne  
 From folyshe demyng and nons deth discus  
 After deth god wot howe it shall be with vs

Alas full often a iust man gode and true  
Of mynde innocent sad sober and sympyll  
Passynge his tyme in goodnes and vertue  
Is of these folys thought and demyd for yll  
And he that is nought, frowarde of dede and wyll  
Of these folys blynde frantyeke and wode.  
Without all reason is iugyd to be goode

Wherfore I proue that a blynde fole thou art  
To iuge or deme a mannys thought or intent  
For onely god knoweth our mynde and hart  
Wherto we gree and to what thyng we assent  
But who that is rightwyse iust, and innocent  
And louyth god with honour and with reuerence  
Than, may he boldely iuge anothers offence

ALEXANDER BARKLAY TO THE FOLYS.

Amende you folys : do way these folysse wayes  
Take ye no charge : nat mete for your degre.  
And note these wordes : whiche criste our sauour sayes  
Juge nat another, and thou shalt nat iugyd be  
It longeth onely to the hye dyuynyte  
To iuge our mynde : for he is true iustyce  
All thyng discernynge by right and equyte  
No man sholde deme, whyle hym selfe is in vyce

Of pluralitees that is to say of them whiche  
charge them selfe with many benefycis.



That myller is a fole and here shall haue a barge  
And as a mad man shall fast therein be bounde  
Whiche his Asse wyll with so many sackes charge  
That the pore beste for payne fallys to the grounde  
Many in the chirche lyke hym may be founde.  
Whiche so many benefycis labour to procure  
That their small myght can nat the charge endure.

Amonge our folys delytynge them in vyces  
Is yet another sorte of the sperituale  
Whiche them ouerchargeth with dyuers benefyces  
And namely suche that lowest ar in degre  
Of byrth and cunnynge, of this condycion be  
Defylynge goddes rentis and the chirches goode  
Them selfe ouer ladynge, as men frantkye and wode

The weght is so great they can it nat endure  
Theyr myght is small, theyr cunnynge is moche lesse  
Thus this great charge wherof they haue the cure  
To infernall Fenn doth this pore Asse oppresse  
And to an Asse moste lyke he is doutles  
Whiche takynge on his backe sakes nyne or tenne.  
Destroyeth hymselfe them leuyng in the fenne

But though one prebende were to hym suffycient  
Or one benefyce his lyuyng myght suffyse  
Yet this blynde fole is nat therwith content  
But labowreth for mo, and alway doth deuysse  
Fals meanes to come therto by couetyse  
He gapeth with his wyde throte insaciabie  
And neuer can content his wyll abhomynable

So for the loue of the peny and ryches.  
He taketh this charge to lyue in welth and eas.  
Howe be it that fole that hath suche besynes  
And dyueres charges fyndeth great disseas  
Neyther shall he god, nor yet the worlde pleas  
And shall with his burthyns his mynde so vex and comber  
That halfe his cures, can he nat count nor number

These carefull caytyfs, that ar of this same sort  
With cures ar ouerchargyd so that of theyr mynde.  
Rest haue they none, solace, pleasour nor conforte  
Howe be it they thynke therby great welth to fynde  
They gape yet euer, theyr maners lyke the wynde  
Theyr lyfe without all terme or sertaynte  
If they haue two luynges, yet loke they to haue thre

The folys whose hertis vnto this vyce ar bounde  
Upon theyr sholders bereth aboute a sacke.  
Insaciabie without botome, outhr grounde :  
They thynke them nat lade though all be on theyr backe.  
The more that they haue (the more they thynke they lacke)  
What deuyll can stop theyr throte so large and wyde  
Yet many all waste aboute Ryot and pryde

But yet is this moche more abhomynable  
That asses vntaught without wysdome or scyence  
Haue theyr proude myndes moste vnsaciabie  
Nat commynge to worshyp by vertue nor prudence  
Yet counte they them worthy of this excellence  
Courters become prestis nought knowynge but the dyce  
They preste not for god, but for a benefyce

The clerke of the kechyn is a prest become  
In full trust to come to promosyon hye  
No thyng by vertue cunnynge nor wysdome  
But by couetyse, practyse and flatery  
The Stepyll and the chirche by this meane stand awry  
For some become rather prestis for couetyse.  
Than for the loue of god or his seruyce.

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Alas oft goddes goodes and cristis herytage  
Of suche folys is wastyd and spent in vayne  
In great folyes mundaynes and outrage  
Where it decreed, and ordeyned is certayne.  
That prestis sholde helpe pore people that lyue in payne  
And with suche goodes kepe hospytalyte  
Whiche pryde ryot and Uenus suffreth nat to be

Thus is the grettest parte of the spirituale  
Pore preste, persone, vicayr, relygyon and prelate  
With couetyse acloyde outhur prodigalyte  
And folys promotyd causyth good clerkis haue hate  
Say lordes and bysshops with other of estate  
What mouyth you so gladly, suche to promote  
Whiche haue no cunnyng their wyt skant worth a grote

Wyll ye alway the folysshe asse ouercharge  
With suche burthyns wherwith it can nat fare  
And suffer other to walke and ren at large  
And where they best myght bere theyr backes ar left bare  
And that is worst of all, suche folys can nat be ware  
But whan they ar promotyd after theyr owne entent.  
Yet theyr insaciablen mynde can neuer be content.

Some make exchanges and permutacions  
Some take to ferme, and some let out agayne  
Other folys for hope make resignacions  
And some for one god scosyth gladly twayne  
Some lyueth longe in hunger and in payne  
And in the somer day skarsly drynketh twyse  
Sparynge monay therwith to by a benefyce

Some for no wages in court doth attende  
 With lorde or knyght, and all for this polecy  
 To get of his lorde a benefyce at the ende  
 And in the meane tyme ensueth rybawdry  
 And somtyme laboureth by chraft of symony.  
 He playeth a fals cast, nat cessaynge to coniure  
 Tyll of some benefyce he at the last be sure

Than if this lorde haue in hym fauoure, he hath hope  
 To haue another benefyce of gretter dignyte  
 And so maketh a fals suggestyon to the pope  
 For a Tot quot outhere els a pluralyte  
 Than shall he nat be pleased with . i i . nouthre thre  
 But dyuers wyll he haue ay choppynge and changyng  
 So oft a fole all and a gode clerke no thyng

These of nought force so that they may haue gayne  
 And golde ynough to spende on rybawdry and pryde  
 They haue the profyte, another hath the payne  
 The cure of the soulys of them is set asyde  
 And no meruayle, for howe sholde they abyde.  
 To teche their parysshynge vertue wysdome or grace  
 Syns no man can be atonys in euery place

Alas these folys our mayster criste betray  
 Of mannes soule wherof they haue the cure  
 And settinge in their stede syr Johnn of garnesey  
 They thynketh them selfe dischargyd quyte and sure  
 These folys note nat that euery creature.  
 Whiche here of soulys doth cure or charge take  
 At domys day a compt for them shall make



But if I sholde touche all the enormytees  
The immoderat couetyse and desyre of dignyte  
That nowe is vsed amonge all the degrees  
Of benefycyd men ouer all the spirituale  
I fere displeasour, and also I often se  
That trowth is blamed, and nat ay best to tell  
But he that in this lyfe wyll alway besy be  
To get dyuers prebendes shall haue the last in hell

THENUOY OF BARKLAY TO THE FOLYS.

What meane ye gyders of Christis herytage  
Shall ye neuer leue this your deuowrynge mynde  
Shall ye no tyme your couytyse asswage  
Whiche in goddes seruyce your hartis sore doth blynde  
Let this fals traytour no place amonge you fynde  
Graunt hym no rowne in churche nor in quere.  
For this is sure ye shall all leue behynde  
We haue no Cyte, nor place abydyng here

Of them that prolonge from day to day  
to amende themselfe.



He that cras cras syngeth with the crowe  
Deferryng the tyme of his amendement  
Amonge our folys, in this our shyp shall rowe  
For his presumption, dull mynde and blynde intent  
What knowe these folys whether god omnyotent  
Wyll graunt them to lyue vntyll another day.  
Wherfore we ought to mende vs whyle we may.

If vnto any almyghty god doth sende  
From heuen aboue by inspyracion dyuyne  
Wyll and gode mynde his synnes to amende  
And with his grace his thoughtes enlumyne  
If that synner wyll nat therto enclyne  
But doth dyffer and dryue frome day to day  
A fole he is, no wyse man wyll denay

Yet many folowe this inconuenience  
And knowynge theyr owne vyce, and lyfe full of ordure  
The payne therof, and howe euery offence  
And synne is punysshed of eche creature  
Also they knowe that theyr deth is vnure  
And dye they must knowynge no houre nor space  
Yet synne they styll, nat receyuyng this grace

They folowe the crows cry to theyr great sorowe  
Cras cras cras to morowe we shall amende  
And if we mende nat than, than shall we the next morowe  
Outher shortly after, we shall no more offende  
Amende mad fole whan god this grace doth sende  
He is vnwyse whiche trustes the crows songe  
And that affermyth that he shall lyue so longe

Syns deth (as I haue sayde) is so vnstable  
Wherfore we ought alway vs to prouyde  
And mende our lyfe and synne abhomynable  
For though that thou be hole at the euyn tyde  
Thou knowest nat sure that thou shall here abyde  
Untyll the morne but if thou dye in that space  
It shall be to late for the to cry cras cras

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Syns it is in thy power that thou may  
Amende thy selfe whan god inspyreth the  
Why shalt thou tary vnto another day  
The longer tary the lesse apt shalt thou be.  
In olde sores is grettest ieopardye  
Whan costome and vse is tourned to nature  
It is right harde to leue : I the ensure

Therefore if that thou lewdly fall in syn  
By thy frayle flesshe, and the fals fendes trayne  
Take nat the vse, contynue nat therin  
But by confessyon shortly ryse agayne  
Synne alway thretenyth vnto the doer, payne  
And grutche of conscience with moche thought and wo  
Yet alway ar we redy and prone therto

Mannys lyfe on erth is euyne a chyualry  
Agaynst our flesshe fyghtyng whiche often doth vs shame  
Also the deuyll our goostly ennemy  
On his parte labours to get vs in his frame  
Thus oft we fall, and than our foly blame  
Repentyng sore, and wyllyng to refrayne  
But within an houre we fall therto agayne

Thus euer to vyce ar we redy and prone  
The gyftis of grace we clene from vs exclude  
We haue great cause sore to complayne and mone  
We leue that thyng (our myndes ar so rude)  
That myght vs gyde to helth and beatytude  
Thus our owne foly, and our owne blynde madnes  
Us often ledyth vnto great wretchydnes

And if it fortune, that at any tyme  
Within our myndes we purpose stedfastly  
For to confesse our synne, excesse, or cryme  
Agayne our thought is changyd by and by  
Away than ren we with the crowys crye  
With one cras, to morowe, peraventure twayne  
Without regarde had, vnto infernall payne

But in the meane space if that deth vntretable  
Arrest the with his mace, fyers and cruell  
And for thy synne and lyfe abhomynable  
By iustyce damme thy soule for euer to hell  
Than woldest thou gladly (If thou myght) do well  
But there is no grace but doloure payne and sorowe  
Than is to late to crye cras cras to morowe

THE ENVOY OF THE ACTOUR.

Say what delyte, thou fole or what pleasoure  
Takest thou in synne and voluptuosyte  
It is small sothly, and passeth euery houre  
Lyke to the water, and that in myserye  
Therefore set nat in synne thy felycyte  
This day begyn thy lewde lyfe to refuse  
Perchaunce to morowe sholde be to late to the  
So sholde cras the crwys songe the sore abuse

Of hym that is Jelous ouer his wyfe and  
watcheth hir wayes without cause, or  
euydent tokyn of hir myslyuynge.



He that his wyfe wyll counterwayte and watche  
And feryth of hir lyuynge by his Jelowse intent  
Is as great fole, as is that wytles wratche  
That wolde kepe flees vnder the son feruent  
Or in the se cast water, thynkyng it to augment  
For thoughe he hir watche lockynge with lockys twayne  
But if she kepe hir selfe his keepynge is but vayne

Orestes was neuer so blynde and mad as is he  
Whiche for his wyfe taketh thought and charge  
Watchynge hir wayes, thoughe that she gyltles be  
This fole styll fereth, if she be out at large  
Lyst that some other his harnes sholde ouercharge  
But for all his fere and carefull Jelowsy  
If she be nought there is no remedy.

Thou fole I proue, thy watchynge helpeth nought  
Thy labour lost is, thou takest this care in vayne  
In vayne thou takest this Jelowsy and thought  
In vayne thou sleest thy selfe with care and payne  
And of one doute thou fole thou makest twayne  
And neuer shalt fynde eas nor mery lyuyng  
(Whyle thou thus lyuest) but hated and chydynge

For locke hir fast and all hir lokes marke.  
Note all hir steppys, and twynklynge of hir iye.  
Ordeyne thy watchers and dogges for to barke  
Bar fast thy dores and yet it wyll nat be  
Close hir in a Toure with wallys stronge and hye  
But yet thou fole thou leyst thy trauayle  
For without she wyll no man can kepe hir tayle

And yet more ouer breche hir with plate and mayle  
And for all that if she be nought of kynde  
She shall disceyue the (If she lyst) without fayle  
But if that she be chast of dede and mynde  
Hir selfe shall she kepe, though thou hir neuer bynde  
Thus they that ar chast of nature, wyll byde so  
And nought wyll be nought what so euer thou do

Thus is it foly and causeth great debate  
Bytwene man and wyfe, whan he by Jelowsy.  
His wyfe suspectyth, and doth watche or counterwayt  
Or hir mysdemyth and kepyth in stratly.  
Wherfore me thynke it is best remedy  
For hym that gladly wolde escape the hode  
Nat to be Jelous: but honest lyuynge and gode

The toure of bras that callyd was darayne.  
Coude nat the damsell (by name Danes) defende  
But that Jupiter fonde a cautell and trayne  
In a golden shoure into hir to discende  
And to be short, at conclusyon and ende  
This mayde for all this Toure was there defylyd.  
And by this lorde was she there brought with childe

By this example it apereth euydent  
That it is foly a woman to kepe or close  
For if she be of lewde mynde or intent  
Outher preuy or apert there about she goys  
Deuysynge wayes with hir good man to glose  
But specially if that he hir suspect  
With a hode shall he vnwars be ouerdeckt

But in the worlde right many other be  
Whiche neuer folowe this fals and lothly way  
We haue example of one Penolope  
Whiche though that she alone was many a day  
Hir husbonde gone, and she vexed alway.  
By other louers: yet was she euer trewe  
Unto hir olde: and neuer changyd for newe



*Of hym that is Jelous ouer his wyfe.* 169

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I fynde that often this folysshe Jelowsy  
Of men : causyth some women to mysdo  
Where as (were nat theyr husbondes blynde foly)  
The pore wymen knowe nat what longyd therto  
Wherfore suche men ar folys and mad also .  
And with theyr hodes whiche they them selfe purchase  
Within my shyp shall haue a rowme and place

For where as perchaunce theyr wyfes ar chaste and goode  
By mannys vnkyndnes they chaunge and turne theyr herte  
So that the wyfe must nedes gyue them a hode  
But to be playne some wymen ar esy to conuert  
For if one take them where they can nat start.  
What for theyr husbondes folysshe Jelowsy  
And theyr owne pleasour : they scars can ought deny

THE ENVOY OF THE ACTOUR.

Therefore ye wymen lyue wysly and eschewe  
These wanton wowers and suche wylde company  
Get you gode name by sadnes and vertue  
Haunt no olde quenys that nourysshe rybawdry  
Than fere ye nat your husbondes Jelowsy  
If ye be fawtles, chaste and innocent  
But wanton wowers ar ful of flatery  
Euer whan they labour for their intent.

Be meke, demure, bocsome, and obedyent,  
Gyue none occasyon to men by your foly  
If one ought asshe, deny it incontynent  
And euer after auoyde his company

170 *Of hym that is Jelous ouer his wyfe.*

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Beware of cornes, do nat your erys aply  
To pleasaunt wordes nor letters eloquent  
If that Helena had so done certaynly  
She had nat ven rauysshed by handes violent

Of auoutry, and specially of them y<sup>t</sup> ar  
bawdes to their wyues, knowynge and  
wyll nat knowe, but kepe counseyll, for  
couetyse, and gaynes or auantage.



A fole blynde, forsoth and wyles is that man  
Whiche thoughe his wyfe openly defyld be  
Before his owne face, yet suche a chrafte he can  
To fayne hym a slepe, nat wyllynge it to se  
Or els he layeth his hande before his iye  
And thoughe he here and se howe the mater gose  
He snortynge slepyth, and wyll it nat disclose.

O what disorder, what shame and what damage  
 Is nowe brought in, and right lykely to abyde  
 In the sacrament of holy mariage  
 The fere of payne and lawe is set a syde  
 Faythe is clene lost, and fewe them selfe do gyde  
 After theyr othe, but for lacke of punysshement.  
 They brake and despise this dyuyne sacrament

Alas the lawe that Julius dyd ordeyne  
 Agaynst auoutry : is nowe a slepe or dede  
 None feryth iustyce punysshement nor payne  
 Both man and woman ar past all fere and drede  
 Theyr promes brekyng, without respect or hede  
 Had to theyr othe, by mariage solemnysed  
 The bed defylyd. the sacrament despysed

Many ar whiche thynke it is a thyng laudable  
 Anothers sponse to pullute and dyffame  
 And howe beit the synne is moche abhominable  
 They fere nat god, nor dout nat worldly shame  
 But rather boldly they bost them of the same  
 They note no thyng the mortall punysshement  
 Taken on auoutrers in the olde testament

Yet is another thyng more lothsome and vyle  
 That many husbondes knowyng theyr wyues syn  
 Absent themselfe and stop theyr iyen the whyle  
 Kepyng the dore whyle the auoutrer is within  
 They forse no thyng so they may money wyn  
 Lyuyng as bawdes, and that to theyr owne wyues  
 O cursyd money, this madnes thou contryuys

O cursyd husbonde thou ought to be asshamyd  
To set so great fors for syluer or for golde  
That thou for them thy wyfe wyll se diffamyd  
And helpe therto : ye : and the dede beholde  
Blame it blynde dryuyll : by the lawe so thou sholde  
And nat therat to gyggyll laghe and Jest  
It is a lewde byrde that fyleth his owne nest

The Hystory of Atreus expressyth playne  
Howe he (by his owne brother) for auoutry  
Was dryuen from his royalme and his childre slayne  
For his mysdede : without : let or remedy  
These children thus bought theyr faders mad foly  
What shall I wryte the wo and heuynes  
Whiche Tarquyn had for rauysshyng lucres

I rede in the hystory of one Virginius  
Whiche to thyntent this foule synne to eschewe  
Whan his doughter was desyred by Clodius  
And that by force ; the fader his dowghter slewe  
Bytwene the handes of Clodius vntrue  
The fader answered (whan men his dede dyd blame)  
Better is to dye chast : than longe to lyue in shame

But of auoutry somewhat more to speke  
In it is yre Enuy and paynfull pouertye.  
And also he or she that mariage doth breke  
May fere of deth eternall whan they dye  
And here without welth ioy and rest shall they be  
And well ar they worthy (forsoth) of sore tourment  
In hell : for brekyng this holy sacrament

But in the meane tyme here shalt thou haue discorde  
 And neuer prosper in vertue nor ryches  
 And lothsome be before the almyghty lorde  
 Thy dedes shall purchase mysfortune and distres  
 Thou lyue shalt in shame and dye in wretchydnes  
 And if thou procede therin and nat amende  
 Some great shame shalt thou haue before thyne ende.

THE ENVOY OF THE ACTOUR.

O creatures vnkynde leue ye this outrage  
 Breke nat your othe whiche ye made solely  
 Eche one to other for to lyue in mariage  
 Defyle ye it nat by synne and vylany  
 On both partis if ye lyue faythfully  
 After your promes : in loue, fayth and concorde  
 Than shall ye in erth encreas and multiply  
 And after haue syght of the almyghty lorde

Let all spousys in theyr myndes comprehende  
 The lawys and decrees of the olde testament  
 Howe they that in auoutry dyd offende  
 Were outhere stonyd or els openly brent  
 Wherefore syns goddes son omnyotent.  
 Confermed hath the olde testament with the newe  
 Auoutrers nowe deserue that same punysshement  
 But well is to them, that stedfast ar and trewe

Of hym that nought can and nought wyll  
lerne, and seyth moche, lytell berynge  
away, I mene nat theuys.



He is a fole, and so shall he dye and lyue  
That thynketh hym wyse, and yet can he no thyng  
And though he myght he wyll nat set nor gyue  
His mynde to good maners, vertue nor cunnyng.  
So is he a fole that doth to market brynge  
His Gese fast bounde, and game or sporte to se  
Lowsyth theyr fete, and suffreth them to fle

Saynt George to borowe our Nauy is aflote  
 Forth shall we sayle, thoughe that it be a payne  
 And moche laboure to forge a pryuate bote  
 For euery faute: yet shall I nat refrayne  
 My hande nor penne: thoughe vnsure be my gayne  
 My laboure sure: my wyt and reason thynne  
 Than leue a thyng vnendyd better nat begynne

But in this place shall I a Shyp ordayne  
 For that fole: that heryth great doctryne  
 Wherby good maners and vertue aperyth playne  
 He seth all goodnes, stody, and disciplyne  
 And yet wyll nat his mynde therto encline  
 But though he knowe what thyng is godlyest  
 Ouer all the worlde, yet is he styll a beest.

Many of this sort wander and compase  
 All studies, the wonders of the worlde to se  
 With vnstabyll wynges fleyng from place to place  
 Some seyth lawe and some dyuynyte  
 But for all this byde they in one degre  
 And if they were Asses and folys blynde before  
 After all these syghtes yet ar they moche more

They se moche nought lernynge, and hauynge no delyte  
 In wysdome nor maners vertue nor goodnes  
 Theyr tyme is loste, without wysdome or profyte  
 Without grace, or other holynes  
 But whyle they labour thus with besynes  
 If they se ought newe, or any folysse toy  
 That lyghtly they lerne, and set theron their ioy.



By this desyre folys may knowen be  
For wytles men of fleynge mynde and brayne  
Ar best pleasyd with thynges of neweltye  
And them to haue, they spare no cost nor payne  
To dyuers londes to ren but all in vayne  
And so they labour alway from londe to londe  
To se all wonders, but nought they vnderstonde

Some fle to se the wonders of englonde  
Some to the court to se the maners there  
Some to Wallys, Holonde, to Fraunce or Irlonde  
To Lybye, afryke, and besyly enquere.  
Of all marueyles, and skantly worth a here  
Some vnto Fraunce and some to Flaunders ren  
To so the wayes, and workes of cunnyng men

And to be shorte ouer all they range  
Spendynge theyr goodes about vnthryftynes  
In countrees knowen, vnknowen and strange  
But whan theyr iourney they homwarde must addres  
As folys vnware, and vagabundes thryftles  
They haue nought lerned, kept, nor with them brought  
Of maners, wysdome or other thyng that is ought

They that by the se sayle to londes strange  
Oft change the place and planete of the fymment  
But theyr mynde nor maners they ne turne nor change  
And namely suche that ar lewde and neglygent  
What euer they se styll one is theyr intent  
Whan he departyd, If that he were a sote  
Agayne anone he comyth in the same mynde and cote

Say mad folys blynde ouersene, and worthy scorne  
 Fayne wolde I knowe what necessaryte ye haue  
 To go from the place where ye were bred and borne  
 Into another londe to lerne to play the knaue  
 Your mynde vnstable sheweth playne that ye raue  
 Laboure nat so sore, to lerne to be a fole  
 That cometh by it selfe without any other scole

He that is borne in walys or small brytayne  
 To lerne to pyke and stele nedys nat go to Rome.  
 What nede we sayle to Flaunders or Almayne  
 To lerne glotony, syns we may it lerne at home  
 Suche lewdnes soon may we lerne of our wombe  
 He that wyll lerne falshode gyle or sotelte  
 May lerne it here as well as beyonde the se.

To passe the se to lerne Uenus rybawdry  
 It is great foly, for thou mayst lerne thy fyll  
 In shoppis Innes and sellers, ye somtyme openly  
 At saynt Martyns Westmynster or at the tour hyll  
 So that I fere all London, in tyme it shall fyll  
 For it is there kept in lyght and in darke  
 That the pore Stuys decays for lacke of warke

But brefely to speke, and this to set a syde  
 He that on vyce, and synne wyll set his entent  
 May lerne it in Englonde, if he at home abyde  
 And that of all sortis : god sende amendement  
 But if thou alway wyll nede be dylygent  
 To labour in the worlde about from place to place  
 Do as dyd Plato, than shalt thou fynde great grace

This godly plato laboured with diligence  
To Egypt, and other londes sparynge for no payne  
Where euer he came : augmentynge his scyence  
And at the last retourned to Grece agayne  
His countrey natyf : with laude and name souerayne  
Thus he for all his wysdome laboured besyly  
But that fowle that nought can nought settyth by

Wherefore that gose that styll about wyll wander  
Moche seyng and herynge, and nought berynge away  
Shall home come agayne as wyse as a gander  
But more fole is he that may lerne euery day  
Without cost or laboure out of his owne countrey  
And whan the well of wysdome renneth by theyr dore  
Yet looth they the water as if that it were soure

ALEXANDER BARKLAY AD FATUOS VT DENT LOCUM  
OCTO SECUNDARIIS BEATE MARIE DE OTEREY QUI  
QUIDEM PRIMA HUIUS RATIS TRANSTRA MERENTUR.

Soft folys soft, a lytell slacke your pace  
Tyll I haue space you to order by degre  
I haue eyght neyghbours, that firste shall haue a place  
Within this my shyp, for they most worthy be  
They may theyr lernynge receyue costeles and fre.  
Theyr wallys abuttyng and ioynynge to the scoles.  
No thyng they can, yet nought wyll they lerne nor se  
Therefore shall they gyde this one shyp of foles.

## THE ENVOY OF BARKLAY.

O vnausyd, vnwyse and frowarde man  
Great cause thou hast to morne sore and complayne  
Whan no goodnes vertue nor wyt thou can  
And yet to lerne thou hast scorne and dysdayne  
Alas man mende, and spare no maner payne  
To get wysdome, and it thou shalt nat want  
Hym that nought wyll knowe, god wyll nat knowe certayne  
Wo is hym that wylfully is ignorant.

Of great wrathe, procedyng of small  
occasyon.



Assys erys for our folys a lyuray is  
And he that wyll be wroth for a thyng of nought  
Of the same leurray is nat worthy to mys  
For who that by wrathe to suche a wyll is brought  
To sle his Asse for hir pas slowe and soft  
Shall after his fury, repent his mad foly  
For to a clere mynde, mad wrathe is ennemy

Come nere, ye wrathfull men, take your rowme and place  
 Within our shyp, and to slake our hastynes  
 Mount on an Asse slowe of hir gate and pace  
 Syns troublous wrath, in you, styreth this madnes  
 Often lacke of myght asswagyth cruelnes  
 To a wylde cowe god doth short hornys sende  
 Wrath is great foly, where myght may nat extende

O man yll myndyd what helpeth the this yre  
 None the commendyth whiche doth thy maners marke  
 What doste thou : but the waste with thyne owne fyre  
 Narrynge with thyselve lyke as a dogge doth barke  
 Without meke worde and pleasyd with no warke  
 Art thou : but thoughe all men be dylygent  
 Mad wrathe to please, yet who can it content

This man malycious whiche troubled is with wrath  
 Nought els soundeth but the hoorse letter R  
 Though he all be well, yet he none answer hath  
 Saue the dogges letter, glowmynge with nar nar  
 Suche labour nat this mad rancour to defar  
 Nor yet his malyce to mytygate or asswage  
 But ioyeth to be drede of men for this outrage

His mouth fomyth his throte out gorgyth fyre  
 His ferefull furoure is, his hole felycyte  
 By his great yre, doth he coueyte and desyre  
 Dowtyd to be : of the pore comontye  
 His owne madnes and cruell furyosyte  
 Wyll he nat knowe as he were nat culpable  
 Of this mad fury and vyce abhomynable

Hym selfe is blynde, but other well note his dede  
He shall be poynted whether he go or ryde  
Saynge one to other take gode regarde and hede  
Of yonder furyous fole whome reason doth nat gyde  
Beware his wayes fle hym on euery syde  
Who that hym sueth both hurte and shame shall fynde  
Thus other hym notyth but he hymself is blynde

So his Asse erys to hym ar inuysyble  
He thynkyth to haue pacyence though that he haue none  
And vnto hym it is thynghe incredible  
That suche ar folys whose pacyence is gone  
Thus coueytyth he to kepe his erys alone  
And to wrathfull men he wyll no thynghe obiect  
For that hym selfe is with the same infect

But somewhat to touche the inconuenyences  
Whiche by this wrath procedyth to mankynde  
It is chefe grounde of many great offences  
Destroynge reason blyndyng the wyt and mynde  
By malyce man is to all yll inclynde  
Both symple man, and lordes excellent  
Do that by wrath oft whiche they after repent

Reuoke thy mynde, somewhat thy herte enclyne  
Unto Archytas a man of hie wysdome  
Borne the the ryche Cyte namyd Tarentyne  
Rede howe that he his malyce dyd ouercome  
For thoughte his seruaunt was fals to hym become  
And he sore mouyd to auenge the same offence  
Yet he refraynyd his wrathe by pacyence

So socrates so Senyk and Plato  
 Suffred great wronge great iniury and payne  
 And of your fayth sayntis right many mo  
 For christ our mayster dyd great turment sustayne  
 What wo or payne cowde saynt Laurance refrayne  
 From pacience wherfore it is great shame  
 For christen men if they do not the same

They suffred deth, ye, and yet were pacyent  
 And many haue prayed, for suche that haue them slayne  
 Where thou mad fole takest greuous punysshement  
 For small occasyon, ye come by chaunce sodayne  
 Fole thou art blynde, and mad to set thy brayne  
 All thyng to venge (by wrath) that doth mysfall  
 For he that part hath lost : by wrath oft lesyth all

And forsoth no meruayle, if suche wyse actours  
 Hath wrathes madnes, expelled and set asyde  
 For where that wrath doth rayne with his furours  
 There can no reason nor wysedome longe abyde  
 The wyt it wastyth : so is it a lewde gyde  
 Therefore let mesure, this malyce holde agayne  
 But pacyence is brydyll his madnes to refrayne

It longeth nat to any man of hye prudence  
 For to be wrothe, yrous, or gyuys to malancoly  
 No suche passyon nor inconuenyence  
 Can fall to man, ay stedfast wyse and holy  
 But folys ar moste troubyld with this foly  
 Where as a wyse man for any aduersyte  
 Lyueth in quyete mynde and tranquylyte



A man well manerd, sad sober and dyscrete  
If he be ware, wyse, chrafty and prouydent  
Beholdeth all thyng before his syght and fete.  
Gydyng hym by mesure a vertue excellent  
Where as a fole doth all without aduysement  
And in euery thyng shewyth his folysshnes  
Wroth at eche worde, as mayster of madnes

Wherfore ye folys se ye no lenger tary  
But on the dull Asse hastely assende  
That a slowe beest may hasty folys cary  
For your mad wrath dowtyth no thyng the ende  
Your madnes can nat your blynde mysdede defende  
For who that one sleyth, angry and feruent  
Ought to be hangyd whan he is pacyent

THE ENVOY OF THE ACTOUR.

Blynde myndyd man whiche wylt all thyng ouercome  
Reputynge thy selfe, moste souerayne and royall  
If thou be wyse or partener of wysdome  
Labour to ouercome thyne owne selfe firste of all  
Thy wrath asswage thou in especyall  
Let neyther malyce, nor yre with the abyde  
Thou art a fole the chefe or lorde to call  
Of other : whan thou can nat thy selfe well gyde.

## Of the mutabylyte of fortune.



That man whiche hopyth hie vp to ascende  
On fortunes whele, and come to state royall  
If the whele turne, may doute sore to descende  
If he be hie the sorer is his fall  
So he whiche trustyth nat therto at all  
Shall in moste eas and suerty hymselfe gyde  
For vnsure fortune can in no place abyde

We dayly proue by example and euydence  
That many be made folys mad and ignorant  
By the brode worlde, puttynge trust and confydence  
In fortunes whele vnsure and inconstant  
Some assay the whele thynkyng it pleasant  
But whyle they to clym vp haue pleasour and desyre  
Theyr fete them faylyth so fall they in the myre

Promote a yeman, make hym a gentyl man  
And make a Baylyf of a Butchers son  
Make of a Squyer knyght, yet wyll they if they can  
Coueyt in theyr myndes hyer promosyon  
And many in the worlde haue this condicion  
In hope of honour by treason to conspyre  
But ofte they slyde, and so fall in the myre

Suche lokys so hye that they forget theyr fete  
On fortunes whele whiche turneth as a ball  
They seke degrees for theyr small myght vnmete  
Theyr folysse hertis and blynde se nat theyr fall  
Some folys purpose to haue a rowme Royall  
Or clym by fortunes whele to an empyre  
The whele than turneth lyuyng them in the myre

O blynde man say what is thyne intent  
To worldly honoures so greatly to entende  
Or here to make the hye ryche and excellent  
Syns that so shortly thy lyfe must haue an ende  
None is so worthy, nor can so hye ascende  
Nor nought is so sure if thou the trouth enquiryre  
But that it may doute to fall downe to the myre

There is no lorde Duke kynge nor other estate  
 But dye they must, and from this wolde go  
 All worldly thynges whiche god hath here create  
 Shall nat ay byde, but haue an ende also  
 What mortall man hath ben promotyd so :  
 In worldly welthe or vncertayne dignyte  
 That euer of lyfe had houre of certaynte

In stormy wyndes lowest trees ar most sure  
 And howsys surest whiche ar nat byldyd hye  
 Where as hye byldynges may no tempest endure  
 Without they be foundyd sure and stedfastly  
 So gretest men haue moste fere and ieopardy  
 Better is pouertye though it be harde to bere  
 Than is a hye degre in ieopardy and fere,

The hyllys ar hye, the valeys ar but lowe  
 In valeys is corne the hyllys ar barayne  
 On hiest places most gras doth nat ay growe  
 A mery thyng is mesure and easy to sustayne  
 The hiest in great fere, the lowest lyue in payne  
 Yet better ly on grounde, hauynge no name at all  
 Than hye on a Clyf ferynge alway to fall

Thus as me thynke it is no thyng lawdable  
 On fortunes whele, for one to clym to hye  
 Syns the swyft cours therof is so vnstable  
 And all must we leue whan we depart and dye  
 Of our short lyfe haue we no certaynty  
 For lachesys (whan that thou hast lefte drede)  
 Of thy lyue dayes shall shortly breke the threde.

Atropos is egall to pore man and estate  
Defar wyll nat deth by prayer ne request  
No mortall man may his furour mytygate.  
Nor of hym haue one day longer here to rest :  
Content the with measure (therfore) for it is best  
Coueyt nat to moche in honour to excell  
It is a fowle fall to fall from erth to hell

Unstable fortune exalteth some a loft  
To this intent, them to brynge to an yll ende  
For who that hie clymmeth his fall can nat be soft  
If that mysfortune constrayne hym to dyscende  
Though Julius Cesar his lordshyp dyd extende  
Ouer all the worlde : yet fortune at the last.  
From lyfe and lordshyp hym wretchydly dyd cast

This hath ben sene, is sene, and euer shall  
That most peryll is in hiest dignyte  
Howe many estatis, howe many men Royall.  
Hath fortune dryuyn downe into aduersyte  
Rede dyuers cronycles, and thou shall playnly se  
That many thousandes hath endyd in doloure  
By theyr immoderate mynde to honoure

Ouer rede Bochas and than shalt thou se playne  
The fall of prynces wryten ryght compendeously  
There shalt thou se what punysshement and payne  
Haue to them fallen, somtyme by theyr foly  
And oft is moche preuy hated and enuy  
Had agaynst lordes of the rude comonte  
Where euer they go: they lyue in ieopardye

Ay dowtyng deth by cursed gyle and treason  
 Eche thyng mysdemyng, feryng to be opprest  
 By some mysfortune, with venym or with poyson.  
 Thus in great honour is neyther ioy nor rest  
 But thought and fere, ye whyle the lyfe doth lest  
 Thus who that procuryth great honour to attayne  
 Procuryth with all, enuy, peryll, fere and payne

A lorde or state whom many men doth drede  
 With loueles fere, and fayned countenaunce  
 Unto hym selfe ought wysely to take hede  
 And them to fere, if he wyll voyde myschaunce  
 For why a comonty is of suche ignoraunce  
 And so enuyous, that both erly and late  
 They muse to destroy hym whom, they fere and hate

A man promotyd vnto hie dygnyte  
 Shall haue loue shewyd hym by adulation  
 But no true loue nouthur faythfull amyte.  
 Good fame nor name, ne commendacion  
 Ye though he be worthy great exaltacion  
 Pytefull louynge and full of equityte  
 Yet harde is to please a folysshe comonte

Therefore me thynke of all thyng it is best  
 Man to be pleased and content with his degre  
 For why in mesure, is suerty eas and rest  
 And ay moste peryll in hiest dignyte  
 Fortune is full of changes and mutabylyte  
 Trust nat therto, therby comyth do gode  
 But nowe hie nowe lowe, vnstable as a flode

ALEXANDER BARKLAY TO THE FOLYS.

Labour nat man with to moche besy cure  
To clymme to hye lyst thou by fortune fall  
For certaynly, that man slepyth nat sure  
That lyeth lows vpon a narowe wall  
Better somtyme to serue, than for to gouerne all  
For whan the Net is throwen into the se  
The great fysshe ar taken and the pryncipall  
Where as the small escapyth quyte and fre

Of them that be diseasyd and seke and  
ar impacient and inobedyent to the  
Phesycyan.



If one be vexed with sore infirmyte  
Within his body felynge dyseas and payne  
And wyll nat gladly with perfyte mynde agre  
To a wyse Phesycian that wolde hym hele agayne  
He is a fole, and shall his foly sore complayne  
And if that he by his selfe wyll do sterue  
It is but well : syns he it doth deserue.



He that is feble with sekenes outhur wounde  
Wherwith he feleth hym selfe so kept in payne  
That dye he muste but if remedy be founde  
He is a fole, if that he haue dysdayne  
Of wyse Phesycyans : and medecines souerayne  
And wyll nat sue theyr counsell and aduysement  
Wherby he myght haue helth and short amendement

Thoughe the Phesycyan (of his lyfe) hym assure  
So he be ruled, and vnto his mynde agre  
The pacyent yet kepyth no dyete nor mesure  
In mete nor drynke, and wyll nat gouerned be  
But foloweth Ryot and all superfluyte  
Receyuynge colde water in stede of ale or wyne  
Agaynst read and counsell of crafty medycyne

Whæt mete or drynke that is most contagious  
And most infectyf to his sekenes or dyseas  
And to hym forbyden, as moste contrarious  
Unto his sekenes. That namely doth hym pleas  
But that thyng that myght hym helpe and greatly eas  
He hatyth moste, and wyll none receyue at all.  
Tyll this small sore, at the last become mortall

Suche wyll no counsell ensue, nor mesure haue  
Nor temper theym selfe in lesse nor yet in more.  
Tyll theyr yll gouernaunce brynge them to theyr graue  
Retournynge into grounde lyke as they were before  
But who that soone wolde, be helyd of his sore  
Whan it is newe ought to fynde remedy.  
For in olde sorys is greatest ieopardy

A small sparcle often tyme doth augment  
It selfe: and groweth to flames peryllous  
Right so small wellys whiche semeth to be spent  
With lytell sprynges and Ryuers, ofte so growys  
Unto great waters, depe and ieopadous.  
So a small sore augmentyth, styll preuely  
By lytell and lytell for lacke of remedy

A small diseas whiche is ynoughe durable  
At the begynnyng, for lacke of medycyne  
At longe contynuaunce becomyth incurable  
The paynfull pacyent bryngyng vnto ruyne  
Wherefore who wyll to his owne helth encline  
And soone be helyd of yll without all tary  
To the Phesician ought nat to be contrary

Obstynat frowarde or inobedyent  
Ought he nat be, but with a pacyent mynde  
Shewe all his soris trully playne and euydent  
To the Phesician if he wyll socour fynde.  
And thoughe his saluys in paynes hym sore bynde.  
Let nat for that, but after his wyll the gyde  
Better a shorte payne, than that doth longe abyde

No sore can be releuyd without payne.  
Forsake nat the short, the longe payne to eschewe  
To the Phesycian we ought in worde be playne  
And shewe hym our sore, whether it be olde or newe  
For in thy wordes if that thou be nat trewe  
Or kepe ought close, thou dysceyuest be thou sure  
Thy selfe. and nat hym that of the hath the cure.

In lyke fourme who comyth vnto confessyon  
There to declare howe he his lyfe hath spent  
And shewyth nat his synne lyke wyse as he hath done  
Hymself he disceyuyth, as blynde of his entent.  
Thus many one endureth infernall tourment  
With wo contynuall and payne for euermore  
For keypyng secrete there, of his goostly sore.

Thus who that is payned in any malady  
Bodely or gostly, ought nat to be callyd wyse  
To the Phesycian without that he aply.  
And his preceptis hant kepe and exercyse  
But now olde wytches dare boldly interpryse  
To intromyt to hele all infyrmyte  
And many them byleue, whiche sothly is pyte

Suche wytches of theyr byleue abhomynable  
On brest or hede of the paynfull pacyent  
With theyr wytchecraftis shall compasse chat and bable  
Assuryng hym of helth, and short amendement  
Than he that is seke fyxith his intent  
Upon hir errour: to haue helpe of his sore  
But she hym leuyth wors than he was before

Poule the apostyll doth boldly say and preue  
That they whiche to suche wytches wyll assent  
Ar heretykes, Lolardes and false of theyr byleue  
Brekyng goddes lawes and commaundement  
And oft also by profe it apereth euydent  
That suche as to wytches craftis wyll intende  
By theyr fals Phesyke come soner to theyr ende

Theyr body dede, theyr soule in ieopardy  
By mysbyleue for euer in paynes infernall.<sup>1</sup>  
Whiche ar rewarde for wretchyd synne and heresy  
But if thou to thy mynde and reason call  
And of this wrytynge perceyue the sence morall  
Whan thou art fallen seke and in dedely syn  
Seke helpe betyme, and byde nat longe therein

THE ENUOY OF BARKLAY TO THE FOLYS.

Thou man or woman, that lyst seke in vyce  
To goddes vycayrs confesse thy syn holly  
So shalt thou from thy goostly yll aryse.  
For thy soule fyndyng helpe and remedy  
Without leasyng shewe hym thy synne playnly  
Let nat for shame nor fall nat thereto agayne  
Better shewe thy sore there to one secretly  
Than after openly : and byde eternall payne

Ensewe the counsell of a wyse confessour  
Take nat colde water in stede of vermayll wyne :  
For moche swetnes, endure thou a lytell soure  
Kepe well the dyet and threfolde medicine  
Ordayned for synne by spirituall doctryne  
That is confessyon, the next contrycyon.  
With satisfaccion these thre, with grace deuyne  
Ar salues parfyte for all transgressyon

Of ouer open takynges of counsell.



Who that to clerely layeth his net or snare  
Before the byrdes whome he by gyle wolde take  
Them playnly techyth of his gyle to be ware  
And is a fole whether he slepe or wake  
Right so is he (and doth a sauegarde make)  
For his foes them (techynge remedy to fynde)  
Whiche sheweth them by thretenynge the secret of his mynde

Who that intenyth by chraft and polycy  
To take many byrdes, outhr small or great  
And layeth before them to playne and openly  
His lynes snarys, his lyme twyggis or his net  
He shall no profyte gayne nor auauntage get  
For if that he his engynes can nat hyde  
The byrdes shall be ware, and lyghtly fle asyde

So he that wyll openly manace and threte  
With worde and hande, as he wolde sle adowne ryght  
Is oft scant abyll a symple hounde to bete.  
For in his worde is all his force and myght  
And he that alway thretenyth for to fyght.  
Oft at the profe is skantly worth a hen  
For greattest crakers ar nat ay boldest men

Who that agaynst his ennemy wolde fyght  
And gyueth hym before wepyn and armour.  
Agaynst hym selfe to encreas his foes myght  
Suche one hath reason and wyt of smal valour.  
Ryght so that fole is led in lyke errour  
Which nought can do, of mater les or more  
Without he crake and boste therof before.

And also suche bosters and crakers comonly  
Whiche doth theyr mynde in hasty wordes declare  
Of other men ar lytell or nought set by  
And by theyr wordes, full often yll they fare  
A man also may ryght easely be ware  
Of folys whiche thus theyr counsell out expres  
Whose thretenyngs to theyr foes is armour and harnes

But hym call I wyse and crafty of counsell  
Whiche kepeth close the secretis of his mynde  
And to no man wyll them disclose nor tell  
To man nor woman, ennemy nor yet frynde  
But do his purpose whan he best tyme can fynde  
Without worde spekyng, and so may his intent  
Best come to ende, his foo, beyng inprouydent

And specially no man ought to be large  
Of wordes nor shewe his counsell openly  
In thynges weyghty, of peryll and great charge  
Consernynge a royallue, or helth of his body  
For many ar falsly disceyued fynally  
By lewde tale berers whiche seke the way to fynde  
To knowe the preuy counsell of theyr lordes mynde

They fawne and flater to knowe his pryuetee  
But they forsoth, that wolde knowe thynges newe  
For the moste part of this condicion be  
No thyng to kepe, but lyghtly it to shewe.  
Thus may the saynge of Salomon be fonde true.  
Whiche sayth that he is wyse, and lyueth happely  
Whiche to hym selfe kepyth his counsell secretly

I fynde foure thynges whiche by meanes can  
Be kept close, in secrete, one longe in preuetee  
The firste is the counsell of a wytles man  
The seconde a Cyte, whiche byldyd is a hye  
Upon a mountayne, the thyrde we often se  
That to hyde his dedes a louer hath no skyll  
The fourth is strawe or fethers on a wyndy hyll

A pore mannys dedys may soone be kept close  
His name is hyd, and right so is his dede.  
A ryche mannys dede may no man hyde nor glose  
It fleeth farthest, all men of it take hede  
So that yll fame whome all men ought to drede  
In fleynge about hir myght doth multiply  
Augmentynge to his lynage shame and vylany

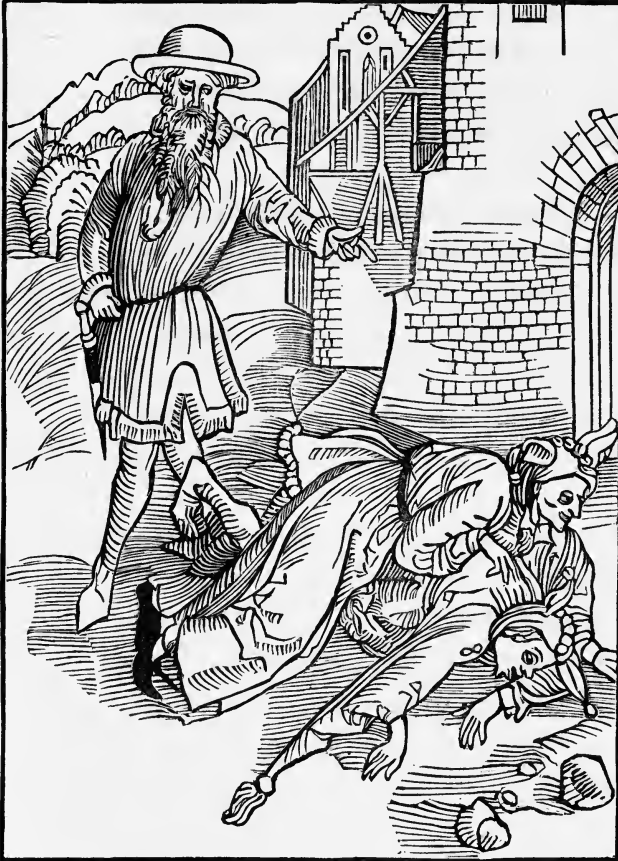
Therefore who that intendyth to be wyse  
Ware and crafty, auoydynge all inconuenyence  
To shewe his counsell ought nat to interpryse  
But do his mynde, kepynge alway sylence  
In seruauntis is small trust or confydence  
He that is nowe thy frende may after be thy fo  
Warne nat thy ennemy of that that thou wylt do

THE ENVOY OF BARKLAY TO THE FOLYS.

O ye that ar put to wronge and Iniury  
If ye intende for to yelde the same agayne  
It is great foly to warne your ennemye  
Or hym to threten with bostynge wordes vayne.  
For oft is sayde, and true it is certayne  
That they that wyll lyue in quyetnes and rest  
Must here and se and hasty wordes refrayne  
All styll with fewe wordes do that they thynke best



Of folys that can nat beware by the mys-  
fortune and example of others damage.



Here we expresse, the errour and blyndnes  
Of them that se. others aduersyte  
Theyr wofull fall the ruine and dystres.  
Yet sue they the same, and ware they wyl nat be  
Though they by example the payne of other se  
Yet leue they nat : thus may they clayme a place  
Within my Nauy, as folys voyde of grace

We dayly se the mysfortune and damage  
 And often fallys, to pouerte and payne  
 Whiche folys suffer for theyr synne and outrage  
 Some drowned, some maymed, some other wyse slayne  
 Yet this example can nat cause vs refrayne  
 Our wretchyd lyfe, and seke for remedy  
 We marke no thyng anothers ieopardy.

We se the mockynge scorne and derysyon  
 That folys hath ofte tyme when they offende  
 We se theyr losse, theyr, shame and theyr confusion  
 Howe be it all this can cause vs to amende  
 We can no thyng and to nought we intende  
 So many folys I fynde that playne I thynke  
 Theyr weyghty charge shall cause my shyp to synke

Suche ar despysyd of men discrete and wyse  
 Ye and more ouer these folys ar so blynde  
 That echone of them the other doth despysse  
 With sharp rebukes, wordes lewde and vnkynde  
 Yet in theyr lyfe no difference may we fynde  
 And though they haue sene a thousande brough to shame  
 For one sore vyce: yet lyue they in the same

The example of other can nat theyr myndes moue  
 Theyr wyttis ar blynde theyr foly is the cause  
 Alas mad folys why do ye vyce thus loue  
 Rennyngge ay to deth without all rest or pause  
 Alas, at the last retourne to christis lawes  
 Be ware, whan ye other se taken in the snare  
 Let anothers peryll cause you to be ware

Ye do nat so, alas it is great shame  
Your synne hath quenched your grace and gostly lyght  
One blynde man another doth chyde and blame  
And yet both stamble, nat goynge euyn or right  
A blynde man hym ledyth that also hath no syght  
So both in the dyche fallyth in suche a wyse  
That one can nat helpe, the other agayne to ryse

One crab blamys another for hir bacwarde pace  
And yet the blamer sothly can none other do  
But both two ar in theyr goynge in lyke case  
The one goeth bocwarde, the other doth also  
Many of these folys after that maner go  
But who that of his moders doctryne hath disdayne :  
Shall by his stepdame endure wo care and payne

And perchaunce after abyde the correccyon  
Of the sayde stepdame, in place of punysshement.  
For his synne, sufferynge hir vniust subieccien  
And who that nat foloweth the commaundement  
Of his fader beyng to hym obeyent  
May fortune after in hunger thyrst ond colde  
Obey that stranger, whom he nat gladly wolde

We fynde Hystories wryten longe and ample  
In dyuers bokes of great auctoryte  
The hole Bybyll sheweth to vs example  
Howe they were punysshed that lyuyd in cruelte  
I fynde also wryten in bokes of Poetrye  
Howe that Pheton was brent with the lyghtnyng  
For his presumpcion, agaynst a myghty kynge

We haue example also by Icarus  
 Whiche contrary vnto the commaundement  
 Of his crafty father named Dedalus  
 By fleyng to hie his wynges and fethers brent  
 And so descendyd and in the se was drent  
 Thus these two endynge by theyr lewdnes in care  
 By theyr example sholde cause vs to beware

We dayly se before our syght and our presence  
 What mysauenture to many one doth fall  
 And that worthely for theyr synne and offence  
 Yet ar we blynde, and ar nat ware at all  
 But in our synnes lyue vnto them egall  
 And where by synne we se one come to shame  
 We wyllyngly (alas) ensue the same

Therefore who sethe a mad fole come to wo  
 Or fall in peryll for lacke of a good gyde  
 By another way ought craftely to go  
 And (by anothers yll) for his helthe to prouyde  
 The fox was ware, and peryll set asyde  
 And wolde nat enter into the caue, for playne  
 Of bestis that entred sawe he none come agayne

#### THE ENVOY OF BARKLAY

Lerne man, lerne of bestes to be ware  
 Of others peryll, by theyr enormyte  
 For if one byrde be onys tane in a snare  
 The other auoyde as fast as they may flee  
 A fysshe byrde or beste that hath in peryll be  
 Of net hoke or snare, if that they may escape.  
 Wyll after euer beware, but blynde man wyll nat se  
 His owne destruccion, but after it doth gape

Of them that forceth or careth for the  
bacbytynge of lewde people.



Whether that a bell be hangyd or lye on grounde  
If vnto the same a clapper lacke or fayle  
The bell shall make but sympyll noyse or sounde  
Though thou in it do hange a Foxys tayle  
Right so backbyters that vse on men to rayle  
Can nat greatly hurt them that lyue rightwysly  
Wherfore it is foly theyr babbynge to set by.

Who that within this worlde wolde rest and lyue  
 In eas of mynde, peas and tranquyllyte  
 Must nat his mynde set, nor his erys gyue  
 To the vayne talys, of the rude comonte  
 And though some people of suche condicion be  
 Oft to dyffame good people true and Just  
 Let them nought care, for byde it nede they must

Let no man care for the lewde hyssynges  
 And yll soundynges of this vnhappy rage  
 It is great foly to set by the lesynges  
 Of cursyde tunges syns none can them asswage  
 For who in this worlde wyll come to auautage  
 Hym selfe exaltinge to worshyp and honoure  
 Shall fynde the swetnes mengled with the sowre

And he that wyll of his dygnyte be sure  
 Or sympyll luyunge what so euer it be  
 Right greuous chargis somtymes must endure  
 And with his iyen often beholde and se  
 Suche thynges wherwith his mynde can not agre  
 And he that wyll with the worlde haue to do  
 Must suffer suche trouble as belongeth therto

Yet some haue pytched theyr tentis stedfastly  
 Upon sure grounde, auoyde of all this payne  
 Despysynge the worldes wantonnes and foly  
 For in the same is nought sure nor certayne  
 Nought se we tranquyll in these wawes mundayne  
 We se no loue, lawe, fydelyte, nor trust  
 But nowe up hye, and nowe lowe in the dust

To auoyde the worlde with his foly and stryfe  
Many hath left londes townes and ryches  
And yll company lyuyng solytary lyfe  
Alone in desert and in wyldernes  
Ye and that: men of moste wyt and worthynes  
Whiche by that meane dyd best of all eschewe  
All worldly sclaunder and lyuyd in vertue

He that intendeth to lyue a rightwyse lyfe  
And so procedeth in maners and good dede  
Of worldly sclaunder, complaynt, hatered, and stryfe  
And all yll wyll, he ought nat to take hede  
For he that is iuste ought no thyng for to drede  
A sclaudryng tonge, ye, be it neuer so wode  
For suche lewde tonges can none hurte that ar gode.

Lyue well and wysely, than let men chat theyr fyll  
Wordes ar but wynde, and though it oft so fall  
That of lewde wordes comyth great hurte and yll  
Yet byde the ende, that onely prouyth all  
If thou canst suffer truste well that thou shall  
Ouercome thyne ennemyes better by pacience  
Than by hye wordes rygour or vyolence

If poetis that somtyme vyce blamyd and discommendyd  
And holy Prophetis whiche also dyd the same  
To suche vayne and mortall wordes had intendyd  
They sholde nat haue durst the peoples vyce to blame  
So sholde they haue lost their honour and good name  
Theyr fame and meryt, but nowe they haue nat so  
But spred theyr fame, whiche neuer away shall go

Forsoth none lyueth within the worlde wyde  
 Suche meke so holy, so wyse or pacyent  
 Whiche can hym selfe at euery tyme so gyde  
 To please eche fole, for none can some content  
 Forsoth he myght be named excellent  
 Happy and blessyd and lyue in welth and eas  
 Whiche euery man cowde serue content and pleas

But suche is none. and he that wyll assay  
 For to content eche folysshe mannes mynde  
 Must brake his slepe and stody nyght and day  
 And yet alway some fole shall be behynde  
 Ye if one lyue well, yet wyll they somewhat fynde  
 Behynde his backe hym to sclauder and diffame  
 For beggers and bawdes therin haue all theyr game

For whether thou dwell in Est west north or south  
 Of suche dryuels euer shalt thou fynde plente  
 One must haue moche mele, to stoppe eche mannys mouth  
 Sclander is the cunnyng of all the comonte  
 And in the same suche ay moste besy be  
 Whiche lyue them selfe in shame and vylany  
 Euen nowe they speke repentyng by and by

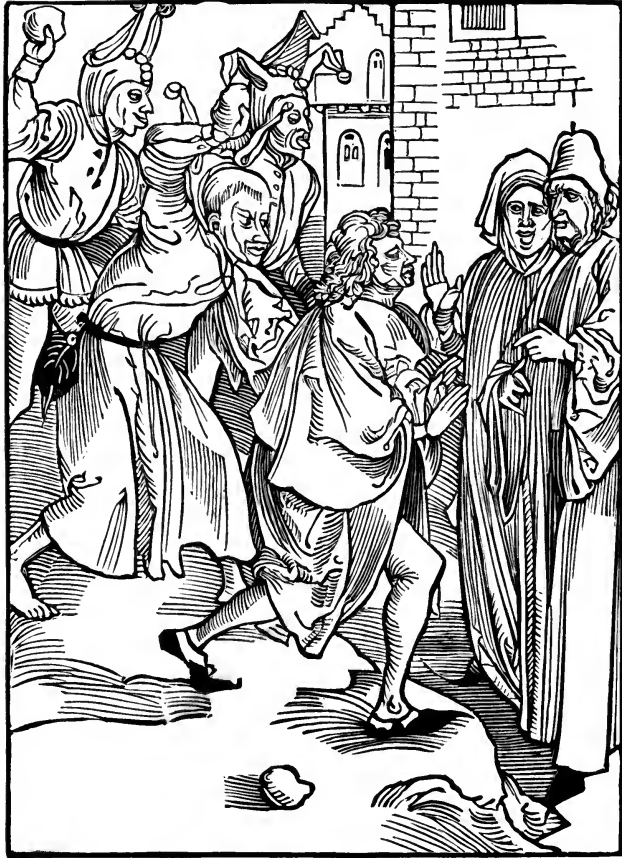
Thus all the cunnyng and stody dilygent.  
 Of people vnthryfty is alway to despyse  
 And diffame other whiche ar but innocent  
 Wherefore let suche as ar discrete and wyse  
 Nought set by them that lesyngys doth deuysse  
 Nor theyr vayne foly: for he that doth certayne  
 Is but, a fole. and euer shall lyue in payne.



THE ENVOY OF BARKLAY TO THE FOLYS.

Trouble nat thy selfe (thou man) where is no nede  
And arme thou thy selfe with goodly pacyence  
Be sure it is great foly to take hede  
Unto backbytynge syns that no resystance  
May be founde to withstande his violence  
And take thou this one thyng for thy comfort  
That none wyse, or good, wyll commyt this offence  
But all ar caytyffes, that ar of this lewde sort.

Of mockers, and scorner, and  
false accusers.



Yet ar mo Fols whiche mocke and scorneth fast  
Suche as them shewyth wysdome and doctryne  
And at theyr hedes (vngoodly) stonys cast  
In mynde disdaynyng to wysdome to encline  
But gladly they ensue the discyplyne  
Of folysshe mockers, let wyse men them eschewe  
For no correccion can brynge them to vertue

O Hertles folys, haste here to our doctryne  
Leue of the wayes of your enormyte  
Enforce you to my preceptis to enclyne  
For here shall I shewe you good and veryte  
Enclyne, and ye fynde shall great prosperyte  
Ensuyng the doctryne of our faders olde  
And godly lawes in valour worth great golde

Who that wyll folowe the graces manyfolde  
Whiche ar in vertue, shall fynde auancement  
Wherefore ye folys that in your syn ar bolde  
Ensue ye wysedome and leue your lewde intent  
Wysdome is the way of men most excellent  
Therefore haue done, and shortly spede your pace  
To quaynt your selfe and company with grace.

Lerne what is vertue, therin is great solace  
Lerne what is trouth sadnes and prudence  
Let grutche be gone, and grauyte purchase  
Forsake your foly and inconuenyence  
Cesse to be folys, and ay to sue offence  
Folowe ye vertue, chefe rote of godlynes  
For it and wysdome is grounde of clenlynes

Wysedome and vertue two thynges ar doutles  
Whiche man endueth with honour specyall  
But suche hertis as slepe in folysshnes  
Knoweth no thyng, and wyll nought knowe at all  
But in this lytell barge in pryncypall  
All folysshe mockers I purpos to repreue  
Clawe he his backe that felyth ytche or greue

212 *Of mockers, scorers, and false accusers.*

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Mockers and scorers that ar harde of byleue  
With a rugh combe here wyll I clawe and grate  
To proue if they wyll from theyr vyce remeue  
And leue theyr foly whiche causeth great debate  
Suche caytyfs spare neyther pore man nor estate  
And where theyr selfe ar moste worthy of dyryson  
Other men to scorne is all theyr moste condicion

Yet ar mo folys of this abusion  
Whiche of wyse men despyseth the doctryne  
With mowes, mockes, scorne, and collusyon  
Rewardynge rebukes, for theyr good disciplyne  
Shewe to suche wysdome, yet shall they nat enclayne  
Unto the same, but set no thyng therby  
But mocke thy doctryne, styll or openly

So in the worlde it apereth comonly  
That who that wyll a Fole rebuke or blame  
A mocke or mowe shall he haue by and by  
Thus in derysyon, haue folys theyr speciall game  
Correct a wyse man, that wolde eschewe yll name  
And fayne wolde lerne, and his lewde lyfe amende  
And to thy wordes he gladly shall intende

If by mysfortune a rightwyse man offende  
He gladly suffreth a iuste correccion  
And hym that hym techyth taketh for his frende  
Hym selfe puttyng mekely vnto subieccion  
Folowyng his preceptis and good dyreccion  
But if that one a Fole rebuke or blame  
He shall his techer, hate, sclauder, and dyffame

Howbeit his wordes, oft turne to his owne shame  
And his owne dartis retourne to hym agayne  
And so is he sore woundyd with the same  
And in wo endyth, great mysery and payne  
It also prouyd full often is certayne  
That they that on mockes alway theyr myndes cast  
Shall of all other be mocked at the last

He that goeth right, stedfast sure and fast  
May hym well mocke that goth haltynge and lame  
And he that is whyte may well his scornes cast  
Agaynst a man of ynde, but no man ought to blame  
Anothers vyce whyle he vsyth the same  
But who that of synne is clene in dede and thought  
May hym well scorne whose luyng is starke nought

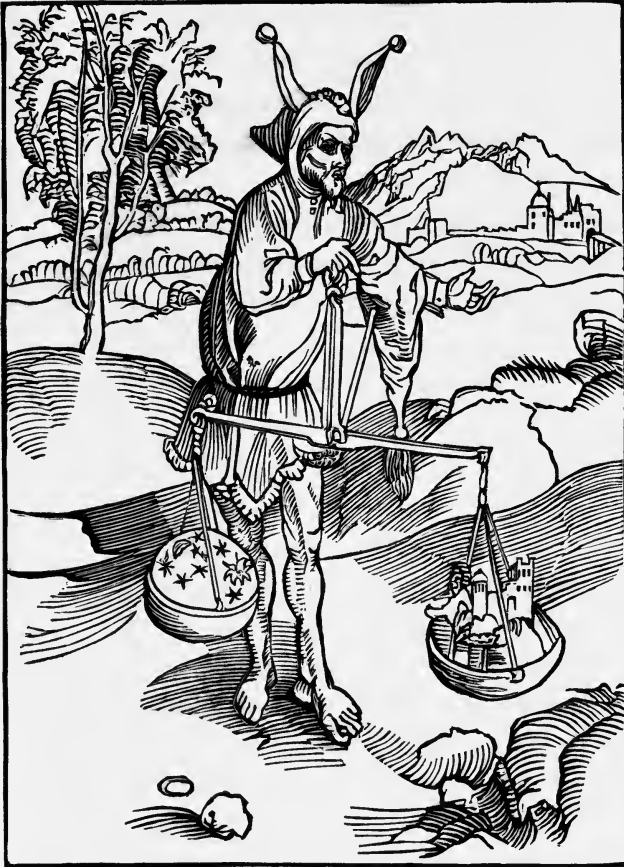
The scornes of Naball full dere sholde haue ben bought  
If Abigayll his wyfe discrete and sage  
Had nat by kyndnes right crafty meanes sought  
The wrath of Dauyd to temper and asswage  
Hath nat two berys in theyr fury and rage  
Two and fourty Children rent and torne  
For they the Prophete Helyseus dyd scorne

So myght they curse the tyme that they were borne  
For theyr mockynge of this Prophete dyuine  
So many other of this sorte often mowrne  
For theyr lewde mockes, and fall in to ruyne  
Thus is it foly for wyse men to encline  
To this lewde flocke of Foly for se thou shall  
Them moste scornynge that ar most bad of all

THENUOY OF BARCLY TO THE FOLYS.

Ye mockynge Folys that in scorne set your ioy  
Proudly dyspysynge goddes punycion  
Take ye example by Cham the son of Noy  
Whiche laughyd his Father vnto derysyon  
Whiche hym, after, cursyd for his transgressyon  
And made hym seruaunt to all his lyne and stocke  
So shall ye Caytyfs at the conclusyon  
Syns ye ar nought, and other scorne and mocke

Of them that dyspyse euerlastyng eioye,  
and settyth thynges transytory before  
thynges eternall and euerlastyng eioye.



He is a foule that weyeth in one balaunce  
The heuen and erth to knowe the heuyest  
And by his foly and cursed ignoraunce  
He thynketh that this wretchyd erth is best  
And thoughe that here be neyther ioy nor rest  
Yet had some leuer here styll to remayne  
Than to depart to heuen voyde of al payne

216 *Of them that dyspyse euerlastyng eioye.*

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My hande is wery : fayne wolde I rest a space  
But folys comyth to my shyp so besely  
That to haue rest : they wyll graunt me no grace  
That nede I must theyr lewdnes notefy  
But to recorde this folysshe company  
They ar suche that this worlde so greatly loue  
That they despyse the heuenly Royalme aboue

They often thynke in theyr mynde preuely  
And by them selfe in this wyse oft they say  
O glorious lorde raynyng eternally  
Graunt me thy grace that I may lyue alway  
To se of this worlde the extreme ende and day  
This is my wyll and synguler askyng  
As for thy royalme, forsoth I set no thyng

But yet this fole doth nat desyre this tyme  
Of so longe lyfe, and yeres alway newe  
To clens his mynde from all synfull cryme  
Nor for the loue of goodnes or vertue  
But rather that he his pleasour may ensue  
And with his maters and felawes suche as he  
To folowe ryot, delytys and enormyte.

To lyue in wantonnes and blyndnes lascyuyte  
In pryde in Lechery andin couetyse  
Suche sytteth theyr myndes and theyr felycyte  
Not feryng hell whiche is rewarde of vyce.  
Those dredefull dennys, in a right ferefull wyse  
With fyres flamyng, and manyfolde tourment  
Can nat suche folys, theyr synnes cause to stent



O sleuthfull fole say why doste nat thou call  
Unto thy mynde that this worldes wretchydnes  
Is full of sorowe moche more bytter than gall  
Uoyde of all ioy, all pleasour and swetnes  
Why settest thou so moche by frayle delyciousnes  
On vayne pleasours, whiche shall sothly decay  
Lyke as the sone meltyth the snowe away

Man note my wordes and gyue to them credence  
I say that pleasours and also ioyes mundayne  
As it apereth playne by good euydence  
Ar fylled with sorowe bytternes and payne  
Without all rest quyete or certayne  
And yet alas the worlde so doth men blynde  
That it they loue and caste heuen out of mynde

Wherfore it hapneth full often as I fynde  
That suche as foloweth shamefull wantonnes  
Ungoodly luste, and statelynes of mynde  
Shall ofte perceyue great shame and wretchydnes  
And them most suffer, with great mundayne distres.  
And better charges, and after must nede endure  
Cruell deth whiche ende is of euery creature

The worlde shall passe: ye and all ioy mundayne  
Without all doute at last shall haue an ende  
And euery thyng outhur fruytfull or barayne  
Shall to the grounde outhur firste or last disçende  
We se also that none can hym defende  
From dethes dartis. and for conclusyon.  
We dayly se many mennys confusyon.

We dayly se the fallys innumerable  
 And greuous deth aswell of youth as age  
 Thus is this wretchyd worlde moche vnstable  
 Wherefore me thynke it is a great outrage  
 To trust therto, or for an vnure stage  
 Or hye place of welth or worldly honour  
 The presence to despyse of our sauoure

But without doute the tyme shall come and houre  
 Whan all mankynde shall se hym euydent  
 Some to theyr ioy, some to wo and doloure  
 None shall eskhape that rightwyse iugement.  
 But eche be rewardyd as he his tyme hath spent  
 So they that vertuously haue lyuyd here  
 Despysynge this worlde shall gladly there apere

But they that here haue led theyr lyfe in vyce  
 For to depart ar wo in herte and mynde  
 And ferefull to byde that sentence of iustyce  
 Syns of theyr synne excuse they can none fynde  
 But to conlude forsoth that fole is blynde  
 That for worldly welth, from god wolde hym deuyde  
 And for vayne clay, the hye heuyn set a syde

THE ENVOY OF BARKLAY TO THE FOLYS.

O blynde man whiche hast thy moste felycyte  
 On worldly thinges, alas make clere thy mynde  
 What fyndest thou here, but great aduersyte  
 Wylt thou for it leue y<sup>t</sup> heuenly ioy behynde  
 And where thou myght euerlastynge ryches fynde  
 Where as is helth, endles lyfe and all goodnes  
 Wylt thou forsake it for worldly wretchydnes

Wylt thou heuyn compare with his paynfull lyfe  
There on to thynke thou art vnwyse certayne  
There is concorde, here is no thyng but stryfe  
There is all rest, and here is care and payne  
There is true loue : here is scorne and disdayne  
There is all goodnes, here all yll and offence  
Nowe chuse the best: here is great difference

Of them that make noyses rehersynges of  
talys and do other thynges vnlauffull  
and dishonest in y<sup>e</sup> chirche of god.



A fole is he, and hath no mynde deuoute  
And gyueth occasyon to men on hym to rayle.  
Whiche goth in the chirche, his houndes hym aboute  
Some rennyng, some fast tyed to his tayle  
A hawke on his fyst suche one withouten fayle  
Better were to be thens, for by his dyn and cry  
He troubllyth them that wolde pray deuoutly :

Yet of mo folys fynde I a great nomber  
Whiche thynke that it is no shame nor vylany  
Within the chirche, the seruyce to encomber  
With theyr lewde barkynge roundynge dyn and cry  
And whyle good people ar praynge stedfastly  
Theyr herte to good, with meke mynde and deuout  
Suche folys them let, with theyr mad noyse and shout

And whyle the prestis also them exercyse.  
In matyns masse sermon or prechyng dyuyn  
Or other due thynges that longe to theyr seruyce.  
Tehyng the people to vertue to encline  
Than these folys as it were rorynge swyne  
With theyr gettyng and talys of vycyousnes  
Trouble all suche seruyce, that is sayd, more and les

In to the churche than comys another sote  
Without deuocyon gettyng vp and downe  
Or to be sene, and to showe his gardyd cote  
Another on his fyst a Sparhauke or fawcon  
Or els a Cokow, and so wastynge his shone  
Before the auters he to and fro doth wander  
With euyng as great deuocyon as a gander

In comys another his houndes at his tayle  
With lynes and leshes and other lyke baggage.  
His dogges barkyth, so that withouten fayle  
The hole churche is troubled by theyr outrage  
So innocent youth lernyth the same of age  
And theyr lewde sounde doth the churche fyll.  
But in this noyse the good people kepe them styll.

222 *Of them that make noyses rebersynges*

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One tyme the hawkys bellys Jenglyth hye  
Another tyme they flutter with theyr wynges  
And nowe the houndes barkynge strykes the skye  
Nowe sounde theyr fete, and nowe the chaynes rynges  
They clap with theyr handes, by suche maner thynges  
They make of the churche, for theyr hawkes a mewe  
And Canell to theyr dogges, whiche they shall after rewe

So with suche folys is neyther peas nor rest  
Unto the holy churche they haue no reuerence  
But wander about to see who get may best  
In rybawde wordes pryde and insolence  
As mad men they fere nat our sauours presence  
Hauynge no honour vnto that holy place  
Wherin is gyuen to man euerlastynge grace

There ar handlyd pledynges and causes of the lawe  
There ar made bargayns of dyuers maner thynges  
Byenges and sellynges scant worth a hawe  
And there ar for lucre contryued false lesynges  
And whyle the prest his Masse or matyns synges  
These folys whiche to the Churche do repayre  
Ar chattynges and bablynges as it were in a fayre

Some gygyll and lawghe and some on maydens stare  
And some on wyues with wanton countenance  
As for the seruyce they haue small force or care  
But full delyte them in theyr mys gouernaunce  
Some with theyr slyppers to and fro doth prance  
Clappynges with their helys in churche and in quere  
So that good people can nat the seruyce here

What shall I wryte of maydens and of wyues  
Of theyr roundynges and vngoodly comonyng  
Howe one a sclaunder craftely contryues  
And in the churche therof hath hyr talkyng  
The other hath therto theyr erys lenyng  
And than whan they all hath harde forth hir tale  
With great deuocyon they get them to the ale.

Thus is the churche defylyd with vylany  
And in stede of prayer and godly oryson  
Ar vsyd shamefull bargayns and talys of rybawdry  
Jettynges and mockynges and great derysyon  
There fewe ar or none of perfyte deuocion  
And whan our lorde is consecrate in fourme of brede  
Therby walkes a knaue, his bonet on his hede

And whyle those wordes of consecracion  
Ar sayde of the preste in goddes owne presence  
Suche caytyfs kepe talys and communycacion  
Fast by the auter, thynkyng it none offence  
And where as the angels ar ther with reuerence  
Laudyng and worshyppyng our holy sauour  
These vnkynde caytyfs wyll scantly hym honour

Alas wherto shall any man complayne  
For this foly and accostomed furour  
Syns none of them theyr fautes wyll refrayne  
But ay procede in this theyr lewde errour  
And nat withstandyng that Christ our sauour  
Hath left vs example, that none sholde mysdo  
Within the chirche, yet inclyne we nat therto.

224 *Of them that make noyses rehersynges.*

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Jhonn the euangelyst doth openly expres.  
Howe criste our sauour dyd dryue out and expell  
From the Temple, suche as vsed there falsnes  
And all other that therin dyd bye and sell  
Saynge as it after lyeth in the Gospell  
Unto the Jues rebuke and great repreues  
That of goddes house they made a den of theues.

Remember this man, for why thou dost the same  
Defylynge goddes Chirche with synne and vanyte  
Whiche sothly was ordeyned to halowe goddes name  
And to lawde and worshyp the holy trynyte  
With deuout harte, loue, and all benygynte  
And with all our myght our lorde to magnify  
And than after all the heuenly company

For this cause hath god the holy chirche ordeyned  
And nat for rybawde wordes and thynges vayne  
But by vs chrysten men it is distayned.  
Moche wors than euer, the Jewes dyd certayne  
And if our lorde sholde nowe come downe agayne.  
To dryue out of the churche suche as there do syn  
Forsoth I thynke, right fewe sholde byde within

THE ENUOY TO THE REDERS.

O man that bostest thy selfe in cristes name  
Callynge the christen, se thou thy synne refuse  
Remember well it is both synne and shame  
The house of god, thus to defyle and abuse  
But this one thyng causeth me oft to muse  
That the false paynims within theyr Temples be  
To theyr ydols moche more deuout than we



Of them that wyllynge and knowyngly  
put them self in ieopardy and peryll.



He is a fole that wyll purchase and desyre  
His owne deth or putteth hym selfe in ieopardy  
Lepynge in a well, or in a flamynge fyre  
And where he myght lyue so dyeth wyllyngly  
Suche suffer theyr destruccjon worthely  
And if that they be drowned outhr brent  
It is to late them after to repent.

226 *Of them that wyllynge and knowyngly*

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I fynde mo folys yet. whome I shall note  
Suche ar they whiche pray both day and nyght  
To god and his sayntes cryeng with open throte  
O glorious god helpe me by thy great myght  
That I may clens my herte and clere my syght  
Wherby all foly and synne may fro me fall  
But yet this fole it leuyth nat at all

Suche folys oft pray for theyr amendement  
Unto our lorde with syghynges sore and depe  
But yet to synne contynually they assent  
And after the same often complayne and wepe  
Than say they playne that god hath had no kepe  
Unto theyr prayer and taken of it no hede  
But theyr owne foly is cause of theyr lewde dede

They se the peryll before theyr faces playne  
That god hath ordeyned, for foly and for synne  
They pray for helpe, and yet ar they full fayne  
After the folys hode alway to ren  
And besely laboure the same alone to wyn  
So vnto god for helpe they cry and call  
But they them selfe wyll helpe no thyng at all

Than thynke they theyr prayers to god nat acceptable.  
Bycause (anone) they haue nat all theyr wyll  
And for that god is nat sone agreable  
To here theyr cry and it graunt and fulfyll  
These folys in theyr vyce contynue styll  
And put theyr selfe in wylfull ieopardy  
And where they myght they fynde no remedy

But these folys vnstabyll as the wynde  
Prayeth vnto god and to his sayntis aboute  
Nat knowynge what may content theyr folysshe mynde  
Nor whether theyr askynge be for theyr behoue  
But sothly this dare I both say and proue  
And it auowe after my sympyll skylle  
That neuer man shall syn without his wyll

If that one with his owne wyll doth fall  
Into a well to assay the ieopardy  
Whan he is there. if he lowde crye and call  
Bothe on god and man for helpe and remedy  
He sekyth that peryll, and dyeth worthely  
So were it foly to gyue hym corde or trayne  
Or other engyne to helpe hym vp agayne

Whan suche folys ar sure vpon the grounde  
Without all daunger, peryll hurt or fere  
They lepe in the wel and yet fere to be drowned  
Empedocles though he right myghty were  
With suche lyke foly hym selfe so sore dyd dere  
That knowyngly and with his owne consent  
Hymself he lost and by fyers fyre was brent

He lepte hedelynge into the flamyng fyre  
Of a brennyng hylle whiche callyd is Ethnay  
To knowe the trouthe, and nature to enquire  
Whether that same flame were very fyre or nay  
So with his deth the trouthe he dyd assay  
But who that wolde hym drawen out of that hylle  
Had ben a fole, syns it was his owne wyll

For why his mynde was blyndyd so certayne  
 That thoughe a man had hym delyuered than  
 The same peryll wolde he haue proued agayne  
 As mad as he forsoth is euery man  
 That is at eas, and hym nat so holde can  
 And also he that putteth hymselfe in drede  
 Or fere and peryll, where as he hath no nede

So he that prayeth to god that he may get  
 The blysse of heuen, and scape infernall payne  
 He is a fole his herte or mynde to set  
 On frayle ryches, welth and ioy mundayne  
 On stedfast fortune, on lucre or on gayne  
 For certaynly these thynges of worldly welth  
 Oft man deuydeth away from heuenly helth

Thus he that prayeth for welth or for ryches  
 Or in this worlde hym selfe to magnify  
 Prayeth for his hurt and cause of viciousnes  
 For worldly welth doth vyce oft multiply  
 So seke men theyr owne peryll wyllyngly  
 But who that prayeth, and can nat as he ought  
 He bloweth in the wynde, and shall nat haue his thought

And who that to honour couetyse to ascende  
 Or to lyue in damnable voluptuosyte  
 He seketh his peryll for if that he descende  
 From welth and worshyp to payne and pouerte  
 It is but worthy, and let hym pacyent be  
 It to endure with mynde demure and meke  
 He is worthy sorowe that wyll it alway seke

THE ENJOY OF BARKLAY TO THE FOLYS.

Ye that fayne wolde escape all ieopardy  
Auoyde suche thynges the whiche myght cause the same  
To proue a peryll, is foly certaynly  
Whether it be done in earnest or in game  
They that so doth may theyr owne madnes blame  
For he that is sure, and to a fray wyll ren  
May fortune come home agayne, nosles or lame  
And so were it better for to haue byd within

Of the way of felycyte and godnes, and of  
the payne to come vnto synners.



Many in this lyfe the cart of syn doth drawe  
By payne and labour, alway right dylygent  
Norysshynge their syn agaynst all right and lawe  
And alway luyng after one lyke assent  
But whan they ar dede than shall their punysshement  
In hell be dowblyd with cartis of whelys foure  
Where as they thought. deth shuld ende theyr laboure

God suffreth nat eche vicious fole to knowe  
The wonders that he made hath on this grounde  
And dayly worketh. wherfore theyr syn doth growe  
So that theyr foly them selfe doth confounde  
And here theyr bodyes to great labours ar bounde  
Sparynge no peryll for pleasour and for gayne  
Than after deth haue they euerlastyng payne

So he that here lyueth in vyce and synne  
Shall extreme dolour after deth endure  
Than what auantage is it for man to wyne  
All orthly tresour, and of hell payne be sure  
But without dowt that wretchyd creature  
Whiche goddes lawes wyll nat here holde and kepe  
Shall after deth haue cause to wayle and wepe

And suche as here wyll nat knowe theyr sauour  
Oseruyng his preceptis and commaundement  
Whiche god hathe ordeyned to saue vs from erreure  
And vs commaundyd to kepe with clene intent  
Ouer all the worlde. as rule moste excellent  
To lyue godly. and who so euer he be  
That foloweth in this worlde voluptuosyte

Or carnall lust ryot or other offence  
Wastyng his tyme in syn and viciousnes  
All suche in this worlde, by theyr blynde negligence  
Drawe styll the cart of greuous besynes.  
With payne and charge and, whan this wretchydnes  
Is past and gone, yet after this they shall  
In hell endure great tourmentis eternall

There shalt (thou fole) the charet drawe alway  
 With dowble paynes both tedyous and cruell  
 Wherefore thou fole retourne the I the pray.  
 Seke nat the way whiche ledeth vnto hell  
 With his foule dennes, more darke than tunge can tell  
 And thoughe the way be esy streyght and playne  
 The ende is nought, I aduyse the tourne agayne

The way to hell is greatly occupied  
 The path is playne, and easy to ouergo  
 The dore ay open no entre is denyed  
 To suche as purpose in mynde to come therto  
 But at the ende therof is care and wo  
 With syghtis odyous and abhomynable  
 Yet in the way ar folkes innumerable

Thus is no meruayle though this way be playne  
 And greatly worne syns it is hantyd so  
 By dyuers folys whiche haste them to that payne.  
 By way contynuall therto: but none therfro  
 The dredefull dore to them that wyll in go  
 Both day and nyght is open, it doth forsake  
 No folys that wyll theyr iourney thither take

But that way that to hye heuen doth lye  
 Is way of grace plesour, and all felycyte  
 In it suche walke as here lyue vertuously,  
 And blessyd men, but nat suche as vyciouse be  
 Yet is it narowe, and full of difficulte  
 There is many a harde flynt brere and thorne  
 And no meruayle for it is nat greatly worne



For why lewde people, whiche is the grettest sort  
Forsake this way for the payne and hardnes  
But godly men therin haue chefe confort  
With all that lyue by grace in ryghtwysnes  
Suche well consyder that heuyns blyssydnes  
Can nat be gotten by pleasour rest nor eas  
Wherefore this way can nat suche synners pleas

God so hath ordeyned that who wyll haue vertue  
Must it obtayne with payne and dilygence  
And great labour, whiche many nowe eschewe  
Without it be to seke synne and offence  
Fewe seke the way to christis hye presence  
Therby it hapneth that many a thousande  
Fast rennyth leftwarde, but fewe on the right hande

THE ENVOY OF BARKLAY TO THE FOLYS.

Alas man remembre heuens blyssednes  
And though the way be harde that lyeth therto  
Forsoke it nat for all that great sharpnes,  
For at the ende is lyfe and rest also  
Euerlastyng glory with other ioyes mo  
But who that taketh the other way certayne  
Shall fynde at the ende eternall payne and wo  
Thoughe the way thether be easy streyght and playne

Of the yll example of elders gyuyn vnto  
youth.



If that the fader and mother before theyr son  
By anger or malyce brake, platter pot, or pan  
The son in hande shall take some cauderon  
And lerne to breke it if his small power can  
Thus oft tyme chyldren haue cause to curse or ban  
Theyr frendes for suche example of lewdnes  
For soner that they lerne than vertue or goodes

Ye aged men rotyd in folysshnes  
And folysshe parentis lewde of your langage  
Vnto our shyp swyftly your selfe addres  
Syns ye be worthy therin to haue a stage  
Nowe cast I repreues agaynst your outrage  
Whiche boldly bost you of your vnthryfty lyues  
Before your maydes, your daughters and your wyues

Alas the folys of this mad company  
By theyr example cause great inconuenyence  
Before theyr children recountyng rybaudry  
Of suche as they haue had experyence.  
So gyue they to them example of offence  
And in that synne wheron they bost and vant  
They make them perfyte whiche erst were ignorant

Theyr wordes ar voyde of shame and honestye  
Theyr lyfe is without mesure and reuerence  
But yet they thynke that they moste worthy be  
That moste can tell of this greuouse offence  
Thus all the youth that is in theyr presence  
Or that doth here theyr vyce and rybawdry  
Vnto the same with theyr full mynde aply

Thus theyr yonge children maners lernyth none  
The wyfe hath occasyon to breke hir chastyete  
So is the lyfe defyled of them echone  
And to be playne, we often tymes se  
That of what maners the folysshe husbandes be  
Such ar theyr wyues, children and housholde  
The yonge Cok lerneth to crowe hye of the olde

A folysshe Father, full hardly shall ensyne  
 His sone to good lyfe or to good gouernaunce  
 For if the father to foly doth enclyne  
 The sone wyll folowe his father in that daunce  
 And if the father vse hasarde or the chaunce  
 Or any prohybyt and vnlawfull game  
 Most comonly the sone wyll do the same

If that the husbonde be vycious of his lyfe  
 Wastfull or dronken, or vyle in his langage  
 His sonnes doughters, his seruantes and his wyfe  
 Wyll lerne of hym to passe the same passage  
 And if the husbonde breke his maryage  
 If the wyfe knowe, in mynde she wyll be wroth  
 Without he haue a hode of the same cloth

An olde prouerbe hath longe agone be sayde  
 That oft the sone in maners lyke wyll be  
 Vnto the Father, and in lyke wyse the mayde  
 Or doughter, vnto the mother wyll agre  
 So if the elders vse enormyte  
 And before theyr children bost them of the same  
 The sone and doughter shall folowe syre and dame

The monkes thynke it lawfull for to play  
 Whan that the Abbot bryngeth them the dyce  
 Right so the Father, can nought or lytell say  
 Agaynst the sone, nor hym blame or chastyce  
 If he hym selfe be taken in that same vyce  
 Thus lyues the Father in synne withouten shame  
 And after his deth the sone shall do the same

O wretchyd maners o tyme full of furour  
And full of foly without all hope to stent  
Howe longe shall god our lorde and sauour  
This synne suffer without greuous punysshement  
Alas it nowe apereth euydent  
That the fathers foly synne and great outrage  
Is left to the sonne as it were herytage

And no meruayle, for it hath neuer ben seen  
That of a wolfe a shepe hath be forth brought  
Or that a calfe or lambe gendred hath been  
Of a fell tygre : right so if it were sought  
Ouer all the worlde. a Father that is nought  
Sholde scant be founde, whiche coude brynge vp his childe  
With his synne in no maner poynt defylyd

The yonge crab bacwarde doth crepe or go  
As doth the olde, none can hir cours redres  
These yonge children for the moste part also  
Foloweth theyr fathers synne and his lewdnes  
But they that lyue in maners of mekenes  
In honest lyfe, goodnes grace and chastyte  
May brynge forth children of maners as they be

I rede howe the Phylosopher Diogenes  
Sayde by a childe whiche dronken was with wyne  
That his Father was in that case doutles  
Whan he it gate, so his hie wyt dyuyne  
Knewe that the childes maners dyd inclyne  
Vnto his Fathers, and so was it founde trewe  
By them whiche well that childes fader knewe

But though the Father and mother also be nought  
Without dout this one thyng apereth playne  
That the childe is suche as it is vp brought  
And nat lyghtly chaungyd without great charge or payne  
Therefore let euery man hym selfe refrayne  
Within his hous from all thyng worthy blame  
Than shall his children and seruantes do the same

THE ENVOY OF BARKLAY.

Ye that haue children or other great housholde  
Subdued to your seruyce, and your obedyence  
Kepe vertuous lyfe, for that is worth great golde  
And great example to youth to auoyde offence  
But if ye boost you of synne and neglygence  
In rybawde wordes, gyue credence to this clause  
If the herers fall into incouenyence  
Your lewde example is the chefe grounde and cause

Of bodely pleasour or corporall  
voluptuosyte



Wanton wastfull and vayne voluptuosyte  
Oft blyndeth attsynge vnto inconuynence  
Many that ar rude, for their symplycyte  
And them as shepe sleeth for all their innocence  
But other some it kepyth with myght and violence  
As bulles bounde sure to endure great care  
And other as byrdes it tangleth in hir snare

Drawe nere ye folys to you I crye and call  
 Whiche ar of grace clene destytute and bare  
 Folowyng your lust and pleasour corporall  
 But for your soule ye take no thought ne care  
 To whome may I this shamefull lust compare  
 Saue to a harlat faynyng, fals and couetous.  
 Of whome comyth shame and bytes venemous

She syttyth in the strete as past both shame and fere  
 Hir brestes bare to tempt them that passe by  
 Hir face anyntyd blasyng abrode hir here  
 Or els on hir folysshe front enlaced hye  
 Hir smocke to garnysshyd so hir dysceytfull iye  
 To shamfull lust a thousande doth attyce  
 Of youth whiche erst perchuanse knewe nought of vyce

Hir chamber full of flatery and disceyte  
 Anone is opened the blynde fole entreth in  
 The hoke of deth is hyd vnder the bayte  
 Of folysshe lust pleasour and mortall syn  
 Hir soule she sellyth ryches therby to wyne  
 And what riches: a rewarde sothly full vyle  
 The soules damneth and bodyes doth defyle

The one departyth, another comys in agayne  
 Without all shame dare she them boldly pray  
 To hir fals pleasours, Thus by hir gyle and trayne  
 This folysshe youth to hir wyll nat denay  
 But vnto hir some lepe both nyght and day  
 Without mesure, rennyng to lese theyr lyfe  
 As ox or shepe vnto the bochers knyfe



'The symple lambe his necke doth out extende  
Vnto the Bocher his mortall enemy  
So doth these folys, sekyng a shamefull ende  
And theyr owne deth, though they myght fynde remedy  
O blynde fole I requyre the to aply  
Vnto my wordes and thou shalt here and se.  
Howe moche thou oughtest this folysshe lust to fle

The soule it damneth, and drowneth depe in hell  
The wyt it wastyth, and confoundeth the mynde  
It causeth man his londe and good to sell  
And if that he none other mene can fynde  
To rob and stele he oft tyme is inclined  
Besyde all these this fowle lust is so vyle  
That with fowle sauour it shall thy body fele

Thoughe of lewde lust the ioy be short and small  
And thoughe the pleasour therof be soon ouer past  
The payne that foloweth it, is eternall  
With wofull dolour menglyd, that euer shall last  
Therefore leue of: do nat thy pleasour cast  
On worldly welth, delyte ioy and pleasour  
For soon they pas and change at euery hour

Who that in this wretchyd worlde wyll auoyde  
Of voluptuousnes the ioyes frayle and vayne  
And suffre nat hym with them to be acloyde  
Infect or downyd, shall for the same certayne  
Euerlastyng lyfe, and endles ioy obtayne  
And for his hye tryumphe and dyuyne prudence  
Haue the fruycon of goddes hye presence

But who that wyll his carnall lust ensue  
 Shall here haue shame, and after payne cruell  
 I coude hereof dyuers examples shewe  
 But of right many this one I shall you tell  
 One Sardanapalus all other dyd excell.  
 In carnall lust and so his mynde dyd cast  
 On loue prohybyte, that grace was fro hym past  
 The loue of vertue was full out of his mynde  
 So he concludyd to sue dilyciousnes  
 Thynkyng after deth no welth nor ioy to fynde  
 For this is the sentence of the prynce of derknes  
 But good almyghty seyng his vycyousnes  
 His body and soule deuydyd soon in twayne  
 From worldly pleasour vnto infernall payne  
 By this hystory to vs it apereth playne  
 That from worldly pleasour and voluptuosyte  
 With all our myght we ought vs to refrayne  
 For thoughe the first of them delycious be  
 Theyr ende is poyson, and of sournes plente  
 Sue wyse men vertue, and set suche lust asyde  
 For they ar folys that in it lyue and byde

THE ENVOY OF BARKLAY TO THE FOLYS.

Amende mad men your blynde mysgouernaunce  
 Subdue nat your necke to the captyuyte  
 Of flysshely lust and corporall pleasaunce  
 Nor to blynde Venus with hir lasciuYTE  
 (If ye it note) ye dayly here and se  
 The mysfortune of them that it ensue  
 And certaynly no man can saued be  
 By carnall lust, but by godly vertue

Of folys that can nat kepe secrete theyr  
owne counsell.



Of other Foles a number yet I fynde  
Which by theyr bablynge wordes and langage  
Can nat kepe close the secrete of theyr mynde.  
But all theyr counsel out they shewe at large.  
So that oft therof procedeth great damage.  
As Murder, myschefe, hated and debate.  
That after they repent. But than it is to late

He is a naturall fole and vndiscrete  
And to hym selfe ingendryth oft great stryfe  
Whiche can nat hyde his counsell and secrete  
But by his foly it sheweth to his wyfe  
And all that he hath done in his hole lyfe  
Or that to do here after he doth purpose  
To euery man suche a fole wyll disclose

The noble Sampson moste excellent of myght  
And strongest man that euer was get or borne  
Were nat this foly: sholde nat haue lost his syght  
Nor had his here, by gyle from his hede ofshorne  
And of his ennemyes ben laughyd vnto scorne  
And at the last with herte wrethfull and wo  
His ennemyes murdred and hym selfe also

Where as he myght haue lyued in honour  
If he had kept his secretes in his mynde  
With his owne wyll he dyed in great dolour.  
By the fals treason of his lemman vnkynde  
We may in dyuers mo examples fynde  
Howe many thousandes haue suffred paynes smart  
And all for shewyng the secretes of theyr hart

Amphiarus a Prynce moste excellent  
Shortened the dayes of his pore doutfull lyfe  
For shewyng the preuetees of his intent  
By his owne foly to his disceytfull wyfe  
And thoughe he longe escaped had the stryfe  
And war of Thebes whiche he dyd longe defende  
Yet at the leest his tunge was his owne ende

Thus olde storyes doth oft recorde and tell  
By theyr examples whiche they vnto vs gyue  
That wymen ar no kepars of counsell  
It goeth through them as water trough a syue  
Wherfore let them that quyetly wolde lyue  
No more of theyr counsell to any woman showe  
Than that they wolde that euery man dyd knowe

Let euery man that is discrete and sage  
Of suche folys with all wysdome be ware  
Whiche shewe theyr counsell by theyr hasty langage.  
To euery man without all thought and care  
For they of wysdome and reason ar but bare  
And who that his owne secrete wyll forth tell  
Howe sholde he hyde another mannes counsell

Yet other be whiche by theyr flaterynge trayne  
Labour to knowe euery mannys pryuate  
And by and by to shewe it forth agayne  
Of them be ware for they disceyfull be.  
Some other bost them of theyr felycyte  
Bablynge that they haue theyr wyll in euery thyng  
As prosperous welth loue, ryches and cunnyng

And of great dedes done both on see and londe  
Some by theyr falshode, some by strength and vertue  
But if one laboured the trouth to vnderstonde  
Suche folysshe wordes sholde all be founde vntrewe  
Let neuer man to suche his counsell shewe  
For of one worde these folys makyth twayne  
Whiche tourneth many to losse rebuke and payne

246 *Of folys that can nat kepe theyr counsell.*

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Wherefore if thou wylt that thy pryuate  
Be kept secrete and nat come out at large  
Be nat so folysshe to showe it vnto me  
Or any other if it be thyng of charge  
And if thou do thou shalt be in this barge  
For howe wylt thou thynke that another man  
Can kepe thy counsell syns thou thy selfe ne can

If the kynge Achab had nat vttered and tolde  
Vnto his wyfe his wyll and mynde so playne  
By hir fals treason, and dysceyt manyfolde  
Vnrightwysly Nabot had nat ben slayne  
But for the same, Achab suffred great payne  
By deth in batayle, and for a punysshment  
His wyfe with houndes was all to torne and rent

Thus it apereth that he is wyse and ware  
Whiche can his counsell kepe within his hart  
For by that mean may he escape great care  
And suerly lyue without yll wyllys dart  
The Prophete seyng what dyuers paynes smart  
Comyth oft to them whiche doth theyr secret tell  
Eche man exortyth to kepe close his counsell.

THE ENVOY OF BARCLAY TO THE FOLYS.

Thou man that hast thy secret in thy brest  
Holde it styll there suffer it nat out to go  
Who that so doth, therby shall fynde great rest  
Ne to thy frende shewe nat thy mynde also  
For if that he after become thy fo  
As often hapneth, than myght he the bewry  
So sholde thy foly tourne vnto thy great wo  
Howe be it suche thynges are prouyd comonly.

Of yonge folys that take olde wmen to  
theyr wyues, for their ryches.



Within our shyp that fole shall haue a hode  
Whiche an olde wyfe taketh in maryage  
Rather for hir ryches and hir worldly gode  
Than for pure loue, or hope to haue lynage  
But suche youth as mary them selfe with age  
The profyte and pleasour of wedlocke lese certayne  
And worthely lyue in brawlynge stryfe and payne.

248 *Of yonge folys that take olde wymen*

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Under the Asse tayle thoughe it be no thyng pure  
Yet many seke and grope for the vyle fatnes  
Gatherynge togyther the fowle dunge and ordure  
Suche ar they that for treasour and ryches  
Whyle they ar yonge in theyr chefe lustynes  
An agyd woman taketh to theyr wyfe  
Lesyng theyr youth, and shortyng so theyr lyfe

They that so do hath neyther rest nor peas  
But besy brawlyng and stryfe contynuall  
They have no pleasour, but thought and great dyseas  
Rebuke out braydyng, and strypes whan they fall  
But theyr owne foly is grounde and cause of all  
For they be maryd unto the vyle treasour  
And precious bagges, but nat for godly pleasour

They haue no hope of children nor lynage  
Loue is there none, and duryng theyr wretchyd lyfe  
Is nat one day in suche mad maryage  
Auoyde of brawlyng, of hatered and of stryfe  
But that pore man that weddeth a ryche wyfe  
Cast in his nose shall styll hir bagges fynde  
For whose cause he made was made and blynde

They that ar weddyd nat for loue but rychesse  
Of moryage despysyng the pleasour and profyte  
Suche seldome sauour fortunes happynes  
But oft mysfortune them greuously doth byte  
Thus gone is theyr pleasour theyr ioy and delyte  
And for vayne treasoure suche ar so glad and fayne  
That for the same they them subdue to payne



They wyllyngly to payne them selfe subdue  
The whiche ar weddyd for wretchyd couetyse  
They take no hede to maners and vertue  
To honeste nor wysdome but lyue ay in malyce  
For if a woman be fowle and full of vice  
And lewde of maners, nought both to man and lad  
Yet good shall hir mary be she neuer so bad

If that a man of hye or lowe degre  
Wolde spouse his doughter vnto a strange man  
He nought inqyreth of his honestye  
Of his behauour, nor if he norture can  
But if he be ryche in londes and good: than  
He shall be prayed his doughter for to haue  
Thoughe be but a bonde man or a knaue

The firste enquiryng and speciall questyon  
Is of the money, that thyng namely they moue  
And last of all aske they the condicion  
So whan they mete they neuer haue perfyte loue  
Wherfore it were better to suche for theyr behoue  
To byde alone in deserte and wyldernes  
Than in wedloke in payne for frayle ryches

Forsoth it is an vnmete maryage  
And disagreynge and moche agaynst the lawe  
Bytwene fresshe youth, and lame vnlusty age  
The loue bytwene them is scantly worth a strawe  
So doth the one styll on the other gnawe  
And oft the man in mynde doth sore complayne.  
His sede to sowe vpon a grounde barayne

Than muste he haue another prymme or twayne  
With them to slake his wanton yonge cowrage  
But in that space must he endure great payne  
With hir that he hath tane in maryage  
Hir bablynge tunge whiche no man can asswage  
With wrathfull wordes shall sle hym at the laste  
His other prymes his good shall spende and waste

Thus who that selleth his youthes lustynes  
For frayle ryches and this mundayne vanyte  
He byeth stryfe, gyle and falshode endlesse  
Suche force nat for fayth true loue nor honestye  
And thoughe that he discende of hye degre  
For hope of money he shall an olde fole wed  
By whose foly he to euery yll is led.

And so these folys subdue them to bondage  
And worthely endure suche payne and punysshement  
They hope therby to come to auantage  
But that they lese and lyue in sore tourment  
They wast theyr good, and so whan that is spent  
And nought remaineth theyr bodies to relefe  
Theyr disputacion is nought but hore and thefe

But if I sholde wryte all the vnhappynes  
The wrath discorde and the great deuysyon  
Wherin they lyue, that mary for ryches  
And nat for loue. I neuer sholde haue done  
Wherfore this say I for a conclusyon  
That he shall neuer thryue ne come to his behoue  
That weddyth a wyfe for gode and nat for loue

THE ENUOY OF BARKLAY.

Alas man myndles what is thyne intent  
To wed for ryches, that weddyng I defy  
Maryage was ordeyned by god omnipotent  
In goddes lawes the worlde to multiply  
Wherfore that man that wyll therto aply  
And wolde haue the profyte of faythfull maryage  
This worldly ryches ought no thyng to set by  
But wed for loue and hope to haue lynage

Remember ryches is no thyng comparable  
To mekenes vertue and discrete gouernaunce  
And other maners whiche ar more commendable  
Than worldly treasour or suche vnsure substaunce  
Wherfore consyder and call to thy remembraunce  
That better is to haue some woman pore and bare  
And lyue in eas : Than one with habundaunce  
Of great ryches : and euer to lyue in care

## Of enuyous Folys.



Yet ar mo folys whiche greatly them delyte  
In others losse, and that by fals enuy  
Wherby they suche vnrightwysly bacbyte  
The dartis of suche ouer all the wordly flye  
And euer in fleyng theyr fethers multiply  
No state in erth therfro can kepe hym sure  
His sede encreasyth as it wolde euer endure

Wastyng enuy oft styreth to malyce  
Folys nat a fewe whiche ar therto enclynynd  
Pryckyng theyr frowarde hertes vnto vyce  
Of others damage reioysyng in theyr mynde  
Enuyes darte doth his begynnyng fynde  
In wrathfull hertes, it wastyth his owne nest  
Nat suffryng other to lyue in eas and rest

If one haue plenty of treasour and ryches  
Or by his merytis obteyne great dignyte  
These folys enuyous that of the same haue les  
Enuy by malyce, the others hye degre  
And if another of honour haue plente  
They it enuy and wysshe that they myght sterue  
Howe be it suche folys can nat the same deserue

These folys desyre agaynst both lawe and right  
Anoters good if they may get the same  
If they may nat by flatteryng nor by myght  
Than by fals malyce they hym enuy and blame  
Outher if one by his vertue hath good name  
By fals enuy these foles hym reprove  
Their wrath them blyndeth so that they none can loue

The wounde of this malycious, fals enuy  
So dedely is, and of so great cruelte  
That it is incurable and voyde of remedy  
A man enuyous hath suche a properte  
That if he purpose of one vengyd to be  
Or do some mysche, whiche he reputyth best  
Tyll it be done, he neuer hath eas nor rest

No slepe, no rest nor pleasour can they fynde  
 To them so swete, pleasaunt and delectable  
 That may expell this malyce from theyr mynde  
 So is enuy a vyce abhomynable  
 And vnto helth so frowarde and damnable  
 That if it onys be rotyd in a man  
 It maketh hym lene. his colour pale and wan.

Enuy is pale of loke and countenaunce  
 His body lene of colour pale and blewe  
 His loke frowarde, his face without pleasaunce  
 Pyllynge lyke scalys, his wordes ay vntrue  
 His iyen sparklynge with fyre ay fresshe and newe  
 It neuer lokyth on man with iyen full  
 But euer his herte by furious wrath is dull

Thou mayst example fynde of this enuy  
 By Joseph whome his bretherne dyd neuer beholde  
 With louynge loke, but sharpe and cruelly  
 So that they hym haue murdred gladly wolde  
 I myght recount examples manyfolde  
 Howe many by enuy lost hath theyr degre  
 But that I leue bycause of breuyte

Enuyous folys ar stuffed with yll wyll  
 In them no myrth nor solace can be founde  
 They neuer laughe but if it be for yll  
 As for gode lost or whan some shyp is drounde  
 Or whan some hous is brent vnto the grounde  
 But whyle these folys on other byte and gnawe  
 Theyr enuy wastyth theyr owne herte and theyr mawe

The mount of Ethnay though it brent euer styll  
Yet (saue it selfe) it brenneth none other thyng  
So these enuyous Folys by theyr yll wyll  
Wast theyr owne herte, thoughte they be ay musyng  
Another man to shame and losse or hurt to brynge  
Upon them sellfe Thus tournyth this yll agayne  
To theyr destruccion both shame great losse and payne

This fals enuy by his malycious yre  
Doth often, bretherne so cursedly inflame  
That by the same the one of them conspyre  
Agaynst the other without all fere and shame  
As Romulus and Remus excellent of fame  
Whiche byldyd Rome, but after: enuy so grewe  
Bytwene them that the one the other slewe

What shall I wryte of Cayme and of Abell  
Howe Cayme for murder suffred great payne and wo  
Atreus story and Theseus cruell.

Ar vnto vs example hereof also  
Ethyocles with his brother: and many mo  
Lyke as the storyes declareth openly  
The one the other mured by enuy

THE ENUOY OF BARKLAY TO THE FOLYS.

Wherefore let hym that is discrete and wyse  
This wrathfull vyce exyle out of his mynde  
And yll on none by malyce to surmyse  
Let charyte in perfyte loue the bynde  
Sue hir preceptis than shalt thou confort fynde  
Loue in this lyfe, and ioy whan thou art past  
Where as enuy thy conscyence shall blynde  
And both they blode and body mar and wast

Of impacient Folys that wyll nat abyde  
correccion.



Unto our Folys shyp let hym come hastely  
Whiche in his Bagpype hath more game and sport  
Than in a Harpe or Lute more swete of melody  
I fynde vnnumerable Folys of this sort  
Whiche in theyr Bable haue all they hole confort  
For it is oft sayd of men both yonge and olde  
A fole wyll nat gyue his Babyll for any golde



The grettest synners that man may se or fynde  
In myserable Folys theyr foly to expres  
Is whan they wyll by no mean gyue theyr mynde  
To frendly wordes, to grace or to goodnes  
Suche folys so set theyr mynde on frowardnes  
That though one gyue them counsell sad and wyse  
They it disdayne and vtterly despyse

But he that is discrete sad and prudent  
Aplyeth his mynde right gladly to doctryne  
He hereth wyse men, his wysdome to augment  
He them doth folowe and to theyr wordes encline  
But that fole whiche ay goeth to ruyne.  
And mortall myschefe had leuer be dede or slayne  
Than byde correccyon or for his profyte payne

Suche haue suche pleasour in theyr mad folysshe pype  
That they dispyse all other melody.  
They leuer wolde dye folys than : byde a strype  
For theyr correccyon and specyall remedy  
And without dout none other Armony  
To suche folys is halfe so delectable  
As is their folysshe bagpype and theyr babyll

These frantyke folys wyll byde no punyssshement  
Nor smale correccion, for theyr synne and offence  
No frendly warnynge can chaunge theyr yll intent  
For to abyde it, they haue no pacyence.  
They here no wysdome but fle from hir presence  
And so it hapnyth that in the worlde be  
Mo folys than men of wyt and grauyte

O mortall fole remember well what thou art  
 Thou art a man of erth made and of clay  
 Thy dayes ar short and nede thou must depart  
 Out of this lyfe, that canst thou nat deny  
 Yet hast thou reason and wyt wherby thou may  
 Thy selfe here gyde by wysdome ferme and stable  
 Wherby thou passest all bestis vnreasonable

Thou art made lorde of euery creature  
 All thyng erthly vnto thyne obedyence  
 God hath the creat vnto his owne fygure  
 Lo is nat here a great preemynence  
 God hath also gyuynto the intellygence  
 And reason and wyt all foly to refuse.  
 Than art thou a fole that reason to abuse

He that is fre outhr in subieccion.  
 If by his foly he fall into offence  
 And than submyt hym vnto correccyon.  
 All men shall laude his great obedyence  
 But if that one by pryde and insolence  
 Supporte his faute and so bere out his vyce  
 The hell tourmentis hym after shall chastyce

Correccyon shall the vnto wysdome brynge  
 Whiche is more precious than all erthly ryches  
 Than londes rentis or any other thyng  
 Why dost thou bost the of byrth or noblenes  
 Of ryches, strength beauty or fayrnes  
 These often ar cause of inconuenyence.  
 Where as all good comyth by wysdome and prudence

A wyse man onely as we often fynde  
Is to be named moste ryche and of most myght  
Here thou his wordes and plant them in thy mynde  
And folowe the same for they ar sure and right.  
Better is to endure, thoughe it be nat lyght  
To suffer a wyse man the sharply to repreue  
Than a flaterynge fole to clawe the by the sleue

Thoughe sharpe correccyon at the first the greue  
Thou shalt the ende therof fynde profytable  
It oft apereth, therefore I it byleue  
That man also forsoth is fortunable  
Whiche here in fere lyueth sure and stable  
And in this lyfe is clene of his intent  
Ferynge the sharpe payne of hellys punyssment

He may hym selfe right happy call also  
Whiche is correct in his first tender age  
And so lernyth in goodes law to go  
And in his yocke, whiche doth all yll asswage  
But these folys bydyng in theyr outrage  
Whiche of correccyon in this lyfe hath dysdayne  
May fere to be correct in hell with endles payne

THE ENVOY OF BARKLAY TO THE FOLYS.

Ye obstynate folys that often fall in vyce  
Howe longe shall ye kepe this frowarde ignoraunce  
Submyt your myndes, and so from synne aryse  
Let mekenes slake your mad mys gouernaunce  
Remember that worldly payne it greuaunce  
To be compared to hell whiche hath no pere  
There is styll payne, this is a short penaunce  
Wherfore correct thy selfe whyle thou art here.

Of folysshe Fesyycans and vnlernd that  
onely folowe paractykeknowynge nought  
of the speculacyon of theyr faculte.



Who that assayeth the craft of medycyne  
Agaynst the seke and paynfull pacyent  
And hath no insyght cunynge nor doctryne  
To gyue the seke, helth and amendement  
Suche is a fole, and of a mad intent  
To take on hym by Phesyke any cure  
Nat knowynge of man, nor herbe the right nature

Yet be mo folys vpon the grounde and londe  
Whiche in our Shyp may clayme a rowme and place  
Suche be Phesycians that no thyng vnderstonde  
Wandrynge about in euery towne and place  
Uysytynge the seke whiche lyue in heuy case  
But nought they relefe of those paynes harde  
But gape alway after some great rewarde

Suche that haue practyse and nought of speculatyfe  
Whan they go vysyte some paynfull pacyent  
Whan they hym note sure to forgo his lyfe  
Without all hope of any amendement  
Yet say they other than is in theyr intent  
That his diseas is no thyng incurable  
So that the pacyent to hym be agreable

Sayth the Phesycyan whan he hath his rewarde  
Abyde a whyle tyll I my bokes ouer se  
Wherby I may relyue thy paynes harde  
Than from the pacyent homewarde departyth he  
To se his bokes but if the pacyent dye  
In that meane space the medycyne is to late  
So may he lay it to his owne folysshe pate

The speculation sholde he before haue sene  
For that in Phesyke is chefe and pryncypall,  
Yet many ar that vse the craft I wene  
Whiche of the cunnyng knowe lytell or nought at all  
A herbe or wede that groweth vpon a wall  
Beryth in it these folys medycyne.  
None other bokes haue they nor doctryne

Nor none they rede to haue the true scyence  
 Or perfyte knowlege and grounde of medycyne  
 They rede no volumes of the experyence  
 Of Podalirius nor Mesues doctryne  
 Suche folyss disdayne theyr myndes to enclyne  
 Unto the doctryne of bokes of Auycen  
 Of ypocras and parfyte galyen

But all the substance of theyr blynde faculte  
 They take in bokes that speke of herbes only  
 Without respect had to theyr properte  
 Or operacion so often they them aply  
 To fals doctrynes, but first and specyally  
 These olde wyues therwith wyll haue to do  
 Thoughe they nought knowe that doth belonge therto

They dare be bolde to take on them the cure  
 Of them diseasyd howe be it that they nat can  
 Suche thynges descerne as longyth to nature  
 What is for woman good, and what for man  
 So oft they ende moche wors than they began  
 That the pore pacyent is so brought to his graue  
 Yet dyuers suters suche folysshe wytches haue

Suche wytches boldly dare afferme and say  
 That with one herbe they hele can euery sore  
 Under euery syne plenete, houre and day  
 Yet besyde this they boldly dare say more  
 That it that helyth a man aged and hore  
 Shall helpe also a woman or a childe  
 Thus many thousandes oft ar by them begyled

They say also in this our charge or cure  
What nedes it note the synes or fymment  
The cause of thynges, or the strength of nature  
Whether that the seke be stronge or impotent  
They gyue one medesyn to euery pacyent  
And if it fortune it be to colde or warme  
The faythles wytche in hande goth with hir charme

Say folysse Surgyan by what experyence  
Or whose Doctryne discyplyne or lore  
Takest thou on the, nought knowynge of scyence  
With one Salue or plaster, to heale euery sore  
Yet so thou thynkest, I the compare therfore  
Unto a lawyer that of his craft nought can  
And yet presumeth to counsell euery man

A lawer and a Phesician ar both lyke  
Of theyr condicion and both insue one trayne  
The one begylyth the pacyent and seke  
Takyng his god for to encreas his payne  
The other labours and cauteles oft doth fayne  
To clawe the coyne by craft from his clyent  
Castynge hym of whan all his good is spent

Thus thryues the lawer by anothers good  
Iniustly gotten, disceyuyng his clyent  
Also some other ar callyd Phesicians good  
Whiche vtterly disceyue the pacyent  
If he haue money than hath he his intent  
And if the seke haue store ynough to pay  
Than shall the cure be dryuen from day to day

So if the lawer may any auantage wyn  
 He shall the cause from terme to terme defarre  
 The playntyf for a player is holde in.  
 With the defendaunt kepyng open warre  
 So laweyers and Phesicians thousandes do marre  
 And whan they no more can of theyr suers haue  
 The playntyf beggyth, the seke is borne to graue

But of these lawyers bycause I spoke before  
 Of folysshe Phesicians here onely I intende.  
 Somwhat to say: And of lawers no more  
 On you Phesicians shall I conclude and ende  
 I say no man may hym so well defende  
 That he for murder may auoyde punysshement  
 Yet may Phesicians, sleyng the pacient

Thus thou that of Phesycian hast the name  
 If thou nought knowe of perfyte medycyne  
 It is forsoth to thy rebuke and shame  
 To boste the scyence: nat hauyng the doctryne  
 Therefore I counsell that thou thy mynde inclyne  
 To haue the cunnyng, els certaynly thou shall  
 Haue thy blynde craft and lyue a fole with all.

THE ENUOY OF THE TRASLATOUR.

Thou blynde Phesician that of thy craft nought can  
 Leue of thy lewdnes and bolde audacyte  
 To take on the: the cure of chylde or man  
 For by thy foly the wors myght they be  
 And ye that suerly perceyue your faculte  
 Be true therin, and auaryce from you cast  
 Shame is to bryng a man to pouertye  
 And than in paynes to leue hym at the last



Of the ende of worldly honour and power  
and of Folys that trust therein.



On erth was neuer degre so excellent  
Nor man so myghty : in ryches nor scyence  
But at the ende all hath ben gone and spent  
Agaynst the same no man can make defence  
Deth all thyng drawyth, ferefull is his presence,  
It is last ende of euery thyng mundayne  
Thus mannys fortune of cours is vncertayne

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O creatures of myndes mad and blynde  
I wonder of your hertis proude and eleuate  
Whiche on vayne power set so sore your mynde  
And trust so moche to your vnsure estate  
As of your lyfe were neyther yere nor date  
To worldly worshyp ye stedfastly intende  
As if your lyfe sholde neuer more come to ende

Alway ye labour to come to dignyte  
And oft by falshode your power to augment  
Alas fewe ar content with theyr degre  
But by extorcion spoyle the pore innocent  
On worldly treasour so set is theyr intent  
And styll to honour as besely to ascende  
As if theyr lyfe sholde neuer more come to ende

Take thou example by Julius cesar  
That of the worlde durynge a whyle was sure  
And many kynges subduyd by myght of warre  
And of the Empyre had lordshyp charge cure  
But this his myght great space dyd nat endure  
And whyle he trustyd yet hyer to ascende  
By cruell deth he soon came to his ende

Right in lyke wyse the myghty Darius  
Was kynge of Persy a realme moche excellent  
Yet was his mynde so greatly couetus  
That with the same helde he hym nat content  
But warred on other Royalmes adiacent  
So whan his myght coude nat therto extende  
His owne Royalme he loste and so came to his ende

And also Xerxes in ryches abundant  
Was longe in peas and great tranquyllyte  
And in his Royalme was hye and tryumphant  
As longe as he was content with his degre  
Than had he pleasour and great felycyte.  
To assay by warre his kyngdome to amende  
But all he lost and so came to his ende

Whyle Nabugodonosor kyng of Babylone  
In vnsure fortune set to great confydence  
Commaundyng honour vnto hym to be done  
As vnto god: with all humble reuerence,  
God by his power and hye magnyfycence  
Made hym a beste, for that he dyd offende  
And so in proces of tyme came to his ende

Alexander the great and myghty conquerour  
To whome all the worlde scantly myght suffyse  
Of Grece was the origynall lorde and Emperour  
And all the worlde subdued as I surmyse  
Yet hath he done as is the comon gyse  
Left all behynde, for nought coude hym defende  
But as a symple man at the last came to his ende

The myghty Cresus with his kyngdomes and store  
Of golde and ryches hym selfe coude nat content  
But whyle he trustyd and laboured for more  
Fortune hym fayled: So lost he his intent.  
What shall I wryte of Cyrus excellent  
Drynkynge his blode by deth whiche fortune sende  
To here of states the comon deth and ende

All kyngdomes deokay and all estate mundayne  
 Example of Rome Cartago and Mycene  
 Of Solyme Tyre grace and Troy moste souerayne  
 None of these places ar nowe as they haue ben  
 Nor none other ouer the worlde as I wene  
 Thus shortly to speke and all to comprehende  
 All worldly thynges at last shall haue an ende.

THE ENVOY OF BARKLAY TO THE FOLYS.

O man that hast thy trust and confydençe  
 Fyxed on these frayle fantasies mundayne  
 Remember at the ende there is no difference  
 Bytwene that man that lyued hath in payne  
 And hym that hath in welth and ioy souerayne  
 They both must dye their payne is of one sort  
 Both ryche and pore, no man can deth refrayne  
 For dethes dart expellyth all confort

Say where is Adam the fyrst progenytour  
 Of all mankynde is he nat dede and gone  
 And where is Abell of innocence the flour  
 With adamys other sonnes euerychone  
 A : dredfull deth of them hath left nat one  
 Where is Mathusalem, and Tuball that was playne  
 The first that played on Harpe or on Orgone  
*Ilz sont tous mortz ce monde est choce vayne*

Where is iust Noy and his ofsprynge become  
 Where is Abraham and all his progeny  
 As Isaac and Jacob, no strength nor wysdome  
 Coude them ensure to lyue contynually

Where is kynge Dauyd whome god dyd magnyfy  
And Salomon his son of wysdome souerayne  
Where ar his sonnes of wysdome and beauty  
*Ilz sont toutz mortz ce monde est choce vayne.*

Where ar the prynces and kynges of Babylon  
And also of Jude and kynges of Israell  
Where is the myghty and valiant Sampson  
He had no place in this lyfe ay to dwell  
Where ar the Prynces myghty and cruell  
That rayned before Christ delyuered vs from payne  
And from the Dongeons of darke and ferefull hell  
*Ilz sont toutz mortz ce monde est choce vayne.*

Of worldly worsyp no man can hym assure  
In this our age whiche is the last of all  
No creature can here alway endure  
Yonge nor olde, pore man nor kynge royall  
Unstable fortune tourneth as doth a ball  
And they that ones pas can nat retourne agayne  
Wherfore I boldly dare speke in generall  
We all shall dye : *ce monde est choce vayne.*

Ryches nor wysdome can none therfro defende  
Ne in his strength no man can hym assure  
Say where is Tully is he nat come to ende  
Seneke the sage with Cato and Arture  
The hye Arystotyll of godly wyt and pure  
The glorious Godfray, and myghty Charlemayne  
Thoughe of theyr lyfe they thought that they were sure  
Yet ar they all dede : *ce monde est choce vayne.*

Where ar the Phylosophers and Poetis lawreat  
 The great Grammaryens and pleasant oratours.  
 Ar they nat dede after the same fourme and rate  
 As ar all these other myghty conquerours  
 Where ar theyr Royalmes theyr ryches and treasours  
 Left to theyr heyres : and they be gone certayne  
 And here haue left theyr riches and honours  
 So haue they proued that this worlde is but vayne.

So I conclude bycause of breuyte  
 That if one sought the worlde large and wyde  
 Therin sholde be founde no maner of dere  
 That can alway in one case suerly byde  
 Strength, honour, riches cunnyng and beautye  
 All these decay, dayly : though we complayne  
*Omnia fert etas*, both helth and iolyte  
 We all shall dye : *ce monde est choce vayne.*

## Of predestynacion.



That man that lokyth for to haue a rewarde  
Whiche he hath nat deseruyd to obtayne  
And lenyth his body vpon a rede forwarde  
Whiche for waykenes may hym nat well sustayne  
Forsoth this fole may longe so loke in vayne  
And on the Crauys he styll shall bacwarde ryde  
Cryenge with the doue, whose flyght shall hym ay gyde

It is vnlawfull, man to be diligent  
 Or serchyngē goddes workes to set his thought  
 Howe he hath made the heuen and fyrmament  
 The erth the see and euerie thyngē of nought  
 Yet of some Fols the cause hereof is sought,  
 Whiche labour also with curyosyte  
 To knowe the begynnyngē of his dyuynyte

These fols forgettyngē their owne fragilyte  
 Wolde loke to knowe the ende of euerie thyngē  
 Boldly disputyngē in goddys pryete  
 And what rewarde is ordeynyd for men luyngē  
 Of many fols this is the moste musyngē  
 Whiche labour dayly with besy cure and payne.  
 To knowe what god doth discerne and or ordayne

Therefore in this part I shall dispyse and blame  
 Unchrafty fols whiche scantly haue ouer sene  
 Ought of scripture, if they knowe the bokes name  
 Or els a whyle hath at the Scoles bene  
 Than bende they the browys and stedfastly they wene  
 In theyr conceyt that they ar passyngē wyse  
 For all scripture newe commentis to deuyse

They frowardly the sentence do transpose  
 And that whiche is wryten, both playne and holely  
 By theyr corruptyngē and vnlawfull glose  
 Oft tyme they bryngē to damnable heresy  
 Falsly expoundyngē after theyr fantasy  
 They labour to transpose and turne the right sence  
 Thoughē the wordes stryue and make great resystance



Here what these folys with theyr audacyte  
Dare besely say by theyr fals errorr blynde  
Presumynge on goddes secrete and pryuate  
Here what lewde wordes they cast out in the wynde  
They say what man can chaunge or turne his mynde  
To lyue after any other fourme and rate  
But lyke as he is therto predestynate

They say : if god that rayneth ouerall  
Hath any ordeyned that in this worlde is  
To come to the place and rowme celestyall  
For to be partyner of euerlastynge blys  
Ordeyned for suche as here doth nat amys  
No man can chaunge, not other thyng mundayne  
That thyng whiche god by his myght doth ordayne

But if that god prefixed hath before  
Any creature vnto infernall payne  
In derknes to be damnyd for euer more  
No erthly thyng may that sentence call agayne  
Nor hym delyuer : o fole thou mayst complayne  
For this thy foly and also it repent  
Thynkest thou nat god alway omnyotent

Is god nat rightwyse and grounde of all iustyce  
Rewardynge man after his gouernaunce  
He that hath here nat lyen in synne and vyce  
Hauynge in goddys seruyce his pleasaunce  
Shall of his lorde be had in remembraunce  
And of rewarde worthely be sure  
Where it is worthy that synners payne endure

Trust well who seruyth his maker stedfastly  
 With pure herte keypyng sure his commaundement  
 And lawes shall be rewardyd fynally  
 With heuenly ioy and scape all punysshement  
 Therefore thou fole leue of this lewde intent  
 Lyue vertuously and trust in goddes grace  
 Than yll desteny in the shall haue no place

Vnto great ioy god hath vs all create  
 And to vs all ordeyned his kyngdome  
 And none hath vnto Hell predestynate  
 But often whan we folowe nat wysdome  
 By ouer owne foly we fall, and so become  
 Vnto our maker vnkind : and hym deny  
 Whiche them rewardyth that here lyue vertuously

Therefore thou Fole desyst thy wordes vayne  
 And let thy tunge no more suche wordes say  
 For god hath vs made all of one stuf certayne  
 As one potter makyth of one clay  
 Vessels dyuers, but whan he must them lay  
 Vpon the kyll with fyre them there to dry  
 They come nat all to good, moste comonly

Doth this ertbyn pot his maker dispuse  
 Whether it be made of fassyon good or yll  
 Saynge why dost thou make me in this wyse  
 Wherfore mad man I reade the to be styll  
 Blame nat thy maker, for thy vnhappy wyll  
 For god hath neuer man nor childe create  
 But all he hath to heuen predestynate

And whyle we lyue here on this wretchyd grounde  
We haue our reason and wyttes vs to gyde  
With our fre wyll and if no faute be founde  
In our demenour, in heuen we shall abyde  
But if we goddes lawes set asyde  
Howe may we hope of hym rewarde to wyn  
So our owne foly is moste cause of our syn.

## THE ENVOY OF BARCLAY.

O creature vnkynde vnto thy creatour  
What carest thou to knowe or to inuestygate  
The pryuetye, of god, leue this thy errour  
To thynke the by hym to be predestynate  
To endles wo and from his blysse pryuate  
For syns thou hast thy reason and frewyll  
Gyuyn the by god, thou art in suche estate  
To take the eleccion outhere of good or yll

Of folys that forget them selfe and do  
another manns besynes leuyng their  
owne vndone.



Who that wyll suffer his owne hous to bren  
Tyll nought of it saue the bare wallys stonde  
And with his water hastely doth ren  
To quenche the fyre of anothers hous or londe  
He is a fole and haue shall in his hande  
A folysshe Pype or horne therwith to blowe  
For other folys that in my Shyp wyll rowe.

Within my Shyp of rowme he shall be sure  
Whiche for anothers auantage and profyte  
Takyth great thought and doth moche payne endure  
Vnto his owne charge takynge no respyte  
But settyth it asyde and hath all his delyte  
With all his stody hym to enforce and dres :  
To care for euery manns besynes.

Suche hertles folys to them self neglygent  
In theyr owne charge slepe contynually  
But with open iyen they ar full dilygent  
The worke of other with all theyr myght to aply  
And for others profyte prouyde they besely.  
But whyle these Folys ar glad to take in hande  
Anothers charge, theyr owne styll let they stande

Wherefore I am so bolde within my boke  
Somwhat to touch these folys mad vsage  
That if it fortune them on the same to loke  
They may therby perceyue in theyr corage  
That labour they ought for their owne auantage  
Most specyally. for that is the degre  
And the true order of perfyte charite

For perfyte loue and also charite  
Begynneth with hym selfe for to be charitable  
And than to other after his degre  
Thy owne auantage is ay moost profytable  
The great Phylosophers of maners ferme and stable  
And also of wysdome godly and dyuyn  
Hath left to vs suche techyng and doctryne

We haue by Therence the same commaundement  
The same is wryten also as I fynde  
In the holy lawe of the olde testament  
And therefore he that oft wyll set his mynde  
For others maters with care his thought to blynde  
Let hym first se vnto his owne profyte  
Lyst some mysfortune hym after sharply byte

Let hym turne his labour to his owne auantage  
And than do for other where as he seeth moste nede  
For who that playeth for mony outhere gage  
And on his felawes cast takyth onely hede  
And nat to his owne, suche one shall seldom spede  
And is a Fole. So is he that doth ren  
To quenche another hous, suffrynge his owne to bren

Suche one of his owne damage hath no fere  
And worthy is his losse and hurte to byde  
So is he that wyll anothers burthen bere  
Or takyth anothers charge at any tyde  
Despysynge his owne werke and settinge it asyde  
If suche haue losse and after it forthynke  
No man shall moche force whether he flete or synke

He is well worthy to haue a folys pype  
That goth vnbyddyn to rype anothers corne  
And suffreth his owne to stande though it be rype.  
And generally all Folys ar worthy scorne  
Of what maner byrth so euer they be borne  
If they them self put, to losse or damage  
Therby to do some other auantage

Say curyous Fole: say what pleasour thou hast  
In others maters thy self to intermyt  
Or theyr great charges thus in thy mynde to cast  
Thy selfe to socour set thou thy mynde and wyt  
Let others maters therfore in quyete syt  
On thy owne profyte of all firste set thy mynde  
And than (if thou mayst) do somewhat for thy frende

For vtterly that man is moche vnwyse  
That thus takyth thought for anothers charge  
And doth his owne by neglygence despyse  
For suche Folys I forgyd haue this barge  
But of the same suche men I clene discharge  
That first of his pryuate profyte can take hede  
And than helpe a frende and felowe at a nede

THENUOY OF BARCLAY.

Ye that take charge, thought and besy cure  
For others mysfortune, losse or aduersyte  
First of your self I aduyse you to be sure  
For this is the order of parfyte charyte  
Eche to hym selfe moste louynge ay to be  
And next to his frende, but who that doth dispysse.  
His owne besynes whiche is in ieopardye  
Seynge to anothers forsoth he is vnwyse

Of the vyce of vnkyndnes and Folys that  
it folowe.



That Fole can neyther gode nor honeste  
Whiche whan one doth to hym a frendly dede  
It gladly takyth, thoughte it be two or thre  
Lokyng for kyndnes, yet takyth he no hede  
To shewe the same agayne in tyme of nede  
Let suche Folys be no thing wroth therefore  
Thoughte in this Shyp I set them to an ore.



He is a Fole that crauynge is alway  
Takyng the seruyce and rewardes of his frende  
And nat remembryth the same agayne to pay  
But as a churle it castyth out of his mynde  
For who that wolde haue one to hym be kynde  
And lyberall, he ought the same to be  
For kyndnes meyntayneth bothe loue and charyte

He that wyll charge another with cures harde  
And great labours greuous to sustayne  
Ought for his labour hym worthely rewarde  
That the rewarde may be confort to his payne  
It is disworshyp and also shame certayne  
To take the labour of any ryche or pore  
And nat iustly hym to content therefore

Wherefore the workman ought also to intende  
Vnto his labour to saue his honestye  
And workemanly to brynge it the ende  
If he therby wolde well rewardyd be  
And if the owner therof beholde and se.  
His worke so done, he is a chorle vnkynde  
If he do nat content the workmannys mynde.

He that wolde gladly that men sholde hym commende  
Must fully purpose and fyx within his mynde  
Lyberall to be and nat euer to intende  
To false Auaryce, whiche many one doth blynde  
And if he purpose hye honours for to fynde  
Or hym auaunce to any great degre  
He must haue mekenes and lyberalyte

He must of maners also be commendable  
 And of his speche als pleasaunt as he can  
 For an olde prouerbe true and verytable  
 Sayth that good lyfe and maners makyth man  
 But euery lawe doth dam and also ban  
 The churlysshe vyce and lewde of vnkyndnes  
 Whiche dryeth vp the well of bounte and goodnes

For vnkynde folys if one labour dylygent  
 And so brynge theyr worke vnto good conclusyon  
 They fynde yet fautis and so ar nat content  
 Withdrawynge the rewarde by theyr collusyon  
 Wherefore let suche thynke it no abusyon  
 Nor haue disdayne ne yet in mynde complayne  
 If the pore laborer gyue vp his worke agayne

These frowarde Folys, doth wronge and iniury  
 To suche as to them do profyte and honour  
 For kyndnes, they render shame and vylany  
 Rebukes sclander extorcion and rygour  
 But whyle they hope to come to great valoure  
 And by such rygour to honours to aryse  
 They hope vanyssheth as doth the snowe or yce

Wherefore who that puttyth one to besynes  
 To charge or labour of body or of mynde  
 Ought hym rewarde agayne for his kyndnes  
 If he do nat forsoth he is unkynde  
 But specyally as I oft wryten fynde  
 It is a thyng whiche doth for vengeaunce cry  
 A pore laborer to put to Iniury

What man can wryte the inconuenyence  
Whiche groweth of this lewde and cursyd vyce  
Vnkyndnes causeth great myschefe and offence  
And is repugnyng to reason and iustyce  
Wherefore let suche that wyll be namyd wyse  
Leue it: and folowe lyberalyte  
Whiche is noryssher of loue and amyte

In dyuers bokes examples we may fynde  
Howe many Cytees hygh and excellent  
Agaynst all lawe and reason were vnkynde  
To suche as dyd theyr dignyte augment  
O vnkynde rome thou was of this intent  
Whiche hast Camyllus exyled in great payne  
Thoughe he euer laboured thy honour to mentayne

O cruell Athenes by thy ingrattytude  
Hast thou nat banysshed Solon also fro the  
Though he enfourmyd hath thy maners rude  
And gyuyn the lawes of right and equitye  
For his great meryte, loue and benygnyte  
Thou hast hym gyuen exyle and paynes harde  
His labour was nat worthy that rewarde

Thou vnkynde Sparta: of thy audacyte  
What shall I wryte or thy lewde vnkyndnes  
Hast thou nat banysshed by thy cruelte  
Thy kynge Lycurgus, bycause he dyd redres  
Thy wanton errors by lawe and rightwysnes  
And Scipio whiche his country dyd defende  
Fonde it to hym, vnkynde at the last ende

A thousande mo whome I can nat expresse  
 To suche as haue for them abyde great payne  
 Haue done displeasour, and shewed vnkyndnes  
 And them disceyued by some cautele or trayne  
 Yet none of them great goodnes cowde obtayne  
 By theyr vnkyndnes for who that so doth cast  
 Vnkyndly shall be seruyd at the last.

THENUOY OF BARKLAY.

O fals vnkyndnes out on the I cry  
 From all goodnes dost thou nat man withdrawe  
 Byndyng his herte to gyle and vylany  
 Agaynst nature, agaynst both right and lawe  
 Thou makest man his maker nat to knawe  
 Therefore thou man expell out from thy mynde  
 This vyce, for we fynde in an olde sayde sawe  
 Wo is hym that to his maker is vnkynde.

Remember man the great preemynence  
 Gyuen unto the by good omnypotent  
 Bytwene the and Angels is lytell difference  
 And all thyng erthly to the obedyent  
 Fyssh byrde and beste vnder the fyrmament  
 Say what excuse mayst thou nowe lay or fynde  
 Syns thou art made by god so excellent  
 But that thou oughtest agayne to hym be kynde.

God hath the made vnto his owne lykenes  
 No erthly creature vnto the comparable  
 Thy iyen vpwarde to consyder his hyghnes  
 Where other creatures that ar vnresonable

Goeth on all foure and ar nat other able.  
Theyr loke alway vnto the grounde inclynyd  
Therefore thou ought in vertue to be stable  
And to thy maker neuer to be vnkynde

Whan man offendyd by disobedyence  
Subduynge hym self to labour care and payne  
And lost the confort of goodes hye presence  
Hath nat christ Jhesu redemyd hym agayne  
Besyde all this thou hast no thyng certayne  
In erth but by hym. wherfore I call the blynde  
And of thy maners vncurtayse and vylayne  
If to thy sauour thou be nat true and kynde

Thoughe god hath made the (man) thus excellent  
To lyue (if thou lyst) in ioy eternally  
A lytell thyng shall hym agayne content  
He nought requyreth but thy herte onely  
And that thou defy thy gostly ennemy  
And in goddes seruyce thy herte and body bynde.  
Than shall he rewarde the in heuen right gloriously  
So mayst thou be callyd vnto thy maker kynde

Of folys that stande so well in their owne  
conceyt that they thinke none so wyse,  
stronge, fayre, nor eloquent, as they  
ar themself.



We haue ouercome the malyce and enuy  
Of suche as agaynst our Nauy did conspyre  
Wherfore I shall my folys call quickly  
That they my Shyp may aparayle and atyre  
Drawe nere ye Folys whiche syttyng by the fyre  
Loke ay in a glasse to se your countenance  
And in your owne dedis haue all your hole pleaunce

Vnto my shyp I call hym to be Coke  
The mete to dresse to other Folys echone  
Whiche in his myrrour doth alway gase and loke  
Whan he may get hym vnto a place alone  
And though of colour and beaute he haue none  
Yet thynketh he hym self fayre and right plesant  
And wyse : thoughe that he be mad and ignorant

In his owne dedys is onely his delyte  
In his owne conceyte thynkyng hymself right wyse  
And fayre, thoughe he be yelowe as kyte  
Is of hir fete : yet doth he styll deuysse  
His vayne myrrour : that onely is his gyse  
And thoughe he beholde hym self of lothly shape  
He wyll it nat byleue, but in his glasse doth gape.

Though for his foly all men myght hym repreue  
And that he se it before hym openly  
Within his glasse : he wyll it nat byleue  
But strongly it defende and eke deny  
He seyth nat his erys longe and hie  
Whiche stande vpon his folysse hode behynde  
His lewde conceyt thus makyth hym starke blynde

Whan people comon of men of hie prudence  
Or of hie beauty, and strength if men doth tell  
If one suche fole were there in the presence  
He swere durst boldly and that on the gspell  
That he onely all other dyd excell  
And that to gyue counsell good and profytable  
Were none in the worldly vnto hym comparable

These folys bost them selfe of theyr wysdome  
 And thynke them selfe to haue preemynence  
 Aboute all other that ar in christendome.  
 In gyftis of grace as beautye and scyence  
 Of strength, gode maners, vertue, and eloquence  
 But thoughe they stande in theyr owne conceytis  
 Nought is saue foly within theyr folysse patis

And thoughe theyr face and vysage stande awry  
 And all to reuyld, theyr mouth standynge asyde  
 Within theyr myrrour the same can they nat spye  
 But in theyr foly contynually abyde  
 And whether that they ar styll outhr go or ryde  
 Labour or be ydyll, they gase styll in theyr glasse  
 Yet wylly they nat byleue to haue erys lyke an Asse.

Oft whan these folys lye in theyr bed vpright  
 With tawny loke or els theyr botyll nose  
 They haue theyr myrrour alway in theyr syght  
 The vayne glasse (of theyr beautye) to apose  
 And whan suche a fole into the kechyn gose  
 To stere the pot, there whether he syt or stande  
 The glasse alway is in the other hande

Whan he a whyle his glas hath loken than  
 If one examynyd hym of his beautye  
 He boldly durst swere both by god and man  
 That nought were in hym whiche myght repreuyd be  
 But all goodnes, fayre shape, and loke of grauyte  
 And that his gere gayly vpon his backe doth syt  
 He hardly is wyse: if he had any wyt.



I wryten fynde that great inconuenyence  
As losse, contempt and occasyon of pryde  
Hath fallyn vnto many by this lewde complacence  
Whiche haue nat knowen the way themself to gyde  
The emperour Otho had ay borne by his syde  
In warre and peas (a glasse) for his pleasauce  
To se his colour therin ; and countenance

And to the entent to make his colour gay  
With Assys mylke he noyntyd oft his skyn  
And shauyd his berde onys euery day  
But for that he offendyd god herein  
After was he sharply punysshyd for this syn  
And put vnto extreme rebuke and shame  
To gyue other example to auoyde the same

It is forsoth a maner femynyne  
And nat for man to be so elegant  
To suche toyes wanton wymen may inclyne  
A yonge mayde may at her forhede haue pendant  
The vayne myrrour to se hir shape pleasant  
Man sholde nought set by to norysse his beautye  
But onely manhode strength and audacyte

The wanton mayde may for hir self ordayne  
Hir call hir coyfe, and suche conceytis newe  
As broches fyletes and oyntmentis souerayne  
And clothyng of dyuers colour and of hewe  
But nowe yonge men the same fourme do ensue  
And to content theyr mad and folysshe mynde  
To wymen they compare themselfe agaynst kynde

Disorder rayneth as I before haue sayde  
 The yonge men takyth womans countenance  
 And hir aparayll, and wymen ar arayde  
 As men : agaynst all lawe and ordynaunce  
 Thus man and woman ensue mysgouernaunce  
 In theyr behauour is small dyuersyte  
 Theyr owne conceyt causeth great enormyte

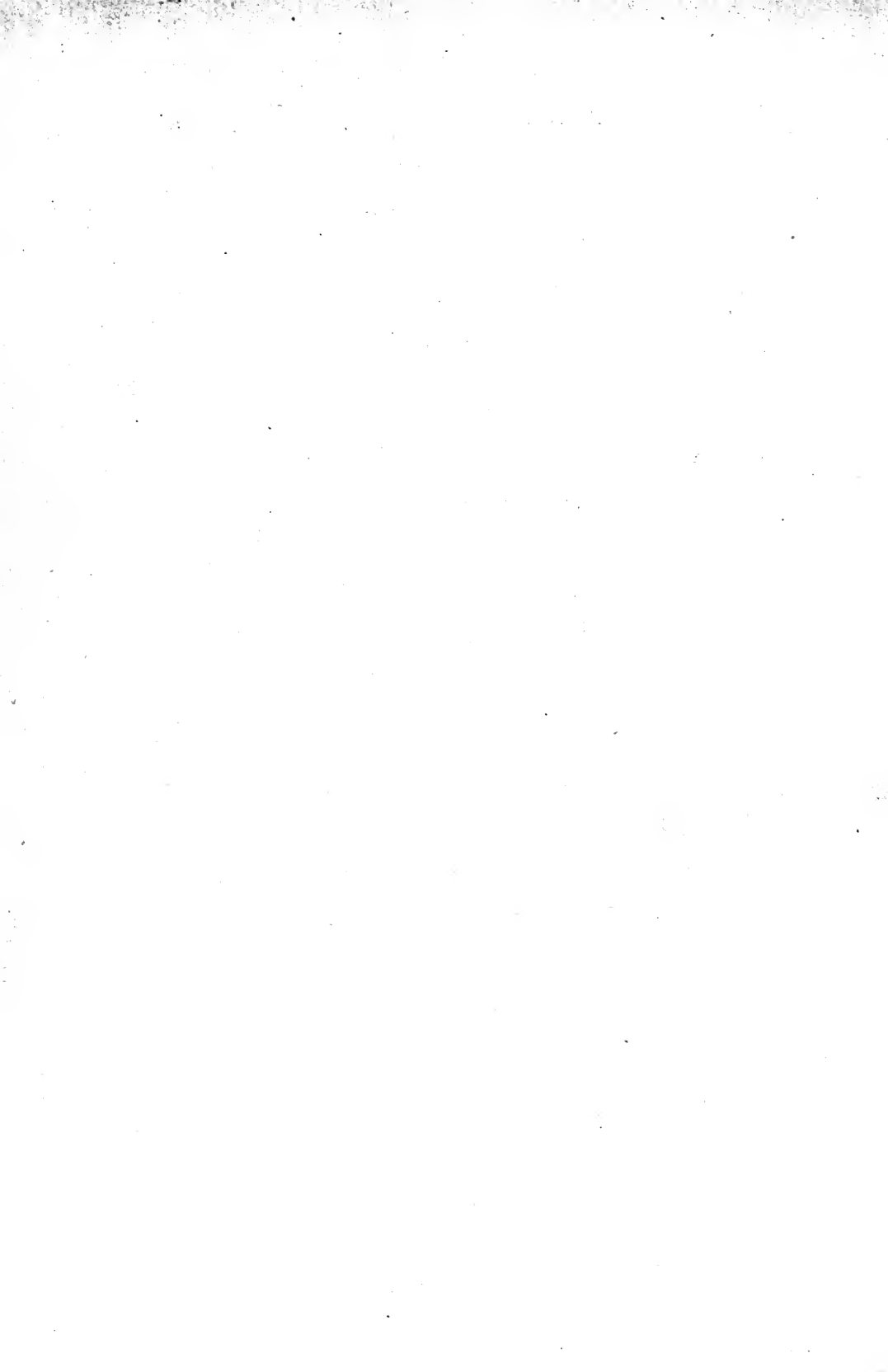
The poet Ouyde shewyth in a fable  
 Howe that one callyd Pygmalyon by name  
 A fygure made vnto hymselfe semblable  
 Whiche he in marbyll right craftely dyd frame  
 And in so moche he worshypped the same  
 Tyll at the last his mynde was past and gone  
 And he transformed so was in to that stone

And if the Poetis fables be all sure  
 As by theyr subtyle wordes oft we here  
 The childe Narcissus was chaungyd of fygure  
 Whyle he behelde into the water clere  
 For whyle his shadowe vnto hym dyd apere  
 Vpon the same so sore he set his mynde  
 That he transformyd was to another kynde.

But to retorne agayne to our purpose  
 And of this sort of Folys to conclude  
 If god sholde them to other shape transpose  
 That thynke them fayre though they be foule and rude  
 Into foule fassyon he many sholde include  
 For whyle Folys theyr owne beauty magnify  
 So growyth the nomber and so they multiply

THENUOY OF BARKLAY THE TRANSLATOUR.

Blynde man inclere thy wylfull ignoraunce  
Stande nat so great in thy owne conceyte  
Ne in thy lewde fassyon set nat thy pleasaunce  
Whether thou be pore or man of great estate  
Another man moche more shall in the wayte  
Of gode and yll than thou thy self canst do  
Therefore be nat cause to thy self of disceyte  
If one the teche: aply thy mynde therto



Of lepynges and dauncis and Folyys that pas  
theyr tyme in suche vanyte.



That fole that settyth his felycyte  
In wanton daunces and lepes immoderate  
Hath in my Shyp a rowme for his degre  
Bysyde the stere for troublynge of his pate  
He god dyspleasyth, whiche doth suche foly hate  
Suche lese theyr tyme in vayne and oft therin  
Ar many hurtis : and cause of dedely syn.

Those folys a place may challenge in my shyp  
 Whiche voyde of wysdome as men out of theyr mynde  
 Them selfe delyte to daunce to lepe and skyp  
 In compase rennyng lyke to the worlde wyde  
 In vnkynde labour, suche folys pleasour fynde  
 Rennyng about in this theyr furious vyce  
 Lyke as it were in Bacchus sacryfyce

Or as the Druydans rennyth in vayne about  
 In theyr mad festes vpon the hylle of yde  
 Makyng theyr sacrafyce with furour noyse and shout  
 Whan theyr madnes settyth theyr wyt asyde  
 Or whan the prestis of mars all nyght abyde  
 Within theyr temple by vse abhominable  
 To theyr ydollys doyng theyr seruyce detestable

Lyke as these paynyms hath to theyr ydols done  
 Theyr sacryfyce wandryng in theyr madnes  
 Theyr bodyes weryenge, in vayne wastyng their shone  
 So do these fowlys them selfe to daunsyng dres  
 Sekyng occasion of great vnhappynes  
 They take suche labour without all hope of gayne  
 Without rewarde sure, of werynes and payne

Say Folys that vse this fury and outrage  
 What causyth you to haue delyte therin  
 For your great labour say what is your wage  
 Forsoth ye can therby no profyte wyn  
 But seke occasyon (as I haue sayde) of syn  
 And for thy weryng thy fete thus in the dust  
 Thou gettest no gayne but cause of carnall lust

But whan I consyder of this folysshe game  
The firste begynnyng and cause orygyne  
I say the cause therof is worthy blame  
For whan the deuyll to disceyue man mortall  
And do contempt to the hye god eternall  
Vpon a stage had set a Calfe of golde.  
That euery man the same myght clere beholde

So than the Fende grounde of mysgouernaunce  
Causyd the people this fygure to honour  
As for theyr god and before the same to daunce.  
Whan they were dronkon, thus fell they in errour  
Of Idolatry, and forgate theyr creatour.  
Before this ydoll daunsyng both wyfe and man  
Dispysyng god: Thus daunsyng fyrst began

Suche blynde folyes and inconuenyence  
Engendryth great hurte and incommodyte  
And sawyth sede wherof groweth great offence  
The grounde of vyce and of all enormyte  
In it is pryde, fowle lust and lecherye  
And whyle lewde lepys ar vysd in the daunce  
Oft frowarde bargayns ar made by countenaunce

What els is daunsyng but euen a nurcery  
Or els a bayte to purchase and meyntyne  
In yonge hertis the vyle synne of rybawdry  
Them fetryng therin, as in a dedely chayne  
And to say trowth in wordes clere and playne  
Venereous people haue all theyr hole pleasaunce  
Theyr vyce to norysse by this vnthryfty daunce

And wanton people disposyd vnto syn  
 To satysfye theyr mad concupyscence  
 With hasty cours vnto this daunsynge ryng  
 To seke occasyon of vyle synne and offence  
 And to expresse my mynde in short sentence  
 This vyciouse game oft tymes doth attyse  
 By his lewde synes, chast hartis vnto vyce

Than it in erth no game is more damnable  
 It semyth no peas, but Batayle openly  
 They that it vse of myndes seme vnstable  
 As mad folke rennyng with clamour showt and cry  
 What place is voyde of this furyous foly  
 None : so that I dout within a whyle  
 These folys the holy churche shall defyle

Of people what sort or order may we fynde  
 Ryche or pore hye or lowe of name  
 But by theyr folysshnes, and wanton mynde  
 Of eche sort some ar gyuen vnto the same  
 The prestis and clerkes to daunce haue no shame  
 The frere or monke in his frocke and cowle  
 Must daunce in his dortor lepyng to play the fole

To it comys children, maydes and wyues.  
 And flaterynge yonge men to se to haue theyr pray  
 The hande in hande great falshode oft contryues  
 The olde quean also this madnes wyll assay  
 And the olde dotarde thoughe he skantly may  
 For age and lamenes stere outhere fote or hande  
 Yet playeth he the fole with other in the bande



Than lepe they about as folke past theyr mynde  
With madnes amasyd rennyng in compace  
He moste is commendyd that can moste lewdnes fynde  
Or can most quyckly ren about the place  
There ar all maners vsyd that lacke grace  
Mouynge theyr bodyes in synes full of shame  
Whiche doth theyr hertes to synne right sore inflame

So oft this vyce doth many one abuse  
That whan they ar departyd from the daunce  
On lust and synne contynually they muse  
Hauynge therin theyr wyll and theyr pleasaunce  
Than fall they oft to great mysgouernaunce  
As folys gyuyn to worke vnprofytable  
So in my shyp they well deserue a babyll.

THE NUOY OF BARKLAY

Do way your daunces ye people moche vnwyse  
Desyst your folysshe pleasour of trauayle  
It is me thynke an vnwyse vse and gyse  
To take suche labour and payne without auayle  
And who that suspectyth his mayde or wyues tayle  
Let hym nat suffer them in the daunce to be  
For in that game thoughe sys or synke them fayle  
The dyse oft renneth vpon the chaunce of thre

Of nyght watchers and beters of the stretes  
playnge by nyght on instrumentes and  
vsynge lyke Folyes whan tyme is to  
rest.



He is a Fole that wandreth by nyght  
In felde or towne, in company or alone  
Playnge at his lemmans dore withouten lyght  
Tyll all his body be colde as lede or stone  
These folys knockynge tyll the nyght be gone  
At that season thoughe that they fele no colde  
Shall it repent and fele whan they be olde.

Nowe wolde I of my boke haue made an ende  
And with my shyp drawen to some hauen or porte  
Stryken my sayle, and all my folys sende  
Vnto the londe, a whyle them selfe to sporte  
But this my purpose is lettyd by a sorte  
Of frantkye folys, wandrynge about by nyght  
For often all yll doers hatyth the day lyght

Whyle (man) beste and euery lyuely creature  
Refresshe theyr myndes and bodyes with rest  
And slepe: without the whiche none can endure  
And whyle all byrdes drawe them to theyr nest  
These dronken bandes of Folys than doth Jest  
About the stretis, with rumour noyse and cry  
Syngyng theyr folysshe songes of rybawdry

The furies ferefull spronge of the flodes of hell  
Vexith these vagabundes in theyr myndes so  
That by no mean can they abyde ne dwell  
Within theyr howsys, but out they nede must go  
More wyldly wandrynge than outhur bucke or doo  
Some with theyr harpis another with his lute  
Another with his bagpype or a folysshe flute

Than mesure they theyr songes of melody  
Before the dores of theyr lemman dere  
Yowlyng with theyr folysshe songe and cry  
So that theyr lemman may theyr great foly here  
And tyll the yordan make them stande arere  
Cast on theyr hede, or tyll the stonys fle  
They nat depart, but couet there styll to be

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But yet more ouer these Folyys ar so vnwyse  
That in colde wynter they vse the same madnes  
Whan all the howsys ar lade with snowe and yse  
O mad men amasyd vnstabyll and wytles  
What pleasour take ye in this your folysshenes  
What ioy haue ye to wander thus by nyght  
Saue that yll doers alway hate the lyght

But folysshe youth doth nat alone this vse  
Come of lowe byrth and sympyll of degre  
But also statis them selfe therein abuse  
With some yonge folys of the spiritualte  
The folysshe pype without all grauyte  
Doth eche degre call to this frantyke game  
The darkenes of nyght expellyth fere of shame

One barkyth another bletyth lyke a shepe  
Some rore, some countre, some theyr balades fayne  
Another from syngynge gyueth hym to wepe  
Whan his souerayne lady hath of hym dysdayne  
Or shyttyth hym out, and to be short and playne  
Who that of this sort best can play the knaue  
Lokyth of the other the maystery to haue

The folysshe husbonde oft of this sort is one  
With wanton youth wandrynge by nyght also  
Leuyng his wyfe at home in bed alone  
And gyueth hyr occasyon often to mysdo  
So that whyle he after the owle doth go  
Fedyng the Couko, his wyfe hir tyme doth watche  
Receyuyng another whose egges she doth hatche.

Therefore ye folys that knowe you of this sort  
To gyue occasyon of synne vnto your wyues  
And all other : I you pray and exort  
Of this your foly to amende your lyues  
For longe nyght watches seldome tymes thryues  
But if it be in labour : good to wyn  
Therefore kepe your dorys : els abyde within

Though I have touchyd of this enormyte  
In englysshe tunge : yet is it nat so vsed  
In this Royalme as it is beyonde the se  
Yet moche we vse whiche ought to be refusyd  
Of great nyght watchynge we may nat be excusyd  
But our watchynge is in drunken glotony  
More than in syngynge or other meledy

Whan it is nyght and eche shulde drawe to rest  
Many of our folys great payne and watchynge take  
To proue maystryes and se who may drynke best  
Outher at the Tauerne of wyne, or the ale stake  
Other all nyght watchyth for theyr lemmans sake  
Standynge in corners lyke as it were a spye  
Whether that the weder be, hote, colde, wete, or dry

Some other Folys range about by nyght  
Prowdely Jettynge as men myndeles or wode  
To seke occasyon with pacyent men to fyght  
Delytynge them in shedyng mennys blode  
Outher els in spoylynge of other mennys gode  
Let these folys with suche lyke and semblable  
Drawe to this barge, here shall they bere a bable

THE NUOY OF BARCLAY.

Ye folys that put your bodyes vnto payne  
By nyghtly watchynge, voyde of auauntage  
Leue of your foly or els ye shall complayne  
And mourne it sore if ye lyue vnto age  
For though ye thynke that this your blynde outrage  
Is vnto you no hurte nor preiudyce  
It doth your body and goodes great dammage  
And great cause both to you and yours of vyce.

## Of folysshe beggers and of theyr vanytees.



Syns I haue taken the charge one me  
Mo botis and Barges for Folyss to aparayle  
And so agayne of newe to take the se  
I feryd lyst company shulde me fayle  
Within my folysshe shyppis to trauayle  
But nowe doth beggers them selfe to me present  
For fewe of them I fynde of good intent

A great company of folys may we fynde  
 Amonge beggers, whiche haue theyr hole delyte  
 In theyr lewde craft : wherfore I set my mynde  
 In this Barge theyr maners, brefely for to write  
 For thoughe that nede them greuously do byte.  
 Yet is theyr mynde for all theyr pouerte  
 To kepe with them of children great plente

And though that they myght otherwyse well lyue  
 And get theyr lyuynge by labour and besynes  
 Yet fully they theyr myndes set and gyue  
 To lede this lyfe alway in wretchydnes  
 The clerke, frere, or monke, whiche hath store of ryches  
 For all his lyfe. if he it gyde wysely.  
 Wyll yet the beggers offyce occupy

Suche oft complayne the charge of pouerte  
 In garmentis goynge raggyd and to rent  
 But yet haue they of ryches great plente  
 Whiche in gode vse can neuer of them be spent  
 Almys is ordeyned by god omnyotent  
 And holy churche : for to be gyuyn in dede  
 Vnto good vse, and suche as haue moste nede

Almes is ordeyned by god our creatour  
 For men that lyue in nede and wretchydnes  
 Therwith their paynfull lyues to socour  
 And nat for ryche that lyues in viciousnes  
 But yet suche caytyfs boldly in dare pres  
 For their lewde lyfe without all maner drede  
 This almes takynge from them that haue most nede



The abbot, the Pryour, and also theyr couent  
Ar so blyndyd with vnhappy couetyse  
That with theyr owne can they nat be content  
But to haue more, they alway mean deuyse  
Ye : in so moche that some haue founde a gyse  
To fayne theyr bretherne tan in captyuyte  
That they may begge so by auctoryte

They fayne myracles where none were euer done  
And all for lucre : some other range about  
To gather and begge with some fayned pardon  
And at the alehows at nyght all drynkyth out  
So ren these beggers in company rowt  
By stretis tauernes townes and vyllagys  
No place can well be fre of theyr outragys

Some begge for byldynges, some for relyques newe  
Of holy sayntis of countreys farre and strange  
And with theyr wordes faynyd and vntrewe  
For cause of Lucre, about they ren and range  
But in a sympyll vyllage, ferme or grange  
Where as these beggers moste sympyll men may fynde  
With theyr fals bonys as relykes they them blynde

Other beynge stronge and full of lustynes  
And yonge ynoughe to labour for theyr fode  
Gyuyth theyr bodyes fully to slewthfulnes  
The beggers craft thynkyng to them moost good  
Some ray theyr legges and armys ouer with blood  
With leuys and plasters though they be hole and sounde  
Some halt as crypyls, theyr legge falsely vp bounde

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Some other beggers falsly for the nonys  
Disfygure theyr children god wot vnhappely  
Manglynge theyr facys, and brekyngge theyr bonys  
To stere the people to pety that passe by  
There stande they beggyngge with tedyous shout and cry  
There owne bodyes tournyngge to a strange fassion  
To moue suche as passe to pyte and compassyon

Suche yonge laddys as lusty ar of age  
Myghty and stronge, and wymen in lyke wyse  
Wanton and yonge and lusty of cowrage  
Gyueth them selfe vtterly to this gyse  
The cause is that they labour do despyse  
For theyr mynde is in ydylnes to be styll  
Or els in vyce to wander at theyr will

Theyr paciently theyr prouertye abyde  
Nat for deuocion of herte or of mynde  
But to the intent that at euery tyde  
Other mennys godes sholde them fede and fynde.  
But if they a whyle haue ron in the wynde  
And in theyr hande the staf some hete hath caught  
Theyr neuer after shall leue the beggers craft

Amonge these beggers also is comonly  
Braulyngge debate hatered and chydynge  
Great othes, mockes falshode and enuy  
And one with other euer more fyghtyngge  
As for theyr dronkennes and vnsure abydyngge  
Theyr rebaudry both in dede and comunycacion  
These ar chefe poyntis of theyr ocupacion

If the begger haue his staf and his hode  
One bagge behynde and another before  
Than thyntes he hym in the myddes of his goode  
Thoughe that his clothes be raggyd and to tore  
His body nere bare he hath no thought therefore  
And if some man cloth them well to day  
To morowe it shall agayne be solde away

And if these caytyfes fortune to begge or cry  
For mete or money, on woman or on man  
If one to them that, that they aske deny  
And so depart : anone these beggers than  
Whan he is gone, doth wary curse and ban  
And if another gyue them ought of pyte  
At the next alestake dronken shall it be

But if that I sholde gather in my barge  
All folysshe beggers, and labour or intende  
To note all theyr vyces, to sore sholde be the charge  
And as I suppose I neuer sholde make an ende.  
Wherfore I counsell them shortly to amende  
Or els theyr lewdnes, synne, and enormyte  
Shall cause men withdrawe theyr almes of charyte

THENUOY OF BARCLAY THE TRANSLATOUR.

O people vnthrifty gyuen to ydlenes  
Spendynge your youth this wyse in vanyte.  
What ioy haue ye to lyue in wretchydnes  
Where ye myght come to better rowme and degre

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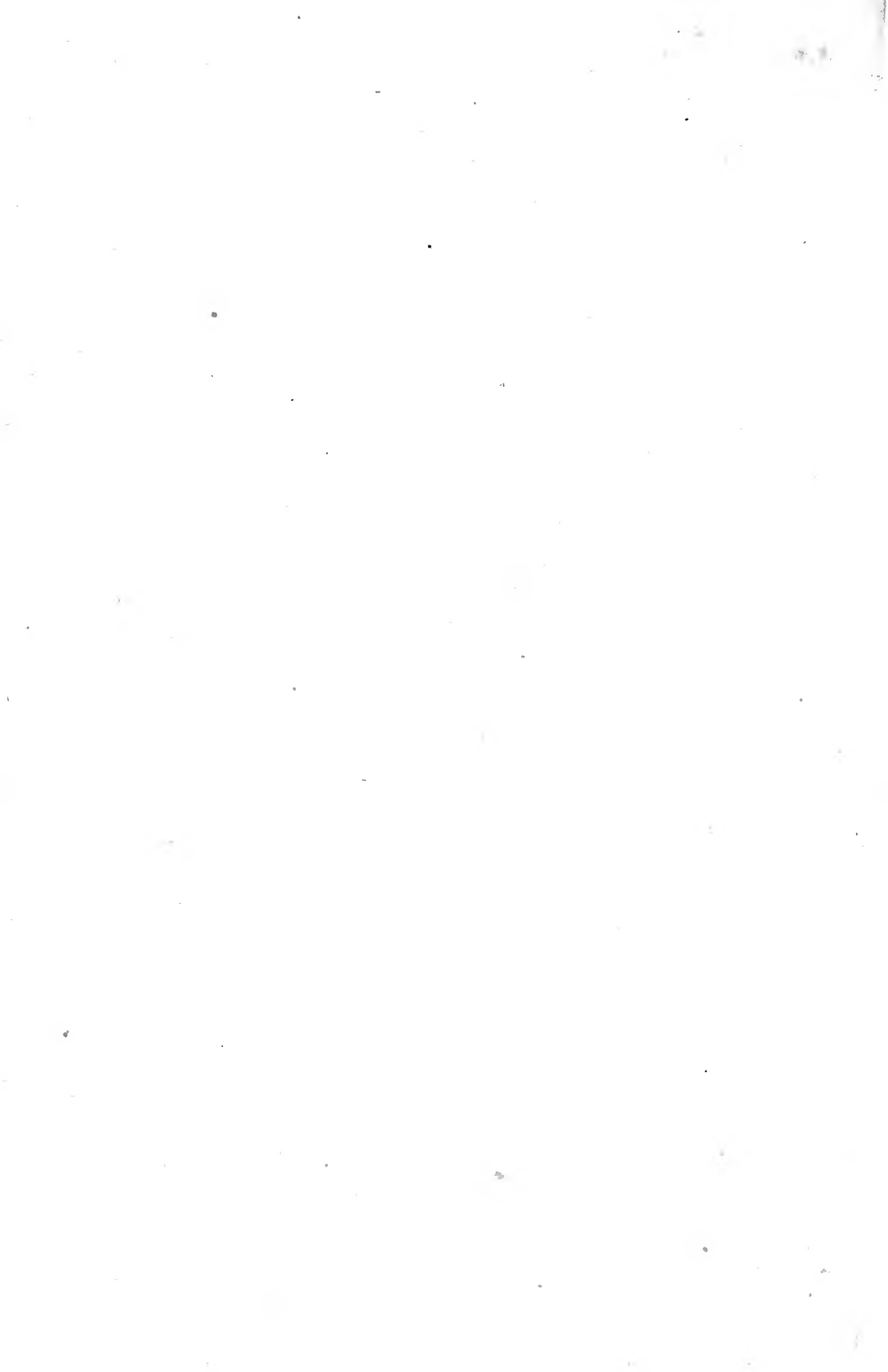
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By worke, and labour : and so auansyd be  
Yet begge ye styll hauynge your ioy therin  
Amende your foly, and lerne ye this of me  
That goddes good sholde nat be spent in syn











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